



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Sarah Bernhardt.

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NOW I can understand how a connoisseur or great art lover feels when the curtain is drawn aside and behind it is revealed one of the old masters. That is truly the way I feel when the door of Madame Bernhardt's dressing room was opened by her maid and I saw before me the divine actress.

It was in San Francisco several years ago, on the night of her last appearance in "Sister Beatrice," and, fortunately, I saw her before she had taken off the beautiful robe of the little gray sister. She looked so young and her face was so exquisitely radiant that for a few minutes I could not speak; neither did I step forward to hold out my hand to her, but stood there in silence, with the same reverent emotions that the devotee has in a church.

"What a little girl you are," were Sarah Bernhardt's first words to me in French, translated by her interpreter. "I had expected you to be older and stronger—like these American girls, with their wealth of strength and blooming health."

"But you are all I have ever expected or dreamed you to be, Mme. Bernhardt," I at last replied, finding my voice.

She laughed merrily at this, and then her face grew suddenly serious.

"I suppose you, too, like all the happily young, wish you were as old in experience as I."

I nodded my answer and my eyes told her that she had expressed my latent thoughts.

"To be as old and as wise and as beautiful as you!" was the song that was being sung in the very depths of my heart.

And then she sighed, looking at me with her great star eyes.

"Poor little ones," her translator repeated after her, "When you are twenty, you live in the tomorrow—when you are sixty, you live in the yesterdays. Sometimes when I look at young girls whose ambitions are carrying them swiftly on, aging themselves in their eagerness to reach their uncertain goals, I pity them from the bottom of my heart. How foolish they are when, after all, nothing is so beautiful and nothing is so sweet as youth."

"If I had only known how soon one grows old, I would have wasted no tears on the passing shadows, but my whole life would have been sunshine and laughter."

"But, dear madame, you will always be young," I interrupted her. "You are youth everlasting."

"It is not red-cheeked and red-lipped youth—16-to-20 youth—with its clear eyes and dancing steps!" I opened my lips to speak again, but she silenced me by placing her two fingers across them.

"I know you are thinking that fame and popular favor are the very essence of life. But no, no, my little one, love and youth and con-

tinent are the triangle of life's fulfillment."

Following on the trail of our conversation, Madame Bernhardt gave me a photograph of herself and signed it, "To the dear little American girl who would grow so old like poor Sarah Bernhardt."

We left Madame Bernhardt's dressing room and returned to the box just before the curtain went up on the third act. It was a beautiful audience—eager, tense and tingling with the interest, the fascination and the charm of the world's greatest actress. Great banks of flowers were passed across the footlights and cries of "Madame Bernhardt! Bravo! Bravo!" and "Madame Artiste!" clamored for her few words of farewell.

I, sitting in the box, clutching my picture so tightly, smiled at her as she glanced for a moment into the box and caught our gaze of adoration.

"My American people, you who have been so good to me, there are tears in my heart when I bid you farewell," was the music of her reverie.

And now she is with us again—in pictures—and I am looking forward to her return to this country, hoping that I will be granted the privilege of visiting her once more in her dressing room to listen to her sweet, tender, whimsical words of wisdom.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Ida M.—I would advise you to put your little daughter in school, by all means, and give her a good education, but, in addition to this, I would train such talent as she has for the stage, and when she reaches the proper age she will be prepared in every way possible and so make a greater success.

B. E.—Letters like yours are so encouraging and I am glad my little talks reach the girls of whom you write. It is for just such that I most write.

M. and B. Capps—Thank you for your letter and its encouragement. You are right about the matter you refer to, but I believe it has no place in these talks.

Mrs. F. E. Warren—Here is another encouraging letter, full of friendliness. My mail is unusually precious today. Marion Leonard is now the happy wife of C. V. Taylor and has retired from the stage.

L. E. B.—I do not know exactly what to tell you in regard to your correspondence course. I do not know the man referred to. Are you sure that you have carefully followed all instructions? When your plays come back, study them carefully to find all possible flaws, correct them and send them out again. Often we learn through our mistakes.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

D. W. Griffith.—Part I.

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"WELL, young lady, who are you?" were the first words Mr. Griffith ever spoke to me.

"I am Mary Pickford," I replied saucily, "and I want to see the manager of the studio."

"Well, Little Miss Independence, won't I do?" And he looked at me with hurt eyes, but smiling lips.

"Indeed you won't. And I glanced at him haughtily, then continued, 'I will talk to the manager of this studio or no one.'"

"If that's the case, you can talk to me." And Mr. Griffith smiled down at me triumphantly, like the great schoolboy he can sometimes be.

For a minute I stood my guard and then I realized too late what an uncomplimentary mistake I had made. But at fifteen one has a great deal of assurance which disappears as one grows older, so I soon regained my poise and told him confidently that I had come there expecting to be engaged as a moving picture actress.

"What experience have you had that makes you think you would do well in pictures?" he asked me a little arrogantly, to tease me.

"Two years with Mr. Belasco and ten years on the stage," I replied with a curl of my lips. "That's the experience I have had."

Of course this amused him highly, so he continued with his bantering questions.

"A young lady with such remarkable experience would demand a great deal of money. And he looked at me shily.

Then, at the question of salary, my whole manner changed a bit. "I have been getting thirty-five dollars a week," and I laid great stress upon it. "But," as an afterthought I added, "I'm willing to take less!" His laughter following this struck a jarring note with me, but still I persisted in telling him how well I would do in pictures once I was given an opportunity.

"Very well," and he led me from the office out to the stage. "We'll see what you can do this afternoon."

"Oh!" I gasped. "You're not going to make me act before a camera today, are you? Without—without rehearsing?" I added.

"Yes," he tormented. "You've assured me how splendid an actress you are and now I am going to put you to the test."

As we walked across the stage, the group of actors and actresses turned and stared at me, wondering who the little girl was Mr. Griffith was going to try out before the camera.

Kate Bruce, dear old Daddy Miller, Owen Moore, Arthur Johnson, Mack Sennett, Marion Leonard and Florence Lawrence all gathered around the scene, listening to Mr. Griffith giving me instructions as to what I was to do, smiling at my staring eyes and flushed cheeks, which betrayed me immediately as an amateur in this moving picture field.

"What am I to do first?" I asked Mr. Griffith, trying to look him steadily in the eyes, though I was fascinated by the studio floor, which, in my nervousness, seemed to undulate in rising and falling waves.

"You are to walk through that door and enter this room here," were his first instructions. "Once you are in the room, do anything that comes into your mind—in fact, just follow your most natural impulse."

That walk of a few feet to the door seemed like a long, tiresome road to eternity, for I was conscious of the whispering people around me, I was blind from nervousness, and I missed the footlights and audience. Then, again, the blue lights dazed me, and the click of the camera terrified me.

"Forget your voice," Mr. Griffith called out to me. "We don't have lines here—lines mean nothing and pantomime is everything. Enter into the spirit of the character you are playing and forget your own individuality—think of how individual

you can make the character you are portraying."

I tried to act as naturally as I could, but later Mr. Griffith told me that when the picture was run in the projecting room, they were quite disappointed in me. I was awkward, unnatural and seemed conscious of the camera.

"She has a good photographic face," one of them remarked, "but I doubt if she will be a great success as a moving-picture actress."

"I think you're wrong," Mr. Griffith was quoted afterward as saying. "I am going to give this little girl a chance in some big scene and then I will be more sure about her than I am now in this hastily made test."

The next day Mr. Griffith gave me my first part in a real scene. This I shall tell you about tomorrow.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. H. M. G.—Perhaps you are right in your desire to earn and have money of your own, but if your husband objects, and your doing so would make your home unpleasant, don't you think it would be better to surrender, at least for the time being? At some future time, perhaps, he will have changed his mind. Home-making is the most important consideration you have now and your future happiness depends on it—don't you think mere money earning comes second? And don't you think you could spend his income in such a way as to make up for the money you don't earn better than you could if otherwise employed? Sometimes wise expenditure is better than money earned.

Mrs. E. S. P.—I sometimes think that type is too cold for expressing appreciation of many letters I receive, and your letter is one of those. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for it.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

D. W. Griffith.—Part II.

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YESTERDAY I told of my first experience before a moving picture camera under the direction of Mr. D. W. Griffith, and now I shall begin with the second episode in our years of making pictures.

Mr. Griffith had called me for a scene in a little one-reel drama entitled "What Drink Did." It was a story which contained the elements of "Pippa Passes," and I was to play the part of a little ragged girl who went through the world singing to the accompaniment of a mandolin and wakening the latent virtues in cold and hardened hearts.

"All you have to do," Mr. Griffith instructed me, "is to walk through the scene as naturally as you can, your fingers idly strumming the madolin as you pass by, and in your eyes an expression which must be born of your deep love for humanity."

It seems, perhaps, such an easy thing to the outsider, directions like these, but until you have had some experience before the camera, you can never appreciate how difficult it is to be natural.

All went well until I came to the part where my fingers were to strum the mandolin—then I faltered and looked straight into the eyes of Mr. Griffith. Not knowing how to play this musical instrument, I would not have been startled if discordant notes had reached my ears, but the madolin was silent—it was only a dummy. Just the mechanics of this had thrown me off my guard and I forgot in that moment the role I was playing and concentrated my attention upon this wooden dummy.

Mr. Griffith called me out of the scene and explained to me the necessity of entering into the spirit of what I was playing; that if he told me to make love to a wooden post—which he did afterward as another test—I must not look upon it as a tree, but be so sure of myself in the role I was playing that it would assume the guise of a real human being, responsive to my caresses.

"I have seen some of the greatest actors on the stage play a heartbreaking scene with an old property chair in place of their leading woman or leading man," Mr. Griffith continued. "Once Sir Henry Irving knelt before a battered trunk and cried out, 'My mother—forgive me!' with such tones and gestures that the tears rolled down our faces and a long, dead silence followed the closing of his scene."

I can never forget the telling of this by Mr. Griffith, as he made such an indelible impression upon my mind, and, with his words still ringing in my ears, I returned to the scene. Strange it was, but when I drew my fingers once more across the mute strings of that mandolin I believed in the far recesses of my mind I could hear the faint strains of music coming from the empty box. It was because I had at last merged my own personality in that of the little ragged beggar girl whose songs could be heard in the darkest corners of the earth.

"I think one of the most surprising things to master upon first entering pictures," Mr. Griffith remarked to me during these first days, "is the instinct during a scene to turn and look at the director who is always talking to you. It is uncomfortable to feel that you must always listen, but can never look at him. We have our lines memorized and rehearsed on the stage, but in pictures it is necessary for the director to guide the actor and actress, his voice in the background, stimulating them so they will reach great heights in their big dramatic scenes or encouraging them when they fall short on their little touches of subtle comedy."

While we all appreciated Mr. Griffith, we did not realize what a great artist he was until we compared his pictures with those of other studios. That was the time when the dramatic critics paid very little heed to the artistic efforts of the camera and we were considered by the stars of the stage as being very minor constellations.

But one joyful day Mack Sennett appeared at the studio with a Dramatic Mirror under his arm, and we gathered around in a circle to read with open-eyed wonder an eulogy of Griffith-made pictures. It spoke of this director having given the master touch to moving pictures which they had always lacked, making them no longer shadows upon the screen, but living people in characters with hearts and souls.

Although we all loved and respected him, we stood a little in awe of him because of that dominant, all-guiding mind.

Tomorrow I will tell you a little of our life at the old Biograph studio under Mr. Griffith's direction.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Annie E. Jennings.—Thank you for your friendly letter, which I enjoyed very much. Yes, I do often lose my own identity for the time being and experience the sensations of the character in the play whom I am representing.

Donald S.—Thank you for your kind invitation, and if I do ever come to your city I shall certainly accept it, which, however, I fear is very improbable. I know you and your Irish setter must be very good pals.

Katherine Moore.—I did not know that children were not admitted to see the picture referred to. Are you not thinking of the law which excludes children from a theater unless accompanied by a relative or guardian?

William M.—I never heard of the agency you mention and can not refer you to any reliable agencies. Perhaps there may be some local agent of whom you can learn, but make sure that his credentials are good and authentic.

Elizabeth C. M.—If you can continue school, I would advise you to do so. If you cannot, I would go to the moving picture studios, register, leave photograph and they will send for you when they are in need of your type. But perhaps there is something more suited to your years for you to do to earn your living. What is your chief talent?

Francis S. Crane.—I agree heartily with your belief that children are benefited by the proper kind of fairy stories and that they do not conflict with their education in other branches.

An Admirer.—Thank you for the clipping included—it was a very pathetic little incident. I am always glad to receive such little stories and hints.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. D. W. Griffith.—Part III.

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PERHAPS one of the most prominent figures in America today is Mr. D. W. Griffith, the famous moving-picture producer, and I am so proud to tell that my first years of training were with him as my director. As I have already written about my early days at the Biograph studio and the difficult tests Mr. Griffith put me to, I must now start in to give you a few ideas of the manner in which he directed us.

"Doesn't he yell through a megaphone at his company?" I was asked by a newspaper woman the other day. "It seems to me I would be quite terrified if I were an actress and heard a voice roaring at me across the stage."

"He does use a megaphone at times," was my reply, "but that is only for the great mob scenes, where he is directing hundreds of actors and actresses. Then his voice must ring out above the din and confusion so that even the extra men on the most remote part of the field will hear and obey his commanding tones just as a soldier looks to his general for orders. But during the quiet scenes, or the tense dramatic moments," I explained to her, "his manner changes entirely and his methods are simple, direct and forceful."

For the first rehearsal, we were all taken aside and intelligently explained the story, the theme and the dramatic possibilities of it. After this was made comprehensive, we walked through the scenes to get our positions, and then we were coached by this great artist as to how we were to play them.

"Simplicity is the keynote of success," he would often warn us; "simplicity and sincerity."

In the early days of pictures, Mr. Griffith had to produce two stories a week, and sometimes when we started out the material he desired had not been submitted, so we began without any story at all. Often do I remember the days when Mr. Griffith would call into the office Henry Walthall, Florence Lawrence, Marion Leonard, Bobbie Herron and myself, and confess that he had no story. But this did not mean a delay for us, as Mr. Griffith would create his story built around our own personalities, as they appeared to him in their many guises. And out of these little seeds of ideas grew the giant oaks of his successes, the very pith of them being his own individuality.

Another attribute of Mr. Griffith's character is his great love for children and his ability to make them understand and appreciate his requirements of them. I know that you who have seen his pictures have always been touched by the little sweet, tender, natural children who seemed to romp through their scenes, unconscious that a camera was registering their footsteps and their expressions.

For a few months I left Biograph studio and went with another company. Then it was that I appreciated what Mr. Griffith had done for me and realized that I not only missed his direction, but was discouraged and disheartened without it. How happy I was the day I returned to resume my work at the Biograph, and how much more I enjoyed the artistic, human stories Mr. Griffith was producing at that time.

Blanche Sweet was one of the most promising of his proteges, and she proved herself to be an undisputed star after her appearance in "Judith of Bethula."

"Days go into weeks and the weeks soon slide into years," I remarked to Mr. Griffith when we met in Hollywood at the "Little White Kitchen," the dining hall of the Hollywood studios. We chatted over the milk, the thick sandwiches and the pie—then he invited me to go with him and visit the Mutual studio, where he was then directing. Gladly I went and enjoyed my visit until Mr. Griffith tried to persuade me "for old times' sake" to let him direct a scene with me as his leading woman. It would have been a pleasure had it not been for the hundreds of curious eyes turned upon us, but before their unflinching interest I fled in terror.

A few days later, I went to the opening night in Los Angeles of "The Birth of a Nation." During the thundering applause we looked around in search of Mr. Griffith, and while the audience was calling, "Speech! Speech!" one of us distinguished him far in the background, hiding away, too modest and too bashful to face those who would have carried him out on their shoulders in their enthusiasm.

I met him afterward and he asked me, "Mary, what do you think of it?"

"I simply cannot talk about it now," I replied to him; "I am so filled with the emotions of it, I will have to tell you later."

In speaking of it a few days afterward, I not only praised the beautiful little touching incidents in it, but told him how impressed I was by the awe-inspiring sight of the Ku Klux Klan wading through the water toward the camera, and how nights, when I was lying awake, I would think of them on that moonlight night, like a regiment of ghosts coming over the hill and vanishing from sight.

Every one is waiting impatiently for his next picture, and though secrecy is strictly maintained about it, I am going to betray that I saw in California whole blocks of buildings marvelously constructed, replicas of the streets of ancient Babylon.

In the near future, I am going to write again of my personal experiences with Mr. Griffith, the wizard of moving pictures.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Gerie McR.—Viola Dana played the leading part in "Gladiola." She played the part of the Poor Little Rich Girl in the play of that name.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. Pauline Frederick

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IN ALL of our lives there are times when we find ourselves in the same position as stage-door Johnnies, waiting around the entrance of the theater in hopes we will catch a glimpse of the leading woman and the leading man as they emerge from the black alleyway which is the path from the rear stage entrance.

This is exactly what I did after seeing Pauline Frederick as Potiphar's wife in "Joseph and His Brethren."

"She is so beautiful on the stage," I remarked to my mother. "Let us wait here until she comes out of the theater. I would like to see her in the sunlight."

I was playing in "The Good Little Devil" at that time, but, fortunately, our matinees were on different afternoons, so I had this happy opportunity of seeing this beautiful production.

Long and patiently we waited for her to appear, but we were rewarded when we finally caught a glimpse of her. There was no disillusionment about Miss Frederick—she was even more magnetic off the stage than she was across the footlights.

Her mother was with her, though at that time we thought it must surely be her sister, for though her hair was silver gray, her face was so young and she was such a stunning looking woman we could not credit her with a grown-up daughter.

Again, we went to see Miss Frederick in "Innocence," and from then we became real Pauline Frederick fans. Today Miss Frederick is considered one of the very best dressed women on the stage, and her gowns have been a revelation in pictures.

Following her advent into the Famous Players studio, I told her after our meeting of my great admiration, which extended even to my lingering outside the theater to see her mother and herself step into their limousine.

Perhaps the most successful picture she has done, and which gave her the best opportunity for the display of her talent and her beauty, was Robert Hichens' "Belladonna," the part which Nazimova created. Twice we went to see this picture run and after both performances we listened to the amusing remarks of the people as they strolled out of the theater.

"I can't understand myself," confessed one woman to her husband, "but, do you know—I couldn't dislike Miss Frederick even though she were such a wicked villainess, poisoning her husband's coffee."

The woman's husband hinted in a veiled manner that very few men would object even to the meeting of death through such a beautiful medium, and I quite agreed with him, for Miss Frederick gave such a remarkable characterization that it was with difficulty one censured her for her crimes.

Then there was "Sold" and "Zaza," both interesting pictures, especially "Zaza," around which there revolved quite a bit of dramatic history, for after weeks of fatiguing

work most of the film was burned when the Famous Players studio was destroyed. Some actresses would have been daunted by this catastrophe, but not Miss Frederick, who is an indefatigable worker.

The other afternoon I had tea with her in her dressing room—as unusual a nest as one would expect for this rare bird of paradise.

It was in yellow—the paper was yellow, there were deep purple hangings and the furniture was ebony—just the background a modern artist would choose were he sketching an impressionistic poster of Miss Frederick.

Her greatest charms are her naturalness, her poise and her loyalty to her friends. Though she is wonderfully attractive to men and very fascinating to meet, she is equally attractive to women. As I studied her, I noticed how far apart her large eyes are, what splendid teeth she has and what thick, shiny hair.

"One of the most fascinating things about pictures to me," she confided, "is the camera itself. Do you know that now I have had the camera man teach me how to focus and thread the camera, so that I can always test the scenes before they are finally registered! But then everything about pictures has its interest and I do not think I would be quite so contented on the stage as I was before this experience in the studio."

Miss Frederick's last picture was "The Moment Before," and now I understand she is working on a marvelous new story which will give full scope to her genius as an actress.

### Answers to Correspondents.

H. K.—You cannot write a scenario from any book which is copyrighted. If you sell a story even slightly changed, it is unlawful and you can be prosecuted. Try to think of some original plot.

M. B. O.—Costume plays are not so popular as they used to be, unless they are very clever. Shakespeare's "Macbeth" is popular because it is so beautifully done.

E. M.—Betty Nansen is the wife of Peter Nansen, the famous author. I do not know whether she has appeared in any of his stories or not.

M. R.—It would be impossible for me to state who are the best scenario writers. Producers are always on the outlook for new talent.

Mrs. R. M. B.—Take the children to the studios, leave their pictures and full description of their previous experience, but do not send them alone. Mothers should always find time to see their children to and from the studios.

Gloria N.—Why don't you try a darker brunette powder if white powder looks false on your skin? Put a little benzoin in the water you wash in—it helps to remove blackheads.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. Douglas Fairbanks.

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THE other evening a group of us sat around the dinner table and asked, "What shall we do to amuse ourselves this evening?"

"Which do you prefer to do—to laugh or to cry?" one of them queried.

We looked around the table at the happy, smiling faces.

"It doesn't appear that any of us is in a mood to weep tonight, so let us forswear the drama and concentrate upon the comedy," I suggested.

"If you want to see a real comedy," Elsie Janis remarked, "let us all go over and laugh with Douglas Fairbanks in 'Reggie Mixes In.' I have heard that he is at his best."

The cynic remarked he had never laughed even at Charlie Chaplin's feet. "I miss the comedy of the subtle lines," he insisted. "No screened comedian can wring a laugh from me."

So half in our own interest and half in the interest we took in proving to the cynic how utterly wrong he was, we strolled over to the Rialto theater to mix in with Reggie.

Of course, there is going to be an aftermath to the story, and so it ends that it was the cynic who laughed the heartiest of all, while a pleasant surprise took us quite off our feet as we turned away from the theater. It was Douglas Fairbanks himself, just returned from California.

What attracted our attention to him was the remarks passed by a group of people who were pushing their way past us. A voice said, "Sssh! Look! at that man over there in the corner! Surely it isn't Douglas Fairbanks!"

"Douglas Fairbanks! I should say not," replied one of the ladies. "That fellow's as black as an Indian—why, for land's sake! I do believe he is an Indian!"

"No, he isn't!" "Yes, he is!" "No, he isn't!" "Yes, he is!" "No, he isn't!" came the volley from the crowd that was eyeing him curiously, with more stress laid upon the "No, he isn't's" than upon the "Yes, he is's"—until he smiled—and no one ever has had or could ever have just such a smile as Douglas Fairbanks.

He laughed when we told him that the surging mob had taken him for an Indian, and bragged about this coat of tan he had acquired in California, telling us enthusiastically that he had just come from God's own country, where he had lived in the out of doors like a real Western cowboy.

Of course we asked him, as this was one of our first opportunities, how he was enjoying his experience in pictures.

"I never was happier in my life," came his reply. "The only thing about them is that I hate to call them work—I enjoy every minute of my busy days."

This summer he expects to remain in New York, living at Larchmont, where he has bought a yacht large enough to hold nine guests.

The first time I met Mr. Fairbanks was at Elsie Janis' beautiful country home. And this athletic gentleman, about ten minutes after I arrived, proposed a long walk through the woods to stimulate the guests of the house party.

Both Elsie Janis and I tried to be very polite, but we looked at each other out of the corners of our eyes, for behold! we were both wearing new and extravagant white kid shoes.

"Hmpf!" said Douglas Fairbanks. "Women are just about as companionable as a pipe without any tobacco in it."

Of course this remark rather piqued us, so without even glancing down at our shoes, which were destined to be ruined, we assured him in one breath we were quite equal to any athletic feat he would propose. He not only proposed but he disposed of us with equal alacri-

ty, for he dared us until we had walked through muddy pastures, passed the brambles and had climbed over barb-wire fences.

Afterward he told us with a twinkle in his eyes that the only reason he had asked us was because he knew we had qualms about ruining our "neat but not gaudy" footwear.

The first time I saw Mr. Fairbanks was years ago when he was playing in "A Gentleman of Leisure." I was with several picture people at the time and I remember that Mr. Griffith remarked upon Mr. Fairbanks' type, saying, "There's a young fellow who will some day make a great impression in pictures." It was because he was so full of life and expressive pantomime, with health, spirits and a fine athletic figure.

Some of the pictures he has appeared in are "The Good Bad Man," "His Picture in the Papers," "The Lamb," and "Reggie Mixes In."

I know after you have seen him once you will watch and wait for him just as we of the profession do when we really expect a merry evening staccatoed with much outburst of laughter.

### Answers to Correspondents.

H. T.—The New York young girls are wearing many sport suits this summer in pretty white, oyster color or striped linen materials. Parasols and hats are made to match the dresses, but if you plan to wear your summer clothes in pictures, you had better not get them in white, as very few directors will allow a white dress on the stage. It causes a lilation in the picture.

B. C.—Do not use too light a grease paint, as it makes you look older instead of younger. For your complexion, as you describe it, I would use No. 4 Lichner's.

C. L.—The reason your eyes photographed badly is because you line the lower lid with black grease paint. It always makes the eyes stand out staring and unnatural. Try it next time without. Above all things, do not put anything in your eyes to make the pupils larger. No good effects can be got from unnatural methods.

G. F.—"Nina and the Geese" is an old Biograph picture produced by D. W. Griffith from a little story I wrote myself. I also wrote "The Girl of Yesterday."

R. H.—Lottie is a year younger than I and Jack is two years younger than Lottie. We are all living in New York at present.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. KITTY GORDON.

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**Y**OU who have never seen Kitty Gordon on the stage have perhaps seen her in her late pictures, for the camera and the studio have lured and won her, just as they have done with most of the stars of the stage. And after seeing her you will appreciate it when I tell you that she is considered one of the very best-gowned actresses in America.

Miss Gordon is the wife of an English nobleman, Capt. Beresford, the younger brother of Lord Decies, but in spite of her social position, which is an enviable one, and the admiration of the public, which has always considered her one of the most beautiful women on the stage, Miss Gordon is simple, natural and charming.

One matinee I visited her in her dressing room when she was starring in Los Angeles in a musical comedy—"Pretty Mrs. Smith."

At the end of the second act—it was so ordained by the author of the play—Miss Gordon was to swoon, the curtain being rung down as she fell limply upon the couch. But this particular afternoon a disastrous, but amusing, accident occurred.

The act was over. Miss Gordon had fainted—the bell was rung which was the cue for the curtain to be lowered—but a minute passed, two minutes passed, three minutes passed and the curtain remained immovable.

Of course the audience voiced its customary bantering laughter, there was a noisy rustle of programs and slowly Miss Gordon opened her eyes, looking about her startled. Then she saw what had happened and, although embarrassed for a few seconds, she rose gracefully to her feet.

In back of the stage there was a mad rush of property men scrambling to the wings upon the sharp orders from Mr. Morosco, who was quite disturbed over this maddening mishap.

But with a smile Miss Gordon stood there, looking into the audience, for fully five minutes before the curtain descended amid a thundering applause.

And after it was all over, every one in the company was furious, except Miss Gordon, whose scene had been spoiled.

"I say, what is the matter?" she turned and asked the stage director. "What became of the boy who operates the curtain?"

The stage director groaned. "He was out in the alleyway back of the theater, oiling his motorcycle," he explained between set teeth.

"Oh, bless my boots!" Miss Gordon replied, elevating one eyebrow. "What an amusing time he chose to do it!"

This is the epitome of her attitude toward every one with whom she works—always generous, always considerate and always amiable.

Miss Gordon is famous for her marvelous arms and shoulders—in fact, she is called "the actress with the fifty-thousand-dollar back," for that is the insurance her managers have placed upon her.

One afternoon, long before she had gone into pictures, Miss Gordon visited our studio and was highly amused at some of the scenes.

"I don't think I would ever have the confidence to become a moving picture actress," she whispered to me, "because it would be just my fate to have them cast me in a dainty ingenue role."

I laughed at her, for truly she is magnificent and could be featured as Cleopatra or the ancient Semiramis, queen of Assyria.

"How I wish I were as tall as you, with your beautiful figure, and could wear your gowns and headresses," I whispered in confidence to her.

"And how I would like to be little and cuddly and play those amusing comedy scenes—like you," she whispered back, out of compliment.

And then I told her—and we both laughed over it—what Sarah Bernhardt had said to me about half the world spending most of its time wishing enviously for the position of the other half.

Miss Gordon was born in England and was one of the famous Gaiety beauties of London, but she is as popular in this country as he is on the continent, so popular, in fact, our public demands her remaining on this side of the great ocean.

At present her husband is at the front, fighting for his country.

Only yesterday I saw Miss Gordon stepping into her limousine, and truly she was a picturesque figure, in a smart Fifth Avenue gown with her two blue ribbon Russian wolfhounds stalking beside her.

When I asked her the secret of her blooming health and vitality, she told me she believed in physical activity for women above all other things. She takes long walks, goes swimming once or twice a week and exercises every morning without fail.

"I do not believe in cosmetics for the complexion, but a woman in this age can keep eternally young if she guards her health, her diet and takes good care of her complexion."

### Answers to Correspondents.

L. K.—Pauline Frederick is still with the Famous Players. If you are eager to praise her acting, you might write to her direct. An actress is always complimented by frank, sincere appreciation.

S. D.—"Civilization" was made in southern California, by Thomas Ince. I am unable to tell you about the cost of production, but it has been estimated at close to a million dollars. It is one of the most stupendous productions ever witnessed.

T. P.—Red hair generally photographs very dark, as red always does unless it has a great many gold tints, and then it photographs as if it were a light brown. My own hair photographs a great deal darker than it is because of the red tints in it.

Harriet T.—It would be throwing money away to take a correspondence course in acting. If you are eager to go to a dramatic school, visit those near you and investigate them thoroughly.

B. J. H.—Your scenarios were returned without reading because you did not have them typewritten. A busy scenario reader has no time to read scripts in longhand.

Jose R.—It is a waste of time to send one, two and three reel scenarios to a feature producing company which accepts five-reel photographs only. Study your market before you mail your scenarios.

*Mary Pickford.*



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

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**O**NCE when I was a little girl and was very unhappy because I was relegated to the background and kept there while the grown-ups enjoyed themselves, I decided that in order to attract attention I must do something unusual. Long I pondered as to whether it would be better for me to be suddenly taken very ill, to have a terrible tantrum or to be so good and quiet they would all notice it and feel very sorry for me.

I decided upon the latter course by way of being original, and so long and so still did I sit there in one pose, gazing sadly ahead of me, that one by one they left their comfortable chairs to come over and sympathize in a most solicitous manner.

But the old character man of the company studied me with twinkling eyes, nor was he deceived a minute.

"This reminds me of a story I once heard about Minnie Maddern Fiske," he began, "when she was a little girl about Mary's age. Even when a child she was always a dominant spirit, who commanded and demanded attention. It was she whose guiding hand ruled the other children of the neighborhood—it was she who was always the interesting and active center of attraction."

"But one day some new kiddies moved into the neighborhood and in the excitement the lights of this scintillating little girl were dimmed. For a long, long time she sat in the corner with her face buried in her hands and stared with her great, starry eyes at the group of laughing, noisy children who gathered around the new neighbors, and she wondered what she could possibly do that would suddenly center all the interest upon herself."

"The mother of the new little girls, eager to make her children popular with the neighbors' children, came out and joined the group, offering as a great promotion of friendship to take them to the candy shop around the corner and buy ice cream for all."

"It was a sultry day—the regular ice cream days of summer—and little Minnie Maddern followed them unhappily to the store. All were noisy and clamoring for their particular kind of cream, with the exception of little Miss Maddern, who looked indifferent and unconcerned. 'What will you have?' they asked her eagerly, and her eyes grew as round as saucers as she glanced slowly across the room to the counter where the great freezers were disgorging their contents. How good it looked, so coolly pink and white!

"But she drew her lips down into a little, thin line and replied laconically, 'I don't care for ice cream—thank you.'"

"No ice cream?" came the astonished echo—while she gazed at them triumphantly.

"No ice cream!" She was resolute. Not even when the spoons clinked in the dishes and the tears stood in her eyes because the desire for ice cream was strong upon her; would she falter in her purpose to sit there alone, the stuff martyrs are made of, but the center of consolation and attraction."

Nor has Minnie Maddern Fiske ever resigned her position as center

of interest, for today she is regarded as one of our greatest actresses. I have just seen her in her latest play and her characterization of "Erstwhile Susan" was delicious. I carried away memories of her in her little old-fashioned dresses which made me think of miniatures painted by old masters.

I was at the Famous Players' studio the time Mrs. Fiske came there to be starred in one of her famous stage successes, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." While she was one of the greatest artists in makeup for the stage, she was quite confused by the different manner in which we apply makeup for the camera.

When she saw her first tests and did not like them, the director asked her if she objected to my showing her how we applied the grease paint and the blacking around our eyes. She assured him she would be delighted and I was really very much complimented to be of service to her.

Later Mrs. Fiske granted me the privilege of watching her wonderful emotional work during the taking of the picture, because on this, her first appearance before the camera, she was quite nervous and could not give vent to her emotions before a crowd of whispering onlookers. She found it as confusing as most stars do, coming from the stage to the studio.

We were very much disappointed when she did not do "Vanity Fair" at our studio, as we would have been interested in every scene of that beautiful old Thackeray novel, with its wonderful character of Becky Sharp made famous on the stage by Mrs. Fiske.

Some of Mrs. Fiske's other great stage successes which I have had the pleasure of seeing and enjoying are Ibsen's "Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," "The Pillars of Society," "Mrs. Burdett Leigh," and "Salvation Nell."

### Answers to Correspondents.

T. P. W.—Peacocks are considered by superstitious actors and actresses to bring bad luck, but in the Far East they are considered very lucky and desirable. I am not afraid of wearing opals, either.

Master Harry Dean—The favorite books of my childhood were Louise Alcott, revised histories of famous queens and kings, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," and Dickens' works.

Ambitious—Shakespeare's "Macbeth," just made into a picture by the Triangle Company, under the direction of John Emerson, is a splendid and worth-while production.

Henry T.—There is no need to be puzzled. "The Fall of a Nation" was made after the "Birth of a Nation" and is produced by Thomas Dixon, author of the "Clansman," around which "The Birth of a Nation" was built.

Hazel K.—I would like to spend the summer at Bar Harbor, but think my vacation days are over for this year.

John P.—No, I have never played with the Metro Company. It was Mary Miles Minter you saw in "Lovely Mary."

*Mary Pickford.*



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. LILIAN AND DOROTHY GISH.

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**O**NE stormy, gray afternoon—so many years ago when we were all little children—we were taken by our mother to a theatrical agency in search of a position. Entering the room, we climbed into the big, uncomfortable chairs, folded our hands in our laps, adjusted our plain little starched dresses, then looked around at the others, all hopefully waiting for their turn to come.

"Look at those two little girls," Lottie whispered to me, nudging my arm. "Aren't they the sweetest little girls you ever saw?"

"I like 'em," Jack assented. "Let's go over and talk to 'em."

So the three of us climbed down from our chairs, strutted across the room and said in one voice, "Our name's Pickford—what's your name?"

Two pairs of great starry eyes looked up at us long and steadily, then a very sweet, gentle voice introduced herself in a whisper—

"I am Lilian Gish—and this is my sister, Dorothy."

At the fatal word of "Gish" Lottie and I recoiled as if we had been stung by an army of hornets. "Gish!" Why, these must be the very little girls we had made up our minds we were going to dislike because they had been given the parts in two plays we children had hoped to secure. But Jack was neutral—he liked Dorothy Gish the minute he laid eyes on her and forgave our disappointments of yesterday.

Lottie and I had originated two roles in "The Little Red Schoolhouse" when it was playing in Canada. The author, leaving Toronto, had promised to send for us, but arriving in New York he had sold the play, and after weeks of hopeful waiting, word came to us that Lilian Gish had been given the part I had been promised.

It was a terrible disappointment, as we had all depended upon this wonderful prospect, so, childlike, I regarded my successor as an interloper whom some day I would meet and absolutely and utterly snub!

And another thorn in my side about this Lilian Gish—after she had left the company I was again chosen for the part. But alas! nary a pout did I ever give vent to or a cross word that a dozen of the company did not remind me of how the good, sweet child, Lilian, would never, never have done anything so naughty.

And here we were facing the enemy—right on the firing line—and instead of disliking we were liking them!

Jack, with his sudden fancy for little Dorothy, endeavored to prove his boyish friendliness by leaning swiftly over and knotting his fingers in her hair. Of course this brought the two mothers together, introductions followed, and Lottie and I, though we tried hard to resent these intruders, finally forgave the sweet little girls for being cleverer than we. There in the agency, on that gloomy, stormy day, our compact of friendship was sealed, and as the years have passed we have grown very dear to each other.

The next season Lottie and I boarded with Mrs. Gish, and what an eventful year it was and how happy! Lilian was always sweet and

quiet and good, but Lottie, Dorothy and I were wild youngsters who tore loose like a band of Indians at every opportunity. Often we laugh over the days when we felt so important because the four of us wore our hair frizzled in the same way, with great big hair ribbons poorly balanced on the tops of our heads. And how tenderly Dorothy, Lottie and I looked after Lilian, who was always so frail, like a little dainty Dresden statue.

But our ways separated and for several years we lost track of each other. Mrs. Gish had taken the girls away from the stage to put them in school, while Lottie and I had gone into pictures. One day Mrs. Gish, locating us, telephoned to ask if we would not come over to see Lilian, who had been ill for some time. Gladly we went, and what a happy, chattering afternoon it was!

I told them all about pictures and asked if Lilian and Dorothy wouldn't like to visit the Biograph studio, with the idea—if they thought they would enjoy it—of trying their luck before the camera. They came, the very next day, dressed in simple white dresses and big Leghorn hats, and when I introduced them to Mr. Griffith, at his first glance he recognized and appreciated their beautiful types.

The next day, they came to work and have been with Mr. Griffith ever since, following him from the Biograph studio to the Mutual. The difference between the two girls and their characters is that Lilian is always meek, tender and wistful, while Dorothy is aggressive and full of spirit. But though they are such contrasting types, they are inseparable chums and share this great happiness with their mother, from whom they have never been separated.

A few of their many successes are "The Birth of a Nation," "Enoch Arden," "The Lily and the Rose," "Betty of Graystone," and "Susan Rocks the Boat."

### Answers to Correspondents.

J. A. H.—Sessue Hawakaya is the Japanese who played the role of the Japanese in "The Cheat." "The Cheat" is going to be made into a legitimate drama for the stage.

Josephine J.—"Extras" are the actors who do not have permanent engagements, but are employed for mob scenes or small parts.

Henrietta K.—If your hair is becoming drab and losing its color, I would not advise you to touch it up. Your scalp probably needs attention and you should see some hair specialist.

Helen H. G.—There are many freckle lotions on the market now, but the experience of those who use them is that they afford only a temporary banishment. The freckles return with the summer suns.

Anxious—Why not buy the book "Eat and Grow Thin?" Many have tried it and lost weight without too many discomforts.

*Mary Pickford.*



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. LESLIE CARTER.

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HOW well I remember, a great many years ago when we were children, of running pell-mell around the corner to see the passing of Mrs. Leslie Carter in her big, imported, yellow automobile, with its imposing liveried footman and chauffeur! To have a car like Mrs. Carter's became the height of my ambition, and although I admired her as an actress and ever dreamed of being as magnetic as she, that yellow car always stood out foremost in my mind, and I determined by hard work, years of study and concentrated ambition at last to be the proud possessor of a Leslie Carter automobile!

At one matinee performance, while she was starring in that famous vehicle "Madame Du Barry," I was smuggled into the theater by one of the actresses playing a small role in the company. Even though I had been on the stage for several years, it was always a thrilling moment when I was allowed to slide in back of the properties and hide myself behind a wall of scenery to watch the entrance of a star. Once I had caught sight of her leaving her dressing room, I would scramble to a position where I could see the stage and the scenes enacted there.

At this particular matinee, an unfortunate but amusing incident occurred. It was during the scene where Madame Du Barry's wounded lover crashed through the windows of her boudoir and was hidden by the terrified courtesan in her own magnificent, four-poster bed, when a knock on the door warned her that the king, Louis XV, was demanding admittance.

Somehow or other, the lover's great, shining boots became entangled in the satin sheets and draperies of the bed, and though he tried frantically to withdraw them so they would be hidden from sight, the more he struggled the more of him was visible.

At first Mrs. Carter, delivering her great lines, did not notice this mishap, until the giggles of the audience brought her forcibly to the realization that something humorous had happened. Twice the king was given his cues for entrance, but, standing outside, he was warned by the property men that something had gone wrong on the stage and he had better delay his entrance until it was adjusted.

Mrs. Carter, never losing her pose, saw at a glance what had happened and subtly tried to throw a piece of tapestry over the bed to hide the actor, but in her haste she misjudged the distance, and as the king

entered the tapestry fell to the floor and behold! the boots!

By this time the audience was quite uncontrollable, especially when it came to the lines where the suspicious king accused his mistress of having secreted some one in the room and she, with inspirational and wonderful words of cajolery, assured him he was mistaken.

From where I was standing in the wings, I could see the pupils of Mrs. Carter's eyes dilating and knew by her trembling lips she was determined to control this audience and save her scene. Lines which had never been written in the play she delivered in that marvelous voice of hers, with such force and such eloquence that the laughter died into giggles, and the giggles faded into wonderment which burst into mad applause when the curtain was finally rung down.

Few actresses have the power to carry semi-humorous scenes like these, and even Mrs. Carter, with her marvelous poise, was unnerved after the ordeal, for I remember her quick little gasps of breath when the curtain was rung up again and the audience madly applauded her.

Later "Du Barry" was produced in pictures, and I visited the studio in Hollywood while it was being taken.

Among her great successes which I personally saw and enjoyed were "The Heart of Maryland," "Magda," "Zaza," "Camille," and "Sappho."

### Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. A. J. H.—I never heard of the song "The Swallow and the Robin," but if Miss Belle Storey sang it you might write and ask her for it.

Peggy C.—Marguerite Clark is smaller than I. You know how pretty dimples are in pictures—look at Lillian Walker and Norma Talmage.

Ella S.—"Esmeralda" was taken in and around Yonkers, N. Y., last fall. Some of the scenes were taken in New York City.

M. F.—The fine wrinkles in the face can be hidden under a thick coating of grease paint—so can the freckles—but deep furrows will show up very noticeably on the screen.

Edna G.—Unless it is a costume play, we always have to supply our own wardrobe.

Rose H.—The company pays the traveling expenses even of the extra people when it is necessary to send them out of town.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. J. WARREN KERRIGAN.

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WHEN a group of girls gather around in a circle to whisper, "Isn't he the handsomest man you ever saw in all your life?" the chances are ten to one you will make up your mind not to like him. Handsome usually spells "conceited" to you—hopeless and arrogant vanity.

"Come on, Mary," one of the girls called to me several years ago, when we were playing in the rented studio of the American Company. "They are going to run one of their pictures starring Warren Kerrigan, this handsome new leading man we have heard so much about."

"Wouldn't be bored!" I fired back. "Never did care for too good-looking men, anyway."

But at last they persuaded me and I sat through the picture—my mind made up to dislike him intensely—and I did! He was handsome—that I admitted—but I was confident he was self-centered and vain because of his big, broad, swinging shoulders, his curly black hair and his clear-cut features.

A few months later, we were introduced, and I felt quite guilty to think of how he had been censured even before I met him, especially when I looked into his frank, boyish face and knew how wrong my judgment had been. So I confessed even the most woefully wicked things I had said about him, and we both laughed over it, swearing then and there always to be friends.

He was the exact opposite of what I had expected and these are attributes which will add to his popularity. In the first place, I have never seen a son more devoted to a mother than Warren Kerrigan.

"She's my little mother, my best friend, my sweetheart and my chum, all in one," he told me, as he put his arm around her affectionately and drew her gently toward him, while she looked at him with a tender expression of love deep in her eyes.

His home in Hollywood, Cal., is the haven of his heart, and there lives this happy family of four—Mrs. Kerrigan, Warren, his sister and their invalid brother. They are a very quiet, studious family, living for each other, and in their lovely home my mother and I have spent many happy hours.

One afternoon we heard our two mothers getting very confidential and then they confessed that one of their greatest ambitious hopes was that Warren Kerrigan and I should play together. But fate has swung the pendulum of our lives

far apart and up to the present date we have never even worked at the same studio.

When our little family first went to California, it was Warren Kerrigan who taught us all to ride those spiffy Western bronchos, for he is truly a superb horseman and has appeared in many spectacular Western dramas featured as a cowboy.

I remember visiting the Universal studio one afternoon when a band of real cowboys came in from Arizona, lured into moving pictures by reports of day salaries larger than their weekly pittances. They were desert sunbaked men, hard and wiry as the pintos they were riding.

Warren Kerrigan stalked out of his dressing room in the romantic cowboy outfit—shaps, big Stetson sombrero, a bandana handkerchief around his neck and spurs on his boots.

A laugh of derision went up from these grizzled Arizona cowpunchers who had enlisted at the studio.

"Reckin as how that thar fellow'll git his'n," they whispered among each other as they watched him mount one of the most vicious little unriden horses on the ranch.

"Whoopie!" they shouted as they mounted their own horses to follow after him, hoping to see him turn a double somersault in the air before he landed on the back of his neck.

But sadly they were disappointed, for there wasn't one of them who could ride any better than Jack Kerrigan, or stick faster to the back of a bucking broncho than he.

We had to laugh at the chagrined faces of the cowboys when they returned, mumbling among themselves, disappointed because they had anticipated watching some horse sport with a tenderfoot!

The other afternoon I received a letter from one of the lovelorn and it read: "Dear Mary Pickford, you will be my friend for life if you answer this one question—Is J. Warren Kerrigan married?"

Girls, you who have fallen in love with this handsome hero smiling across the silent screen at you—I have joyful news for you—he is NOT married!

### Answers to Correspondents.

Marie Angela Taylor—You cannot visit the studios unless you have a special permit from the managers. Some of the actors and actresses are very nervous when it is necessary to do their scenes before a crowd of strangers.

Mary E. S.—Marshall Neilan played opposite me in "Rags." He is now a director with the Selig Company. Marie Doro is with Lasky. Marguerite Clark is still with Famous Players.

Helen T.—"The Girl of Yesterday" was taken in southern California. I think your teacher could advise you about your club better than I, as you can take her fully into your confidence and explain the purpose of your organization.

W. A. G.—You might write to Marie Doro and find out if she is of Italian birth. Yes, indeed, we have several very fine Italian actors in pictures. In fact, some of the most artistic films released, like "Cabrira," are done in Italy.

L. A. R.—Our father died when we were children, but our mother is still living and with us.

Anna B.—Balboa studios are in Long Beach, Cal. They release through the Pathe exchange. A letter addressed to Ruth Roland, Balboa Studio, Long Beach, Cal., will reach her.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. BLANCHE BATES.

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ALTHOUGH I have told you of how Miss Blanche Bates materially aided in my getting to see Mr. Belasco after I had failed in securing an interview for several months, I must write another paragraph about it, as Miss Bates unconsciously changed the whole wavering course of my stage career. As the months had sidled past and I had been turned away without a possible hope of seeing Mr. Belasco, I determined as a last flickering scheme to plead my cause before the Broadway actresses until one of them would give me a letter of introduction to this great manager.

The very first one I sought, was Blanche Bates, and I smuggled myself into the theater where she was playing. My knock on her dressing-room door was answered by Hattie, her faithful colored maid, who had been serving her a great many years. She told me that Miss Bates was too tired to be interviewed, but when, upon sending me away, I burst into tears, the kind-hearted Hattie overflowed with sympathy and it was she who rushed back into the dressing room and implored Miss Bates to give "that chile" a letter of introduction to Mr. Belasco.

"Very well, little girl," Miss Bates called out to me. "Go to Mr. Belasco and tell him that Miss Bates sent you—and for him to grant you an interview."

I fled from the theater to Mr. Belasco's office on wings of hope, and the name "Blanche Bates" was a magic sesame which opened the door of Mr. Belasco's office.

For several years, I tried to see Miss Bates, wishing to thank her personally for what she had done for me, but it was not until recently that I met her at a Ritz-Carlton dance and had the opportunity of telling her that I owed my good fortune and my years of training with Mr. Belasco to her kindness to a little unknown girl. Miss Bates confided that Mr. Belasco had told her about it years ago and had laughed over my determination to see him.

She is now retired from the stage and lives in the country, happily married—the mother of two beautiful children. To meet her you would never believe she had been a professional woman, for there is no longer any lure of the footlights—her only thoughts are for her husband, her children, and her home.

I asked her if that longing for the stage ever awakened a desire to pick up the threads of her wonderful career where she dropped

them, but she only smiled at this and told me how strong and beautiful her children are, living most of the time out of doors, romping through the gardens of her country home.

Our conversation was interrupted by Miss Bates' partner whirling her away from me, and I watched her as she danced, admiring her splendid vitality and radiant youthfulness. She has sparkling dark brown eyes, very dark hair, strong white hands and a beautiful smile.

Later that evening, speaking about the plays she enjoyed most, "The Darling of the Gods" was mentioned first.

"I remember it well," I told her, "for we were taken to see it several times. Mr. Griffith went with us once, and I will never forget how tense he was during the scenes where you, as the little Japanese girl, were forced to watch the torture of your lover. What a marvelous 'Butterfly' you would have made for the screen!"

"It all seems so long ago," Miss Bates confided to me, "and so unreal compared to the simplicity, the happiness and fulfillment of my married life."

Then there were "The Fighting Hope," and "The Girl of the Golden West," plays which gave the genius of Miss Bates rare opportunities.

The stage lost a great actress, but the world gained an ideal mother, in Blanche Bates' retirement.

### Answers to Correspondents.

M. B.—Charlotte Walker played the role of June Tolliver in both the screen and stage version of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." William S. Hart played the role of Jud Tolliver on the stage, which role Theodore Roberts filled in the screen version.

Helene D.—Margaret Seddon played the role of Ricketty Ann in "The Old Homestead." "Peggy" was filmed at Santa Monica, Cal.

R. P.—Ella Hall was Mavis in "Mavis of the Glen," a Universal, and Robert Leonard, Harry Carter, and Robert Chandler were the three men.

T. C.—Einer Linden played the part in the Fox production of "Car-men." Wallace Reid played the same role in the Lasky production.

Mary Pickford.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Holbrook Blinn.

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**A**MONG the foremost artists on the stage today is Holbrook Blinn, and what a dominant, forceful actor he is! Not very long ago I saw him in a picture called The Boss, one of his great stage successes, and though I thought him splendid, I missed his rare diction and that fiery something—I guess you call it magnetism—he always breathed from his lines.

The first time I ever met Mr. Blinn was when I was allowed behind the scenes, several years ago, to watch Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske and Mr. Blinn in Salvation Nell.

"May I take my little cousin in with me?" I whispered to the stage manager at the door. "She is very well behaved and I am sure she will be no trouble at all."

"The manager gave a furtive glance at 'Little Cousin' and saw that she was a very demure, large eyed, timid looking little thing, who would never have the courage even to whisper unless she was invited."

"Of course," he replied generously, and led us to where we were out of the way behind some properties in the wings.

Of course Mr. Blinn has hypnotized many, but never do I think he made such an impression as upon my little cousin, who stood trembling in the wings as she watched him.

"He looks like a man in my history book," she whispered, and I knew without asking her that she meant Napoleon Bonaparte.

Much to our delight, when he left the scene, he came and stood quite close to us in the wings and talked with the manager and one of the other actors. It was a sultry afternoon and Mr. Blinn had worn on the stage a cap pulled down over his eyes. Fascinated, my little cousin watched him take off the cap and lay it down on a barrel, while he ran his fingers through his hair and fanned himself with a newspaper.

While they were talking a messenger came to call him to the telephone, and when he returned, five minutes later—his cap had disappeared! We heard Mr. Blinn's cue to make ready for his next entrance and watched breathlessly while all the property boys searched madly for his cap.

"What am I going to do?" he cried desperately. "I simply can't go on without the cap, and it's nowhere to be found."

"Perhaps it fell into the barrel," I piped up, and as if that had been a

cue for him, he went headlong into the barrel, searching the bottom of it and then came up—without the cap.

Such din and confusion as followed! From the very tiptop dressing-room to the basement of the theatre they hunted, and no cap to be found! Mr. Blinn is usually a man of great poise, but that was a pretty risky situation to find oneself in—a long, delayed cue and a necessary property which was hopelessly lost.

"Has any one in this theatre a cap?" thundered Mr. Blinn. "I've got to have one!"

Another wild dash, and four breathless property men appeared with hats of all sizes, kinds and hues, but nothing in the shape of a cap.

"If you please, sir," piped up the small boy of all chores, "I have a cap, sir."

"Give it to me, quick," yelled Mr. Blinn, making a dash for the boy, just as the stage director hurried out to inform him they had been waiting three or four minutes for his entrance. It was a cap, all right, several sizes too small, and it perched on top of his head, but it served the purpose and saved the scene.

But now to finish my story. When my little cousin and I reached home, I looked at her, astounded, to see that she was hollow-eyed and pale-faced.

"Why, what is the matter?" I cried out aghast. "Are you ill?"

She could not reply, but slowly her little trembling hands slipped down into her middie blouse and drew out the cap!

"You wicked child! I cried out, shaking her by both shoulders. "Did you—were you the one who took Mr. Blinn's cap?"

"Ye-es—I—I—I wanted a souvenir!"

"We'll go right back to the theatre and return it," I threatened, but we didn't, for the simple reason that I never had courage enough to set my feet inside that theatre nor to confess to Mr. Blinn until just a few weeks ago.

"I have never forgotten it," he replied. But it taught me one thing—how well I could swear! If I remember rightly, I did some vocabulary gymnastics in twenty foreign languages!"

*Mary Pickford.*



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Fannie Ward.

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**W**HEN one writes of Fannie Ward, the first thing one speaks of is her beauty and the next thing her jewels. I was much amused by a cunning little interview with her in one of this month's magazines that began:

"Good morning, Fannie!"

"Good morning, Mack!"

"Say, Fannie, I've got to write an interview with you!"

"All right, shoot! But for the love of Mike, don't write about my jewelry—you've worked it to death!"

Still, one must talk about Miss Ward's wonderful pearls, valued at a quarter of a million dollars, pearls so perfectly matched a princess might envy them.

For many, many years I had admired her across the footlights, but I was not fortunate in meeting her until last year in Southern California, at the reception given to Geraldine Farrar.

"Why," I exclaimed when we were introduced, "you are such a little thing!"

"But no littler than you!" and we eyed each other, both laughing.

"But you look so much larger across the footlights!"

"And you look quite a big girl in the films!"

It is true. I think most people are surprised when they see actresses off the stage and screen, for some of the tiniest look quite imposing at long range.

Of course, one of the first questions I asked her was how she enjoyed playing in pictures.

"I have some fun," she replied, "I like the climate out here, but the only grudge I have against California is that it is three thousand miles away from Broadway. You know I am one of the regular lovers of New York, and when I made up my mind to play in pictures, I saw that it was put into my contract that 'Miss Ward must be allowed her tri-yearly flights to the Great White Way.'"

"Yes, and I'll wager that you take back trunks and trunks of excess baggage," I said, because Miss Ward has the reputation of being one of the best dressed women of the stage, and a truly feminine lover of beautiful clothes.

"Have you seen any of my screen work?" she asked me, and I told her I had seen her in a splendid picture, "The Cheat," which of course called forth many sincere compliments upon her acting and her beauty on the screen.

"The joke of it all to me," and she laughed her merry, little girl laugh, "is that I always thought I was a clever comedian and they have not given me a chance to do anything but drama. They astounded even me by telling me I was a dramatic artist and not a comedienne."

To you who do not know the story of Fannie Ward, I am just going to give away one little secret and tell you that just a few years ago Miss Ward gave up a magnificent estate in England, yachts, private cars, an enviable social position in English society, and everything that millions can buy, to return to the stage, all her art and her genius calling her back to the footlights.

"Luxury must be a phase in everyone's life to make it complete," Miss Ward remarked, "and I suppose that some day I will discover that the happiest years will be those I shall spend sitting in a big, comfortable rocking chair in a pretty, artistic little home, and darning my own stockings!"

"Do tell me what Fannie Ward looks like off the stage and off the screen," some of her enthusiastic admirers asked me the other day, and this is how I described her.

"In the first place," I reflected, "she is more like a little dainty Dresden doll than any one else I have ever seen. One might call her

a Marie Antoinette of the twentieth century, she is so aristocratically lithe and slender. And then, she has a scarlet rosebud mouth, red-golden hair, and great star eyes, deep blue with a fringe of black lashes which veils them and gives them a most mischievous twinkle."

Watch for Fannie Ward in pictures. I know you will like her, although you will miss her little, bird-like voice, which has all the qualities of a little girl who is destined never to grow up.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mabel B.—Vivian Martin was the principal character in "The Wishing Ring." Chester Barnett played the opposite role.

B. D.—"The Family Cupboard" was filmed some time ago by the World Film Corporation and Holbrook Blinn, Frances Nelson and John Hines took the leading roles. You can learn when it will be seen in your town and at what theater by writing the above company.

J. L.—Eugene O'Brien played the role of Hugh Carroll, the District Attorney, in "Poor Little Peppina."

"The Melting Pot" was a Cort Film.

N. K.—Ella Hall played the role of "Jewel" in the photoplay by that name; other members of the cast were Rupert Julian as Mr. Evringham; Frank Elliot as Lawrence, the elder son; Miss Brownell as Eloise, the daughter of Lawrence; T. D. Crittenden as Harry Evringham, the younger son; Lule Warrington as the housekeeper, and T. W. Gowland as Dr. Ballard.

P. T.—"Bella Donna," in which Pauline Frederick played the leading role, was not filmed in Egypt. Its wonderful Egyptian atmosphere was secured in Florida!

*Mary Pickford.*

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Mabel Normand.

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**M**ABEL NORMAND had been with the Vitagraph company, playing in pictures, but she came over one summer afternoon to visit our old Biograph studio, when Mr. Griffith was the presiding genius. I was the first one to get a peek at her as she sat in the office waiting to see him, and I hurried out to the studio stage, to tell him that another lovely girl was waiting in his office.

"What is her type?" Mr. Griffith asked me. "Is she a blonde?"

"No," I replied, feeling that in a sense I was paying her a great compliment, "she's just the opposite. She has jet black, shiny hair, great big brown eyes and eyelashes two inches long!"

"Are you sure they are two inches long?" Mr. Griffith asked me and laughed. "It seems to me you are hanging on to the truth by an eyelash!"

"Well," I was forced to admit, "perhaps they aren't quite two inches long—but—they're exceptional."

"Very well," Mr. Griffith replied, "I shall have to go and interview this remarkable, eyelashed young lady."

And let me tell you it was only 10 minutes after the interview that Miss Normand was engaged to play leads and heavies in the Biograph studio.

One of the first pictures in which we played together was the Mender of Nets, but because she was so dark she was soon cast for all the deep-dyed villainesses. One day she confided to me that she would like to be a comedian, but we laughed at her telling her that because of her flashing black eyes and jet black hair she was destined to be a heavy woman.

But it was not long after that she did have her opportunity and her wonderful sense of humor soon heralded her as one of the finished products of laughter-provoking comedy. From the Biograph studio she went to the Keystone, and there she became known as the daring, dashing Keystone girl.

As the months drifted into years, no one seemed to remember Mabel Normand as a heavy dramatic artist, but thought of her only as the laughing, happy-go-lucky, dare-devil Mabel of the boisterous Keystone comedies.

When she came to the Biograph studio we never suspected that this demure little maiden, who used to peer at us shyly, with great, dark eyes, would ever thrill us by her daring feats on the screen. There was no cliff so high that Mabel was afraid of it, no water so deep that she would not dive into it, no bucking broncho too wild for her to ride; as for dodging Keystone pies, there was no one ever on the screen who could do it more gracefully and with as much poise as Mabel!

Last summer I went to visit her in her beautiful little bungalow in Hollywood, and found it one of the most artistic little perched-on-the-top-of-a-hill homes I have ever seen. The Japanese butler opened the door and I was ushered into an exquisite little living-room with a cool, inviting, vine-covered porch adjoining it. Her environment had changed, but not Mabel. She is just the same frank, generous, outspoken girl as when she first came to the Biograph, very feminine, and with an extravagant love for beautiful, dainty clothes.

"Well, Mabel," I remarked, "you have realized your dream at last."

"Being one of the world's greatest comedians," I replied. "Don't you remember in those old Biograph days when you were doing the hissing villainesses, how you longed to play in comedy?"

And then she confessed that now she had reached the very pinnacle of the ladder of success, she wanted to lay aside the laurels and make the world, which was always ready to laugh at her, weep with her.

Yes, that is the truth; Mabel Normand is going to play not only straight drama but dramatic drama. In fact, she is already at work on Barrie's Little Minister. And in one great respect Miss Normand will have the advantage over other artists—she knows that she can make her audiences laugh, and the tear that follows on the heels of laughter is the tear that always comes straight from the heart.

*Mary Pickford.*



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Florence Lawrence.

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WHEN I think of Florence Lawrence, I always remember my first day at the Biograph. One of the girls of the studio had taken me into the general dressing-room, for those days there were no such things as highly decorated little cubbyholes with large and imposing five-pointed stars on the door. Stars, both real and imaginary, shared one general dressing-room.

So I, the little novice in pictures, was allowed to rub elbows with the geniuses of pictures—the Florence Lawrences, Marian Leonards and the Florence Turners. Of course, I felt very much like a fish in a desert, having come from the stage and not knowing anything about either the artists or the work of the screen. But the girls were kind and generous with their assistance and happily showed me the ropes.

On this particular day, a pretty blonde girl, beautifully gowned, came into the dressing-room, and I noticed with a bit of surprise that the other girls drew away from her in rather an awestricken, respectful manner.

"If you please, that's my powder," I said rather viciously, as the girl dabbed a large powder puff into it and took away a generous layer. The girl, with the manner of a grande dame, looked at me rather disdainfully, helped herself to a second layer, then flounced out of the room! I turned inquiringly to gaze upon the startled faces of the other girls.

"Why, don't you know who SHE is?" they whispered, all in one breath. I shook my head.

"She's very pretty," I said laconically. "Who is she?"

"Why, that is Florence Lawrence!"

"Oh!" I replied indifferently. "And who is Florence Lawrence?"

If I had said to them "And who is George Washington?" or "I have never heard of Queen Victoria," they could not have been more surprised, until I explained that I had seen but one or two pictures and they were travelogues at the end of a vaudeville performance.

Of course, after a few days at the studio, I recognized and appreciated what it meant to be a Florence Lawrence, although, as I have often written, it may have been a day for stars and favorites with the public, but in the studio we were as one large family, all striving for the success of Mr. Griffith's pictures.

In the first picture we played in together, I took the part of her maid. It was a little play called "The Cardinal's Conspiracy," and in the role of maid I felt it a great privilege to serve so charming an actress. Being a costume picture, it was abounding in ceremony and formality, and, woe betide me! there came a scene where I was forced by the director to kneel and kiss the feet of the actor who played the part of her husband.

Just to tease me, although at that time I was so green I did not guess they were doing it to amuse the company, they rehearsed and rehearsed that scene! Long afterward, when Florence Lawrence and I grew confidential chums, she told me all about it, and it made me blush to the roots of my hair, especially when she laid great stress upon the awkward, self-conscious manner in which I did the ignoble feat!

Florence Lawrence starred in hundreds of comedy dramas, and I believe all of her admirers will remember the amusing series she played in called "Jones and His Wife."

"What a stoic she is!" Mr. Griffith remarked one day. "She has the courage of a soldier!"

This compliment was provoked by a dreadful fall she had taken when running very fast down a gravelled walk. She had slipped and fallen, the sharp gravel having torn all the skin from her fingers and the palms of her hands.

"Are you hurt?" we called out terrified. But she shook her head and set her teeth, refusing to stop until she had done the scene all over again without any further mishap.

But one unhappy day Miss Lawrence was very badly injured in pictures. It was perhaps a little over a year and a half ago when she was playing with the Universal.

Matt Moore and she were in a scene together where the house was set on fire, and he was supposed to have fallen unconscious. She lifted him up in her arms and dragged him to the top of a long staircase. Somehow or other she caught her heel in her dress and before anyone could come to her aid, she had fallen the whole length of the stairway, severely injuring her spine.

For one year and a half she was away from pictures, with the public clamoring for her return. But now she is starring again, although, unhappily, I have just learned that she is not feeling as well as she had hoped.

Many girls have written to ask me where they could send letters of appreciation to her, and I am quite sure that, even if she were resting, the Universal Film Company would forward them to her.

## Answers to Correspondents.

C. C.—Paul Capellani plays the role opposite Alice Brady in "La Boheme." You did indeed see him in the other pictures you mention, but you forget that the art of make-up has the power to change thoroughly an actor's appearance.

Betty M.—Lilian Walker is still with the Vitaphone. Barbara Tennant is the leading woman in "The Dollar Mark."

F. G. S.—Alice Brady played the leading role, Blanche Gordon, in "The Rack." Tom Gordon was played by Milton Sills; Jack and Louise Freeman were Chester Barnett and June Elvidge.

A. G.—Mary Fuller is with the Eastern Universal Studio. Mignon Anderson is with Thanhouser. Creighton Hale is with Pathe Exchange.

B. L.—Pauline Frederick played the lead in "Lydia Gilmore." You may address her in care of the Famous Players' New York office.

B. B.—My sister Lottie was born in Toronto, Canada. Yes, she was with the old Biograph Company. The character you refer to in "The Diamond from the Sky" in which she appeared was Esther Stanley.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Marguerite Clark.

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ONE afternoon when I came sauntering into the studio, I stopped before one of the sets and looked long and admiringly upon a cunning little girl with golden brown curls and big, round, brown eyes.

"Some new child actress," I whispered to the girl who stood beside me. "And isn't she a darling!"

I noticed then the errant smile that flitted across my friend's face, but she said nothing, just to see how long I would be fooled.

"I have been introduced to her," she remarked, evading my question. "How old do you think she is?"

"Oh, about twelve!" I replied, as I took another look at the little girl, who sat swinging her bare legs over the edge of a Morris chair and was at that moment tying on her big doll's sunbonnet.

The little girl saw us looking at her, turned and smiled with the ghost of a bashful grin. There was something about her face which seemed strangely familiar, but I decided that it was because I had probably seen her around the studio before.

Just then Mr. Zukor stepped up beside me, and calling the little girl over, he said, "I would like to introduce you to Miss Marguerite Clark, our new ingenue."

Of course I fairly gasped—for though I had seen Miss Clark many times on the stage, I had not dreamed that she was such a little bit of a girl. She had looked very tiny in "Prunella" and delightfully feminine in "Anatole" when she played opposite Jack Barrymore, but here she was—pinched and bare-legged, made up for her first picture, "Wildflower," which was perhaps one of her greatest successes.

Of course we both laughed at my complimentary mistake, but she had become quite used to it, as almost every one in the studio had tumbled to the same conclusion as I, all interested because a pretty new little theatrical child had joined our forces.

"Did you ever see such tiny feet in all the world?" many of the girls remarked as they looked at her row of little twelve and a half shoes; or, "such dear little hands!" they would exclaim.

"She's more like a doll than a really, truly grown-up lady," two of the children whispered about her, and in fact, she was not much larger than the doll she was playing with in "Wildflower."

Her second success was "The Crucible." Then there followed "The Goose Girl," produced by the Lasky Company in California; "Gretchen Green," and "The Pretty Sister of Jose," in which my brother Jack played the role of Jose, opposite Miss Clark.

Many people have liked her best in "Helene of the North"—some say that she was her prettiest in "Out of the Drifts," but there was no play she appeared in where she was as dear as in "Still Waters."

"Silks and Satins" is her latest picture, where she plays the dual role of a modern girl and her own grandmother, when she was a young girl many years ago.

Sometimes it is whispered about that Marguerite Clark will return to the stage, and we know that the theatergoers all look forward to her advent across the footlights again. There never was a cleverer comedienne than she in "Baby Mine," her great Broadway success a few seasons ago.

Miss Clark is one of the hardest working artists at the studio, and that is one of the reasons she has made such a phenomenal success. We call her "Miss Early Bird," for she is there just a few minutes after the studio doors are swung open. In

talking about her career she told us she cares very little for social life, but that her whole existence is concentrated upon her one effort to reach the top of the ladder. I would say that she had already succeeded, wouldn't you?

Always with her little sister is the elder Miss Clark, and the two of them live in a pretty artistic home, quietly and tranquilly after the stress of the long, hard days at the studio.

So many girls have written to ask me where they can send letters of appreciation to Marguerite Clark; send them in care of the Famous Players Studio, 130 West 56th street, New York City.

## Answers to Correspondents.

B. T.—The leading man in "The Innocence of Ruth," an Edison film, was Edward Earle. The role of Ruth was played by Viola Dana. You probably have seen Miss Dana on the stage, as she played the leading role in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

T. L. K.—The character you refer to in "The Cheat" was played by Sessue Hayakawa. He is still with the Lasky studio, his last appearance having been in "The Alien."

Henry W.—Doris Kenyon played the role opposite George Beban in "The Pawns of Fate." She is with the World Film Corporation. Mr. Beban is now with Pallas.

K. D.—Julian Eltinge has never appeared in the films. I think you refer to Julian L. Strange, who appeared with Pauline Frederick in "Sold," "Zaza," and "Bella Donna."

J. C.—Edna Mayo is not related to Frank Mayo. Yes, I am slightly taller than Marguerite Clark. Barbara Tennant is still with the World Film Corporation.

Beulah G.—Kitty Gordon appeared in "As in a Looking Glass" and "Her Maternal Right." She will be starred in another photoplay shortly, "The Crucial Test." All were World films. I do not know whether your theater will show them or not, probably in the near future. Why not ask?

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Charlie Chaplin.

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ONE afternoon when my mother and I were dining at a cafe in Southern California, a very good-looking, ascetic young man with large, melancholy dark eyes, a shock of wavy black hair and a rather drooping mouth, came sauntering in and sat down at the table next to us.

"I think he is a poet," I whispered to my mother, for he wore a dark tie around his collar and had the abstracted, dreamy manner of one who is eternally seeking rhythm in words. Just because he did look so lonely and friendless we were quite sympathetic, nor did my mother overlook the fact that the young man ordered a very light supper, after first asking the waiter for his pencil.

"There!" I whispered triumphantly, as he abstractedly wrote a few lines upon a piece of paper, "I knew he was a poet!"

"Such a nice-looking boy," came my mother's return whisper. "I hope that he is not like most poets and cannot afford a really, truly square meal. You know I just couldn't help overhearing what he ordered—strong tea and a plate of tomatoes!"

For fifteen minutes we sat gazing steadily at him, until a familiar figure sauntered in and drew up a seat opposite our poet. It was Mack Sennett.

"Well," said Charlie Chaplin—for it was he—after Mack Sennett had sat there for a few minutes looking over his shoulder at what he was writing on the paper, "you see I have just been figuring out my next year's income. Taking royalties, salary, and all, I cannot make a cent less than \$350,000!"

Several weeks later, when we were introduced, I confided to him my first opinions of him, and how we both laughed over them, though I can assure you it is not the first time the world's greatest comedian has been taken for a somber-eyed poet. But that is why he is the world's greatest comedian, because

his comedy is the most serious thing in the world, and he laughs with the people and not at them.

In one of my other articles, I mentioned that Charlie Chaplin's greatest ambition is to play the role of a dramatic "Hamlet," but this you will notice is a characteristic of all actors and actresses—the desire to portray roles the exact opposite of their own specialties.

Charlie Chaplin was a success in London before he came to America. In fact, it was in London, many years ago, that he first saw the walk of the old character who inspired his present famous make-up.

As Mr. Chaplin tells it, the old man was one of the hangers-on who decorated the doorway of a saloon and waited patiently until a customer would drive up. He was a gouty old fellow with his legs and feet all tied up in bundles of rags, and laboriously he would shuffle over to the street and hold the horses, hoping for a few pennies' reward which would buy him his ale.

Charlie Chaplin was just a boy at that time and was so amused by the old man's walk he would give imitations of it before his family, but because he was scolded for mimicking the infirmities of anyone, he forgot all about it until, years later, when he was on the vaudeville stage, he tried it on the audience and they laughed!

He is now with the Mutual, although for years he was associated with the Keystone.

All of the boys who have written me, asking me to intercede personally for them to try to get them an autographed picture of Charlie Chaplin, had better write to him direct, but I am not sure whether they will be rewarded or not.

He has many imitators, but there is no one who has the delightful personality nor is one-half so magnetic on the screen. He is very versatile, so versatile, in fact, that he took me in a second time.

I was visiting the Keystone studio one day, when my attention was attracted to a very pretty girl in a set.

"Is she a new star?" I asked Mack Sennett, and he roared with laughter—calling Charlie Chaplin over to do a little bit of a Pavlova before me! "Not a girl," he cried as the comedian pulled off his wig, "but Charlie Chaplin, the imitable!"

## Answers to Correspondents.

John T.—Edna Purviance played the role of the stenographer in "The Bank." She is now with Mutual Company, playing in Chaplin films.

G. B.—Yes, Vera Sisson was recently married. She is now Mrs. Richard Rosson. It is understood that Geraldine Farrar will return to Lasky to be starred in more films this coming season.

T. C. H.—Henry Walthall's eyes are not blue but brown. He was with the old Biograph Company but is now with Essanay. I do not know what he will appear in next.

E. W.—The little girl in "The Devil's Daughter" (Fox) was Jane Lee. You can address Gerda Holmes, care of the Equitable (World Film).

"Inquirer"—There were two productions of "Carmen"—one by the Lasky Company with Geraldine Farrar, the other by Fox Company, featuring Theda Bara. They were both very good; it would be impossible for me to state which was "best."

H. G.—Perhaps your former letter went astray—I have no record of it. If you will write again and state the questions to which you wish answers, I will be only too glad to answer them through these columns.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. FRITZI SCHEFF.

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"OOOH, Madame, but zis is ze most charming face I have evar seen!" babbled the loquacious Madame of the little French hat shop. "Mlle. Scheff, vous ettes tres chic in zis wan lee-tle hat and in zis wan other so beeg hat."

At the name "Mlle. Scheff" I edged around a large decorative screen and peeked over the top so that I could catch a better glimpse of dainty little Fritzi Scheff, trying on a hundred hats or so, and buying—well, most of them, because one thing to be said about Miss Scheff, she is the most extravagant purchaser of feminine finery of all the actresses on the stage.

Later I was introduced, and when she came out to the Bosworth studio, now the Morosco, to appear in her first pictures, I was playing in California at the same time and was very much entertained at her own childish amusement over the novelty of moving pictures.

Miss Scheff told me herself that perhaps no one had a more hopeless reputation for being a temperamental termagant than she.

"Alors! Mees Mary," and her eyes rolled around vivaciously, "Que pensez vous—oh! excuse moi—I speak in English for-r-r you—What do you think they tell me about how they preppare for my coming to zis studio? Joost lak a warship painted gray for battle! Why, wan I come, I say, 'How-do-you-do, my kind friends! I am ver' pleased to meet you,' and zey—now then—zey loook at me so scare face—joost lak as eef I suffer from ze measles!"

"That is because you are Continental," I explained, "and we always remember you as 'Mlle. Modiste,' full of fire and spontaneity and the wonderful joy of living."

It is true that all had anticipated warlike outbursts from Miss Scheff, but to their amazement she remained perfectly neutral! The truth of it is that most of the tempers newspapers and gossips have given to actresses are rumors, false and foolish, but then one must talk about stars—and society, so we are forced to believe—always hopes for the worst!

There is one little story I enjoy telling about Fritzi Scheff, although she blushing denies it, contending that she does not want to pose as a Lady Bountiful.

It was a bleak afternoon several winters ago, following a dreadful snow storm, and banks of snow were piled high against the windows. The men had just shoveled a space

so vehicles could travel down the streets, and those who were forced to walk stumbled through snowdrifts which came almost to their knees.

Coming from rehearsals, our machine was following close behind the big limousine in which sat Fritzi Scheff. The congested traffic held us up for fully ten minutes, and while we were sitting there, a pathetic figure of a woman rounded the corner, carrying in her arms a little child not more than a year old. The only protection the woman had was a shawl which had many tatters in it, and as she beat her way to the door of a shop, we noticed that she breathed upon the child's face in a vain endeavor to warm it. Then, shivering, she drew the shawl closer around the two of them.

Before we had time to step from our machine, Miss Scheff had thrown open the door of her limousine and was tripping through the snow to where the woman was standing, now leaning heavily against the shop door. We could not hear what the woman had to say to her, but after a brief conversation, we not only saw the opening of a gold mesh purse, but Miss Scheff was taking off her long fur scarf and wrapping it around the woman and the baby. Then, without waiting to hear the woman's heartbroken gratitude, she had tripped back to the limousine, the door was slammed shut and she was gone, unconscious that any one had seen the little episode.

It was through tears that we watched the woman, overwhelmed by this good fortune, standing there with dilated eyes as she rubbed her hand slowly over the soft, warm fur, touching it as if it were a live thing. Miss Scheff is now touring in vaudeville, and her popularity in this country has never waned.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Eunice L.—I think if you keep on studying drawing, you will turn out to be quite an artist. The sketches sent me are very clever.

Jennie H.—Rainwater is considered a bleach and fine for the face and hair. Have you ever tried boracic acid for bathing your eyes?

Mrs. J. B. C.—I wish to thank you for your generous, kindly letter of praise, which is always a great encouragement in our work. Indeed, I would appreciate a picture of your little boys.

Master Thomas Harvey—Your letter was very welcome to "Cinderella." It is indeed a fairyland where I spend my days, and I heartily echo your wish that you may some day visit me there.

Josephine L. B.—Why don't you try to write scenarios? Your success as a newspaper woman should enable you to create some very original plots and the studio editors are crying for new material.

D. S.—No, we do not expect to go to California this spring—at the same time, we can never tell where our stories may take us. I think the danger you suggest because of the border troubles is really insignificant, because there is no probability California would be invaded.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. ETHEL BARRYMORE.

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NOT only have we always admired Ethel Barrymore as a great actress, but there is not a sweeter or more beautiful mother than Miss Barrymore, who in private life is Mrs. Colt. To meet her off the stage one finds that the mother predominates; she talks with great pride of her children, and they are so lovely you do not wonder she is eager to have them near her.

"Sometimes I think I would just like to give up the stage and devote my whole life to my children," Miss Barrymore confided. "They are growing so fast and each day they develop some new and unusual trait. How happy a woman is, when she is a mother, to live another lifetime within her children."

The first time I saw Miss Barrymore she was a slender slip of a girl in "Cousin Kate." But I met her only behind the footlights until last winter, when I saw her often at the Sixty Club dances, the exclusive New York club which has been originated by professionals and artists to meet every other Saturday night at Sherry's. She wore a beautiful black jet evening gown, which set off her lovely white shoulders and arms. Although she possesses rare jewelry, she always dresses artistically and simply, believing that a woman expresses her individuality through her gowns.

We all love Miss Barrymore because she is so delightfully human; she has the famous Barrymore sense of humor and that wonderfully soothing, deep-toned voice one never grows tired of listening to.

Some one the other day asked, "Who of the profession represent the truest aristocracy of the stage?" and we can answer that without hesitancy, "The Barrymore family, who for four or five generations have striven for the pinnacle of refined, artistic success."

I remember when we were youngsters how seriously we tried to imitate Miss Barrymore, her low, modulated speaking voice, her undulating walk and her delightful little mannerisms. She was my favorite, the actress I most longed to be like and the furthest star I could hitch my cart to, because she was tall and slender and dark, while I was hopelessly blonde and helplessly tiny.

We were very much interested when we heard that Miss Barrymore had gone into pictures and we had hoped she would appear in "Captain Jenks," one of the public's favorite plays in which she created the stellar role.

While she lost none of the charm of her personality in pictures, at the same time we missed the sweet cadences of her voice.

One year when we were traveling with a road company, we happened to stop at Hew Haven and there we saw Ethel Barrymore in "Carrots." It was during the Yale prom and the evening we dropped into the theater it swarmed like a beehive with buzzing college boys.

I am sure Miss Barrymore will never forget what an ovation those cheering boys gave her, for in their enthusiasm they almost mobbed their way across the footlights. So deafening was the applause and the cries of "Speech!" that Miss Barrymore was forced to take the center of the stage after a curtain call and

say a few words to them. It was rather a disjointed speech because every time she paused to catch her breath, the boys would break in with one of their wild college yells, which would make a mere battle of cannons pale into insignificance.

Miss Barrymore's latest success was "Our Mrs. McChesney," a delightful comedy and one which we all enjoyed very much.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Eloise J.—It is impossible to tell from a photograph whether you are clever or not, and, after all, it is ability and not appearance which will distinguish you in any profession. Try the studios.

W. A.—I often say that a poor complexion well cared for becomes better than a good complexion that is neglected. Cold cream your complexion well every night to open the pores. Get only cosmetics of the best grade—cheap grades will ruin the skin.

J. L.—Hobart Bosworth was the leading man in Jack London's "The Sea Wolf." Kitty Gordon is with the World Film Corporation, and you can address your letter of praise to her in care of them.

E. M.—Thank you very much for your clever suggestions. I will try to write upon the subjects you mention in the near future.

J. R.—I was born in Canada and we lived there until we went upon the stage. Lottie is a year younger than I and Jack a year younger than Lottie.

P. O.—Your scenarios are not long enough for feature pictures, but could be made into good two or three reel photoplays.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. MACK SENNETT.

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MACK Sennett was an actor at the Biograph studio when I made my entry into pictures, and well I remember how afraid I was of his humorous teasing. He and Jim Kirkwood took it upon themselves to see that not a golden hour of my day winged its flight without a little of their barbed-wire torment making me just as uncomfortable as possible!

One of the first pictures that Mack Sennett and I played in was a comedy drama called, "All on Account of the Milk."

It was Blanche Sweet's first picture and she was taking the part of a lady's maid, the honor being thrust upon me to fill the role of the lady.

Mack Sennett was the farmhand in love with the maid—one of those forlorn, lonely individuals who are so tremendously funny because they play their comedy so seriously. Arthur Johnson was the leading man, a young surveyor who stopped at the house to ask for a drink of milk. Blanche, the maid, had complained of a headache and I, as the indolent lady searching for adventure, had donned her apron and posed as the maid to the unexpected visitor.

"I'd like to write scenarios myself," Mack Sennett confided to me one day. "The fact of it is, Mary," and he whispered it rather sheepishly, "I've been writing a lot of them lately.....but they haven't been accepted."

"Pooh!" I replied with a supercilious air, "I've written scenarios—several of them—and sold them as fast as I wrote them!"

"Now, looky here, Mary," and Mack Sennett's words certainly carried conviction, "I want you to know that the reason you sell those scenarios is all on account of your curls—not because they have any merits in them. Now my scenarios—there is something to them!"

"Yes, I know what there is to them," I replied, for there wasn't one of us in the studio who hadn't laughed over Mack Sennett's greatest failing—policemen! His scenarios began and ended with policemen—big policemen, small policemen, thin policemen, fat policemen, good-natured policemen and policemen who could run as fast as a locomotive could travel.

I broached the subject as delicately as I could, telling him that summing up the suggestions of the intelligent studio of us, if he left out these comedy coppers, he might be able to sell a few of his scenarios. "Never you mind," and Mack Sen-

nett shuffled off with an indignant shrug of his shoulders; "Some day—some day, I am going to make policemen famous!"

And he did! He began to direct little one-reel comedies before he left the Biograph, and how surprised we were when we sat among the audiences and heard them laugh uproariously at the capers of Mack Sennett's policemen.

After he had left the Biograph, he became first a director of comedy, then a general director of comedy, and then, as the years sped along, the millionaire owner of the Keystone Producing Company, which is one of the angels of the Triangle Film Company.

Mabel Normand, Charlie Chaplin, Roscoe Arbuckle, Sidney Chaplin and a dozen others have helped to make the Keystone comedies famous under his direction.

### Answers to Correspondents.

J. B.—If your ankles are weak, you must discard slippers and pumps and wear high shoes for a while. I would see a doctor about the trouble you mention with your skin.

L. M.—Jack Barrymore is on the stage now, playing in "Justice." I do not know whether he intends to return to the studio or not.

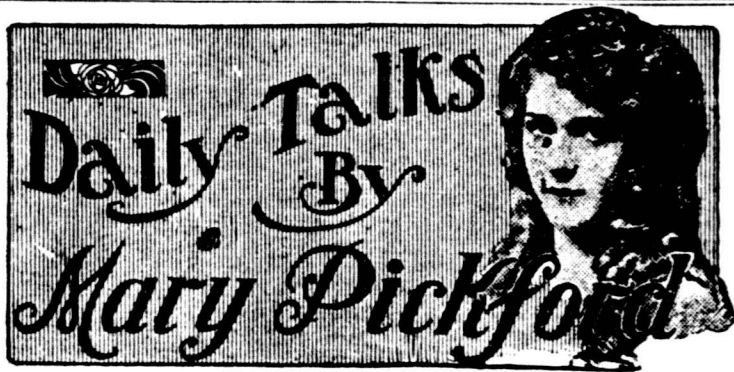
S. D.—I cannot attempt to prescribe for poison ivy, but would advise you to see a doctor. It is always dangerous to try the remedies suggested by people without professional knowledge.

E. L.—If I were you, I would take the children to a studio and register their names, for if they have had so much experience on the stage, they will be very desirable in pictures.

J. A.—Why not see an oculist about the trouble with your eyes? Also try using boracic acid with an eye cup every night and morning. I do and find it a great relief for eye strain.

M. D.—If you look in the directory, you will find the addresses of all your local studios. Leave your name, description, details of experience and address with them, and they will send for you when in need of your "type."

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. JACK BARRYMORE.

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WHEN Jack Barrymore came to the Famous Players studio, for his first pictures, all work ceased from the moment he stepped on to the stage to the second he left it because of his spontaneous sense of humor. All during the pantomime of the scenes he interjected clever little comedy lines until we fairly held our sides with laughter; in fact, he always kept the whole studio in an uproar.

The moment my director called "Lights out," I would sneak off my set and steal around to where Jack Barrymore was working and there I would find Pauline Fredericks, Marguerite Clark and Hazel Dawn, all peering over the properties and giggling at his merry-making.

One afternoon Ethel Barrymore came to the studio to laugh at her brother's antics and while we were whispering, behind the scenes, she told me that she had always hoped the day would come when her brother and I would play together, either on the screen or the stage.

It was not many weeks after that we were featured in a little sketch called "Saved by Wireless," a burlesque on moving pictures, for the Actors' Benefit Fund at the Forty-fourth Street Theater. Miss Barrymore, true to her promise, sat in the first row, laughed at and applauded us heartily.

Right in the middle of our act, which we had rehearsed but a few times, I was quite overcome with stage fright, and, woe betide me! I forgot some of my lines.

Dumbly I stared up at Mr. Barrymore, who stood there with his usual poise, smiling down at me and waiting for me to say something.

"Forgot your lines!" came a challenging whisper under his breath. There was something in his arrogant taunt which made me determine that I mustn't let him get the best of me, and this is where my moving picture training stood me in good stead. I simply did not make any further attempt at lines, but carried the scene in comedy pantomime.

"Humph! I'm on to you, Mary," he whispered, with his back to the audience. "You rehearsed this whole business just to put one over on me!"

Bravely did I keep a sober face and finished the act just as I would have done if the camera and not the eyes of the audience had been turned upon me and, luck being with me, I got away with it!

Miss Barrymore showered her amused congratulations on me after the performance, but not my leading man, Mr. Jack, who doesn't believe to this day that I did not attempt to put one over on him.

And just because he always spins this yarn on me, I am going to tell a better one on him, about the time when the little Japanese baby who played in "Madame Butterfly" was so good-natured it refused to cry in the scenes when crying was imperative. In spite of the fact there are some people who believe that we stick pins into children and otherwise mistreat them when we want to make the tears come, mothers whose children have worked in the studios never worry about unkindly treatment, as we are always very indulgent; but here was a little Japanese baby who refused to cry, even though we wished it upon him!

His mother ran away and hid from him, the great big lights winked dazzling eyes at him, the camera ground ominously, strange, sober faces surrounded him, but still he gurgled and crowed. We waited and waited and waited, but the smile never left the dimpled little cheeks of the Japanese baby.

Finally the director suggested we had better send for some comedian, as he didn't know anything that would move the unappreciative to tears quite as effectively as comedy. In desperation I hurried to Mr. Barrymore's dressing room and asked if he would step out upon the stage and do his best to make the baby—

"Laugh?" he interrupted, pleased at what he considered a compliment. "No," I replied briefly, "cry!"

Meekly he followed me out to the set and then began a series of antics which would have done credit to a court jester, but the funnier he was, the more sober the baby, until finally the long desired cloudburst descended. That baby cried so frantically and so furiously that even its patient mother became quite alarmed and took it away to a deserted corner for consolation.

One wouldn't believe that the same Jack Barrymore who made us laugh so heartily in "The Fortune Hunter" could ever reach such dramatic heights as he does in the present production in which he is appearing, "Justice."

And here is another interesting fact about Mr. Barrymore: He and his brother Lionel studied abroad to become artists, before they made their successes on the stage.

Some of the pictures Mr. Barrymore has appeared in are "The Red Widow," "Man From Mexico," "Are You a Mason?" "Nearly a King," "The Incurable Dukane" and "The Stolen Bridegroom."

### Answers to Correspondents.

To the girl who wrote me and insisted yellow does not photograph white—The deeper tints of orange photograph dark but there are certain tones of yellow which look white on the screen. Go to any studio and see all of the men's shirt fronts dyed yellow.

"Anxious"—Desiring to meet the young man who lives opposite you, I would wait until he sought an introduction.

Betty J.—Write a brief synopsis of the photoplay you have in mind, have it typewritten and send it (with stamps to cover return postage) to any reputable photoplay company, for the attention of their scenario department.

Helen F.—If you cannot afford to have your eyebrows removed by electricity where they meet over the nose, you can remove them by pulling them out with tweezers, although in the latter way they are bound to grow in again.

R. E.—The old style of using "rats" in the hair is almost obsolete. It overheats the scalp and causes the hair to fall out.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. ELLA HALL.

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THE other afternoon I saw two dear old ladies standing on the sidewalk, watching the taking of pictures, only they had no idea it was the "movies" which were arousing their interest and their sympathies. They stood very close together, hankies in hand, trying to wedge their way through the crowd so they might get a better view of the little lame girl who had been run over by a big automobile.

It made me think of the day at the old Biograph studio when Ella Hall and I were playing orphan sisters in one of Mr. Griffith's pictures. We were just about the same size, though Ella had such a little, wistful, child face she always played a real little girl of ten. Our make-ups were perfect, and I do not believe there ever could have been two more pitiful looking "young-uns" than we were.

At the noon hour, when we were told we could stray to a far corner and eat our luncheon, which generally consisted of stale sandwiches and hard boiled eggs, Ella Hall and I wandered into a field nearby and sat on a big rock by the roadway. The large, greasy sandwiches were devoured in a hurry, but Ella Hall and I sat munching long on two very pathetic, dried-up old oranges, which served as dessert.

While we were sitting there, a handsome carriage drove past us and we noticed a dear, grandmotherly old lady looking at us sympathetically out of the window. The carriage hadn't gone a hundred feet when we saw a white gloved hand motioning for the coachman to stop! He obeyed, soon the carriage was turned around and was heading our way.

That dear little old lady had been touched at the sight of these two poor little children sitting by the roadway eating those withered oranges. Her heart and her eyes were too filled with tears to waste time on empty words, so she tremblingly opened her purse and handed us a dollar bill!

So overwhelmed were we that we in turn could find no words, either of thanks or explanation, and mechanically Ella Hall took the dollar bill from the extended fingers. Another dab of handkerchief to the tender, faded blue eyes, and the dear little old lady was gone.

"Oh, my goodness!" Ella Hall whispered to me, shocked at the sight of the dollar bill. "Haden't we better run after her to give it back and explain?"

I shook my head. The carriage was already turning a bend in the road; and after all, why steal from the mother heart the pleasure this sincere desire to make some one happy had given her?

"That's a grand idea, Mary; we can give it to the janitor's little girl," and Ella and I danced off gaily, climbed over the fences and ran all the way back to the studio to tuck the dollar bill into the scrawny little hand of a child who really needed it.

Ella Hall has been with the Universal Company and has starred in some unusually clever productions. I had not seen her for several years until last summer in California, when I ran across her quite by accident.

One unusually cold day for a California summer, a friend and I were driving down Hollywood Boulevard when the friend called my attention to a little, bare-legged blonde child, dressed in old-fashioned clothes, walking down the street with an elderly man, evidently her grandfather. The women who passed them were bundled in furs and cosy coats, but the little girl tripped along shivering in her flimsy cotton dress and low socks.

"Isn't that a ridiculous way to dress a child!" my friend scornfully ejaculated, and I leaned out of the automobile to catch a glimpse of the little one.

"Hi, there, Ella Hall!" I called out, much to my friend's astonishment, and almost leaping out of the machine, I flew across the sidewalk and did what I should have known better than to do—interrupted a moving picture scene! But fortunately for me, Lois Weber, one of my dearest friends, was the director, for it was at the time they were putting on "Jewel," that delightful comedy drama in which Ella Hall played the role of the little girl.

Miss Hall is a very dainty little blonde, with great blue eyes and silver toned hair. Although she is not older than 19 or 20, she looks not a day over 16, and that is why she plays without any difficulty in children's parts. Her leading man is Robert Leonard, and they are a very popular pair with the picture audiences today.

You who have written in asking me where a letter of praise might reach her, can address your letters care of Universal City, Hollywood, Cal.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Katherine A.—Thank you for your encouraging letter. I do try to give the best advice I can.

Lillie C.—It is easy to get in movies if you have all the qualifications for that work—otherwise, it is hard. Go to the studios in your vicinity, leave your photograph, description and address, and they will send for you when they are in need of your "type."

Trixie—I am glad your writings have had such success. Why not try to get acquainted with your actress neighbor as you would with any one else? No, of course all actresses are not bad—most of them are as respectable and well-behaved as women in any other line of work.

Charles D.—The picture you admire is my favorite picture. Thank you for your friendly letter.

Mrs. Hamilton J. S.—Thank you for your very pleasing letter. I enjoyed the role of "Poor Little Peppina" very much; in fact, I enjoy every role I am cast for. Each one has something new in it for me.

E. W.—I do not know whether you could become an actress or not, whether you have the necessary qualifications. Actresses buy their clothes in the same shops where women in other professions make their purchases, or in some of the shops catering specially to the stage trade.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. A WEEK-END WITH ELSIE JANIS.

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ON Saturday and Sunday afternoons, like queens in their royal palaces, the Janises hold court at their beautiful country home at Tarrytown, N. Y. It is a great pleasure to anticipate these week-ends, when we all motor out there, for at this rendezvous there congregate some of the greatest celebrities of today. Last Sunday, when we were driving through the country we dropped in unexpectedly for tea, and found that an even dozen others had had the same happy impulse. And what a glorious afternoon it turned out to be!

Driving up to the house, we heard the strains of a beautiful voice and knew that John Thomas, the famous Swedish tenor, was singing "Aida." It was he who created such a furore at the Winter Garden last year, followed with another success as leading man in "Alone at Last," during the winter season.

Sometimes Miss Janis, who is quite an accomplished musician, accompanies him, but if he forewears the classics, Irving Berlin plays his latest ragtime and we all join in the chorus, especially the stirring harmonies of "They're On Their Way to Mexico."

It is great fun to hear the different composers who visit Miss Janis play their latest musical creations long before they reach the ears of the public, or the poets read their verses even before the appraising eyes of the editors scan the manuscript.

Paul Dickey was there on this particular afternoon, he of the clever pen, who wrote "Miss Information," the vehicle starring Elsie Janis this last winter season in New York.

Douglas Fairbanks and his family arrived shortly after we did, bringing with them the Clifton Crawfords. Poor Douglas Fairbanks has had an unfortunate accident, and because of it we made him quite a hero. During the taking of one of his scenes, a super or extra man became rattled when the camera was grinding and accidentally discharged a rifle full into Mr. Fairbank's face. It was loaded with pebbles, sand and gunpowder, and if Mr. Fairbanks had not swung quickly around when he saw the man turning the rifle upon him, he might have gotten the full blast in his face and had his eyes put out. As it was, the pebbles glanced across the eyelids, inflammation set in and the doctors feared for two or three days he would never be able to see again, but though he wears a bandage and dark glasses, he has the confidence of the surgeons that he will be well enough to go back into pictures within a few weeks.

In spite of extended sympathies, over his misadventure, a riotous time followed their entrance. Each was called upon to contribute to the vaudeville performance which took place on the stage between the great library and the living room, and during the laughter and applause, Billie Burke and her husband, Mr. Ziegfeld, arrived.

Miss Burke, who thoroughly enjoys playing in pictures, gave us a cunning imitation of how she acted before the camera; in fact, it all ended up by our writing a spon-

taneous moving picture plot starring the Castles and Miss Blanche Bates, and all taking part in it!

Elsie Janis made us laugh heartily over her latest imitations, which included all of us present. And then she insisted I must do my imitation of Charlie Chaplin. Of course, for that I had to borrow a pair of men's boots, and such a chivalrous party of men I discovered myself in the midst of! It wouldn't be quite fair to tell who wore the largest shoes, so I shall keep it a secret as to whose shoes I borrowed, but, at any rate, I did my best to imitate the inimitable Charlie Chaplin.

And then the supper! Oh, but I could dwell for pages and pages upon that elegant supper and the merry, sparkling stories that were told over the black coffee; for professional people strive almost harder to entertain each other than they do to entertain the audiences which are not always in tune with them.

Speaking of that, I remember hearing Caruso sing more beautifully in the old-fashioned parlor of a little country hotel than he had ever sung before the great audiences of the Metropolitan.

Sometimes the Dolly sisters drive out there and then it's time to clear back the rugs and, if there are no musicians present, to turn on the Victrola while they show us all of the latest dancing steps. The foremost artists, musicians and authors find there a veritable haven of rest and amusement, so that is why an invitation to Tarrytown embodies both pleasure and promise.

### Answers to Correspondents.

T. R. P.—Marguerite Clark is still with Famous Players. I do not know of the other actress you mention. Mabel Normand now has her own company in California.

Rose J.—No, Mr. Belasco never directed me in a picture. Neither has he been a moving picture director. The rumor you heard was false.

Hattie May—"Tess of the Storm Country" was filmed in Los Angeles. Antonio Moreno played the leading role in "Youth," which was produced by the Vitagraph Company.

M. S.—Phyllis Allen played the role you refer to in "The Submarine Pirate." "The Bondman" was a Fox production and was filmed in Los Angeles.

Henrietta T.—To get into pictures, go to the various studios, leave your photograph, description and address. They will send for you when they are in need of an actress of your type.

Roberta R. F.—The actor who played the crippled gypsy in "The Unbroken Law" was Nicholas Dun-eai. Muriel Ostriche played the leading role in "The Daughter of the Sea."

Mary Pickford.



PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.  
ALICE BRADY.

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A VERY merry laugh, full of youthful and joyous magnetism, was closely followed by Miss Alice Brady, for we jokingly tell her that her laughter always precedes her and even if she wore gum shoes or put on a Charlie-Chaplin makeup or a Pinkerton sombrero she could never deceive us for one moment once she opened her mouth and we caught a faint echo of her tinkling laughter.

"I just can't help it," and she giggled again. "I am so full of happiness all of the time that it just bubbles over!"

We studied her for a moment—her merry, sparkling eyes and her apple-red cheeks, for truly she is one of the rarest specimens of health I have ever seen. She is straight and broad and full-throated, with red lips, white, even teeth and dark hazel eyes, which have such a merry twinkle in them that you smile at her whether you expected to or not.

I went to see her in her picture, "La Boheme," when it was appearing at the Loew theater, and thought she was so clever in the role of Mimi, which is a very difficult one, especially for a girl of such blooming spirit and health. But even though we professional women are more conscious than the public that what we see before us is a clever actress playing a role, we are just as touched as they by any moment of sorrow or emotion.

I know that when Mimi was dying I made quite a rustling sound, opening my pocketbook to get out my handkerchief and dab it to my eyes. But, to go me one better, there was an old lady sitting in back of me who took Mimi's death so seriously that I could hear a sharp intake of breath which sounded mighty like a vigorous sob.

"And to think the poor little thing's gone and died," she lamented, when the picture was over and the lights were swung on. Then, lo, and behold! the little old lady wasn't any happier than I when Alice Brady herself appeared

upon the stage and acknowledged the hearty applause of the audience.

"Fer lan's sake!" said the little old lady, "You don't tell me that's the gal that just died!"

As she addressed her conversation to all of us, we all turned and acknowledged it, consciously trying to hide a little grin which tickled the corners of our mouths. The old lady took her seat again and listened in open-mouthed wonder to Alice's little speech of "I thank you."

And then she sang two very cunning little songs, which received a thundering applause, for Miss Brady will be remembered as having sung the leading roles in the Sullivan-Conside operas.

She has such a lovely voice one almost regrets she is giving up her whole career to pictures these days, but she is like many of the other stars of the stage—she loves the work in the out of doors and the pleasure of being able to spend her evenings in her own home.

Her father is one of the greatest theatrical producers in the world, Mr. William A. Brady, and he is very proud of this lovely daughter of his—not only of her appearance, but of her ambitions, which are of the highest, for she says she is determined to climb to the very top of the ladder and is willing to work night and day toward that goal.

The first picture I ever saw Miss Brady in—I am not sure, but I think it was the first picture she appeared in—was "As Ye Sow." We were out in California at the time and all of us went to the Los Angeles Auditorium to see it.

"I don't imagine she will be as pretty on the screen as she is off," some one remarked. "One of her greatest charms is her lovely coloring and that is lost!"

But she did not disappoint us one bit, for her features are clear cut and her deep dimples give her a very roguish expression.

Alice has just finished a new picture, "Miss Petticoats," and though it has not been released in New York yet I am very anxious to see it, as I am told she is her very prettiest in it.

Among her other successful pictures were, "The Ballet Girl," "Then I'll Come Back to You," "Tangled Fates" and "The Rack."

Answers to Correspondents.

G. F.—Your scenario was returned because the Famous Players is a five reel feature producing company and they do not accept one, two or three reel comedies.

G. B.—The company to which you sent your manuscripts is not considering plays at the present time which are not constructed in their own scenario department.

E. W.—Harper's Publishing Company owns the copyright of the book you mention and if you submit a scenario made from this book you would find yourself in serious trouble. "Evangeline" has already been done in pictures, and "Enoch Arden" was made by the Fine Arts, with Lilian Gish in the leading role.

R. P.—"The Fall of a Nation" was not directed by Mr. Griffith, but by Thomas Dixon, who is the author of both "The Birth of a Nation" and the above mentioned play. It will probably be some weeks before it reaches your home town.

J. L.—If your hair is inclined to be curly, try running a dampened comb through it, using small hairpins to hold the waves in place. This is my favorite way of curling my hair on dry summer days.

Mary Pickford.



PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.  
ANTONIO MORENO.

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WHEN one looks at "Tony," as we call him, one's mind immediately takes mental flights across the emerald seas to opal Spain, for Tony is a Spaniard and very loyal to his beautiful, colorful country. He tells us many interesting stories of Spain, although he always adds: "I would rather live in this great America than any place in the world. In fact, I was educated here in the American public schools where the American people have always been so friendly to the Spaniards."

The other afternoon we were talking of Spain and its fete days.

"Have you ever seen a bullfight?" he asked me eagerly.

I shuddered just a little bit—I could not help it—for the pictures I had seen of the bulls goring the poor, unprotected horses had always sent a chill of horror down my spine.

"Once when I was in Juarez on the border of Mexico," I told him, "they tried to get me to peek into the arena for only a few moments to see the most famous bullfighter in the world—Mazantini, I think his name was."

"Ah, Antonio Mazantini!" and his great, dark eyes grew round and sparkling. "Surely it could not have been Mazantini, for it was too many years ago that he went to Pueblo in Mexico for his last appearance on this continent. Tony Mazantini—he was a great favorite of Madrid, Tony was—and when, a few years ago, I returned to Spain to visit my people, I was introduced to this matador."

"On the next fete day, Tony," he said to me, for you see we were both of the same name and one grows very far from friends in Espania, "there will be the most spectacular bullfight given this year. You must come and be one of my guests."

"Perhaps it is cruel to you Americans," Tony continued to me, "but in Spain it is one of the greatest arts, this killing of the bull by the matador, who, with one lunge of his sword, strikes the vital spot and puts the poor, tortured animal out of his misery."

"And did you go to the fete?" I interrupted him.

"To my regret," he replied, "for before the eyes of ten thousand people, we saw Antonio Mazantini gored to his death. I, like the people, screamed like a madman, but his sweetheart, who stood behind me—she was so cold like an icicle. You see, Miss Mary, it is the way of the Spanish girl—the Americans think she is cold and cruel, but it is because she does not cry with her eyes, but with her heart! To cry with the tears in the heart is to make one suffer more than if the tears just come so easy like to the eye."

"But maybe she was not in love with him," I suggested.

"Ah, no—she had loved him for many years! You would not have said that if you had seen her eyes when he rode into the arena on his beautiful horse and stood under the box, taking his long spangled cape and throwing it up to her; or the passion that was in her eyes as she

pressed a rose to her lips and threw it down to him that he could wear it over his heart as a protection and a symbol of her devotion. For, you see, Spanish women are not ashamed to betray their love, but they draw an impenetrable veil over their grief and their disappointments."

"No one ever knows quite how the accident occurred to poor Mazantini, but he died like a hero without a cry of pain from his lips, even when the bull tossed him high over his head, and, as he fell to the ground, gored him over and over again. I have a picture of this Mazantini and some day I will show it to you. He was the idol of the sporting bloods of Spain just as your prizefighters are idols in this country."

"Some day I hope to play in a Spanish picture where I can be a matador, for we learn the art of fighting there like the young boys in this country learn the art of boxing."

One of the greatest pictures Antonio Moreno ever appeared in was "The Island of Regeneration," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, to me one of the most interesting pictures I have ever seen. He has been featured with Edith Storey by the Vitagraph company and their latest picture was "The Shop Girl," a modern story of department store life.

To the several lovelorn girls who wrote and asked me if the handsome Tony is married, I can assure them he is not, and, instead of writing me these Juliet love letters, why not send them direct to him, at the Vitagraph studio, New York city?

Answers to Correspondents.

E. T.—D. W. Griffith's forthcoming spectacle, "The Mother and the Law," has not been released yet, and you must have been misinformed, as it has not appeared even in New York city.

H. D.—It takes about six weeks to produce a five-reel feature picture. Most tropical scenes are taken in Cuba or Florida, if the company is not situated in California. Winter scenes are taken in Canada or the Adirondacks.

A. D. B.—Earle Williams has not appeared in any recent releases, but is working in a serial to be released early in the fall, "The Scarlet Runner."

Josephine D.—Yes, indeed, that was a real Japanese in "The Cheat." His name is Sessue Hayakawa. He also appeared in a recent release, "Alien Souls," his wife, Toru, playing the role opposite.

Interested.—Marguerite Clark did appear in "Seven Sisters." "Stolen Goods" was produced in California. Why don't you write the actress you mention and ask her for a photograph, although I am not certain she will send it to you.

Bessie W.—Lilian Walker is still with Vitagraph. You are mistaken—she did not appear in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird." You refer to Lilian Tucker.

Mary Pickford.



PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.  
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG.

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ALTHOUGH I have known Miss Young for many years, I have never realized how thoroughly imbued with the spirit of fun she is until one evening we gathered an impromptu party and went out to see the sights of New York.

I wrote about that once before, telling about our slumming party through Chinatown. The rest of the women in the party were quite frightened by the shadowy alleyways and the queer, shuffling figures of the Chinamen who passed in and out of their doorways, but Miss Young confided she had never known what it was to be afraid of anything, and would even dare to walk up the flights of rickety stairs into their little hovels of homes.

"Please, ma'am," some one stopped us after we had gone an uncertain flight. Turning around, we found ourselves looking at the most abject, forlorn-looking girl we had ever seen. "Will you please help me?" she asked in heartbroken tones. "I—I have epileptic fits."

Never have I seen a more sympathetic face than Miss Young's as she dove into her pocketbook and gave this girl a generous handful of coins.

"Epileptic fits!" she whispered to me. "Is there anything more terrible?"

We walked around the corner and there we were stopped by a doddering old lady. "Please, ma'am, wouldn't you help a poor old lady who has epileptic fits?" whined the broken old voice, redolent with whiskey.

Again the sympathetic Clara dipped into her pocketbook.

It was only a few steps farther along when the eyes of the third supplicant for alms fell upon that embroidered pocketbook and the plea was made, "Dear, kind lady, won't you please help an old man with epileptic fits?" In spite of ourselves, this brought a smile to our lips and a look of startled surprise to Miss Young's face.

"I think, Mary, we had better get out of here. It looks as though we had hit an epileptic colony," she whispered, her big brown eyes round with amazement. "Who's that?" she cried, wheeling around sharply at a strange looking woman came walking our way on very weird and wobbly limbs.

"Epileptic!" some one cried and the shout was echoed down the dingy alley and carried to a group of bystanders hovering in front of one of the little chop suey joints.

"Look out, Clara," I called a warning. "The woman is making straight for your pocketbook." But, alas, it was too late!

"Please, ladies, I'll have an epileptic fit for fifty cents," the woman was saying as she frothed at the mouth.

Clara's cold, moist hand closed over my wrist in a terrible grip and I felt myself almost whirled through space as we turned and fled down the stairs into the street, with the woman pursuing us.

"Only a quarter, kind ladies, only a quarter!" but neither of us dared to turn and look for fear we would

miss our footing, stumble and fall, and the unhappy entertainer with the fits would catch up with us.

"Aw, gee!" lamented the guide. "You missed one of the finest sights in Chinytown—that old gal's been pullin' them fits for the las' twenty years. Gee! but it's some sight, the way she spins around on the floor like a top and spits and cries—say, de whole evenin's spoiled—you ain't seen nuttin'!"

How often Miss Young and I have laughed over this little episode, especially when we discovered that they were all fakers, and even the nice-looking old lady had been saving up a bank account for many years at so much per sympathy.

Miss Young is one of the most beautiful women on the screen and among her notable pictures are "Hearts in Exile," "My Official Wife," "Camille," "Trilby," "The Yellow Passport," and "The Feast of Life."

She has now incorporated her own company and promises us wonderful pictures. Many of her admirers have written me asking for her address, and these can send their letters to the Clara Kimball Young Corporation, Seventh avenue, at Forty-ninth street, New York city.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. L. P.—You can address Violet Mersereau, in care of the Universal Film Company, Paula Shay in care of the Ivan Film Corporation, New York City. Beatriz Michelina care of California Motion Picture Corporation, San Rafael, Cal.

W. M.—Geraldine Farrar is playing pictures at present. I do not know in what plays she will star after she completes "Joan of Arc."

Pearl B.—Moving picture actors and actresses do not use rouge—it photographs black. You can write Henry Walthall in care of the Essanay, Chicago, Ill.

R. E. M.—My brother Jack is five feet nine. He is now with Selig, Chicago. Lottie is not appearing in pictures now.

F. B.—Norma Phillips is not playing at present. No, you cannot sell a scenario to more than one company, or you would find yourself in very serious trouble indeed. Wallace Reid is with Lasky.

O. T.—I am sorry that I cannot send you a list of all the moving picture studio addresses, but you will find most of them in the back of any moving picture magazine.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. HENRY WALTHALL.

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FOR years Henry Walthall has been considered one of the greatest character actors on the screen, and truly you who have seen him in the "The Birth of a Nation" will know what a finished artist he is.

I played with him in many pictures at the Biograph studio when Mr. Griffith was directing us, and I learned so much from his subtle, forceful, expressive school of acting. When most actors are playing their scenes, one generally thinks—standing in the wings or behind the studio stage watching them—that, after all, they are clever artists playing a role, but there is something more dominant and impressive in Henry Walthall's style. His work is slow, deliberate, and he measures every thought and every action, even every word he speaks, giving to it so much color that not only have I wept when I watched him in a big emotional moment, but I have stood wide-eyed with terror during the taking of some scenes from plays like "The Avenging Conscience."

Of course, at that time I was always playing sweet little ingenue parts, and one day after a particularly cloyish role I confided my troubles to Mr. Walthall.

"It makes me sick to be an ingenue," I whispered, "when I would give anything in the world to play a woman with a past—I mean, a really, terrible, wicked past!"

"Oh, Mary! But I don't think you could do it," Mr. Walthall consoled. You know wicked ladies with pasts don't always have curls and large, innocent eyes."

"Well, well! Complaining again?" a voice came from behind me and I wheeled around to find myself face to face with Mr. Griffith.

"I'm not complaining," and I looked a little sheepish, "but I was just telling Mr. Walthall I am tired of always being so sweet and pure—"

"Like Majestic Baking Powder," interrupted Mr. Walthall.

"Now, look here, Mary," and there was a determined look on Mr. Griffith's face. "Just for that I am going to make you play a vampire—I don't know yet what kind of a vampire, but you are going to be a heavy woman in the very next picture."

Just then Dell Henderson, who is one of the famous directors now, came along with a very clever little one-reel story and submitted it to Mr. Griffith.

"It's a triangle for Marion Leon-

ard, Mr. Walthall, and Lionel Barrymore," but before Mr. Griffith had time to glance at it, he said: "Miss Leonard will not do this picture, but Miss Pickford will play the part."

Mr. Henderson uttered a feeble protest. "She's not the type, Mr. Griffith"—but he was waved aside.

"Study this role—you are to play it," Mr. Griffith commanded, much to Mr. Walthall's amusement, and that is how I became a heavy in that old story which is so familiar to many called "Friends." And then, when I boasted of how much I enjoyed it, it was Mr. Walthall who conspired with Mr. Griffith to have me cast in the role of "Faro Kate" in the play of that name.

On account of Mr. Walthall's remarkable likeness to Edgar Allan Poe, they made a feature of Poe's famous poem, "The Raven"—in fact, I understand that the Essanay company, with whom Henry Walthall is playing at present, will produce several of Poe's best known stories, starring Mr. Walthall.

Mr. Griffith says that Henry Walthall is one of the greatest actors of the screen, and I know how much I enjoyed playing with him, especially in those one and two reels which Mr. Griffith directed.

As one might easily guess from his dark-eyed, dusky-skinned appearance, he is a Southerner, a native of Alabama, and speaks with a low, well-modulated, musical voice, while his manners are those of the old school of gentility. Mr. Walthall's sister, Anna May, is a cunning little Southern girl, whom only a few years ago he brought from the South, but who is now featured in pictures, for she is a clever little actress and an unusually pretty girl.

Some of his best known pictures are "The Strange Case of Mary Page," Ibsen's "Ghosts," "The Avenging Conscience" and "Home, Sweet Home."

### Answers to Correspondents.

L. H.—Allen Dwan is directing for Triangle and has left Universal. Yes, he directed Dorothy Gish and Owen Moore in "Betty of Grey-stone."

J. D.—Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne are announced to appear shortly in "Romeo and Juliet." You can address J. Warren Kerrigan at Universal City, California.

D. L.—I regret that I can't answer your questions, as all of them are so personal. But I am always glad and eager to answer any questions relating to the movies or other impersonal matters.

M. E.—Irving Cummings is no longer with the Mutual, but will appear in a Famous Players release in the near future. My last two releases were "The Grind Eternal" and "The Foundling."

L. G. A.—Arnold Daly is not playing in pictures, but returned to the stage in "Beau Brummel" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, New York City. However, you can address him care Pathe, New York City.

E. T.—Antonio Moreno is with the Vitagraph company. Blanche Sweet is still with Lasky. Henry Walthall is still with Essanay and has appeared in some very recent releases.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. FRANCES NELSON.

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FRANCES NELSON is a pretty little girl with great, wide-apart hazel eyes, a pouting rosebud mouth and heavy dark brown hair. The other afternoon I saw her riding in her limousine on the way to the studio at Fort Lee. We stopped and talked for a few minutes, for she, too, was one of the girls whom I had known in those old Biograph days I have written so much about.

I have never forgotten a little story Frances Nelson told us when we were first introduced, and I will try to remember it just as she described it.

"I was strolling along a country road one summer afternoon when suddenly I heard the noise of galloping horses' hoofs coming around the bend of the road. I climbed, quite terrified, up a steep bank, as a young, good-looking man on horseback went flying past me, followed in a few minutes by a rough-looking band of Western cowpunchers.

"Help! Help!" the young chap was crying, and my heart leaped in great, terrifying bounds. Then the villains who pursued him were yelling and howling for his blood—his life!—his death!—and his eternal life in strange, incoherent voices.

"As fast as my legs could carry me I fled down the road after them, but in spite of the whirl of dust I lost their trail at the fork of the road, and instead of going along the level country I turned off down hill. And then, above me, standing on the brink of the hill, I saw the young man. He was still screaming 'Help!' at the top of his lungs, but the dust of his pursuers was drawing nearer and I saw the flash of a gun and then a shower of shots.

"Help!" I echoed, as loud as I could, but alas! my cries were hopeless. Already had the young man, on his horse, leaped over the precipice and fallen plump into the deepest pool of the creek which wended its way through that part of the country.

"Oh! Oh!" I screamed in terror, rushing to the edge of the pool, but breathing a sigh of relief when I saw the horse's head and then the young man appear.

"Above the villains were still firing upon him, but so excited was I that I paid no heed to them, nor did I really care whether a shot took effect or not, for I felt it was my duty and my destiny to save this young man's life. The horse reached the shore first—the young man made an exhausted effort to follow.

"Take hold of my hand," I cried, beginning to wade into the water, when a score of screaming voices in back of me arrested my attention. They came from a group of men standing in back of a camera and all were yelling at once, 'Get out of the picture! Get out of the picture, you darn fool girl; get out!'

"Who do you mean?" I shouted back. "What are you doing there? Wh: don't you come over and help this drowning man?"

"Get out of the PICTURE!" yelled the director through a megaphone, and his voice roared and echoed through the hills. At the same time he threw up his hands in despair and motioned for the others to follow him.

"Don't you know that this is moving pictures?" the director shouted in my ear, though I am quite sure if I had stood a couple of blocks away, I wouldn't have missed what he was saying.

"The young man stretched himself, rubbed his aching bones, turned upon me and glowered.

"Of all the idiots that ever lived!" he began, but already I was speeding down the roadway, my face scarlet to the roots of my hair. The

last remark I heard as my footsteps carried me away from the group was the angry director, saying to the young man: 'I am sorry, Walthall, but you'll have to do that scene all over again!'

"Not long after that, I joined the forces at the Biograph studio, and every time Mr. Henry Walthall stepped my way he looked at me with a long, lingering, doubtful expression.

"It seems to me I have seen you before," he casually remarked after I had been there a few days, but I shrugged my shoulders by way of telling a little fib that surely he was mistaken!"

Miss Nelson has been with the World Film for several months and has been featured in many productions, the most notable among them being "The Family Cupboard," "The Sins of Society," "What Happened in Twenty-Two." She is now working in a production of "The Revolt," the play in which Helen Ware starred last season in New York.

### Answers to Correspondents.

K. H. C.—You and your brother must have very good times, judging from your letter. I do like the name of your farm very much. I would like to live on a farm and perhaps some day I shall be fortunate enough to realize that dream.

Mary L.—Thank you for your beautiful suggestions of modified fairy stories for children. Glad to note you are from Canada, too, but know you will love the United States.

T. G.—Thank you for your appreciative letter. Have your story type-written in a plain, straightforward synopsis, mail it with stamps for return or reply to the scenario department of any reputable moving picture company. If they reject it, look it over for possible flaws and corrections, then send it to some one else.

I. K. F.—I am sorry that your previous letter was unanswered, but it must never have reached me. I think with your previous experience and coming from a family of actors you should be able to get a small part in the stock company you mention, where you can demonstrate your ability and advance gradually.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. DUSTIN FARNUM.

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WE were in California at the time Dustin Farnum came out there to play in pictures. He had already done "The Virginian," and it was such a success that the Pallas company, which was then the Bosworth company, sent for him to star in a famous old Spanish-American story, "Captain Courtesy."

Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley, her husband, who directed Dustin Farnum, told me an exciting story which occurred during the taking of the pictures.

"Of course, when word was received among the cowboys that Dustin Farnum, the famous actor of 'The Virginian,' was to come out on the rancho to put on a picture, they all smiled among themselves and said, 'We'll show that matinee idol a couple of tricks or so.'

"You'd better be careful," we warned them, very much alarmed. "Everything in this life is equal. You cowboys can ride horses better than Mr. Farnum, but you'd feel mighty uncomfortable if you had to appear on a New York stage and couldn't do it one-tenth as well as he."

"Reckin' not," one of the cowboys drawled. "We'd feel like a country mule in a city stable."

"Then when Mr. Farnum comes, if he cannot ride as well as you boys, you must respect and help him, for he hasn't the years of experience in the open places that you have had."

"But the cowboys were a mean-looking bunch the day Mr. Farnum rode in among them, dressed in the costume of the early Spanish bandit. "Wot d'ye think of him?" they all asked each other. Just then Dustin dismounted and walked over to them, looking them squarely in the eyes and smiling that sincere, all-embracing, magnetic smile of his, as he held out his hand to each of them.

"At first reluctantly, then rather touched, they held out their grimy, sunburned paws, for he had won them over immediately, so much so, in fact, that they swore eternal friendship for 'Dusty,' as they all called him five minutes after they had met him.

"I don't know much about riding these wild bronchos," was the first thing he said to them, "but you fellows will have to help me!"

"Betcher life we will!" came a dozen voices in reply, and right then we knew there would be no trouble in camp.

"A few days later, we were out taking a scene where Hart Hoxey, the wonderful Indian actor, who was playing the part of a Mexican, met Farnum on horseback and a fight followed, Hart, as the Mexican, using a knife, and Dustin with a gun.

The two horses wildly excited by the firing, reared and plunged, and the cowboys sent up a cheer for Dusty as he clung heroically to his saddle, while Hoxey took a spectacular fall from his horse when he was supposed to have been shot. It was part of the business for Mr.

Farnum to shoot off his gun again into the body of the Mexican. This last shot so frightened his plunging horse that he wheeled around on his hind legs two or three times, and brought down his forelegs on the shoulders of the prostrate Hoxey.

"We all gave a terrified scream, and even under the makeup Dustin Farnum's face blanched white.

"Ride out of the scene," the camera man was shouting, and Mr. Farnum had the presence of mind to gallop out of the scene as he was expected to do in the picture. Then he dismounted hurriedly and we all rushed over to pick Hoxey up, not expecting to find him alive.

"I've killed him!" came the scarcely audible words from Dustin Farnum's lips as he leaned over Hoxey. "Killed nuthin!" and the big six-footer slowly drew himself up, shaking off the dust and looking around at us surprised.

"Aren't you badly hurt?" we asked.

"He rubbed his head a little. 'No—not much,' and then a broad sheepish grin came over his face. 'Hurt? Why—why, I was only actin'!"

"Believing he was uninjured, Dustin Farnum and he had to mount their horses again and make a wild dash up a steep mountain precipice, for, as you know, it is the way in pictures often to take the death scene first and then the scenes preceding it.

"Dustin Farnum came back a few minutes later and we were astonished to see he was half dragging and half carrying Hoxey, who was fainting from loss of blood. When the horse had stepped on his arm it had completely ground the flesh away right to the bone.

"It's the Indian in me," he laughed, though his face was beginning to pale. "To be a stoic is the language, taught us by our forefathers."

"It's strenuous—but a great life!" Dustin Farnum told me when we used to pass often either at the studios or in the city of Los Angeles. "But I like it—I don't think I would ever be contented to go back on the stage again."

The last picture in which I saw Mr. Farnum was "David Garrick," which was artistically different from the thrilling Western stories he has appeared in, but a role which suited him beautifully. Now I am looking forward to seeing him in "Davy Crockett," produced by the Pallas company and released on the Paramount program.

### Answers to Correspondents.

W. R.—"Old Heidelberg" was taken at the Fine Arts studios in Hollywood, Cal. You can address King Baggot care of the Universal, New York City.

B. D. S.—The Clune spectacle, "Ramona," was produced by Donald Crisp. I do not think it has played as yet in any but the larger cities, but no doubt it will do so some time in future.

D. H.—Ella Hall's address is Universal City, Cal. Thomas Meighan played the roles opposite Laura Hope Crews in "The Fighting Hope" and "Blackbirds." Yes, he was formerly on the stage.

A. B.—Pauline Frederick played the leading role in "Lydia Gilmore." Maud Gilbert played opposite William Farnum in "The Gilded Fool."

Mary Pickford.



## At the Chicago Convention.—I.

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**T**HIS article is begun as a sort of diary, for here I am in my dressing room on Thursday afternoon making ready to leave tomorrow for the great moving picture convention in Chicago. It is one of those sticky, hot summer days when one's mind travels to the cool beaches, but I have just hastened through taking off my make-up and am waiting for my mother to arrive in the car that we may do a few hours' shopping this afternoon, preparing to leave on this happily-planned trip.

"How long do you intend to stay away?" my director, Mr. Emerson, asked me, looking around with rather a bewildered expression at the large wardrobe trunk and the packed suit cases which were gorged with clothes.

"Only a day," I replied, and then I caught an amused twinkle in his eye.

"I suppose the men in the party will take a couple of clean collars and a toothbrush," Mr. Emerson teased us a little bit. "But women with their little duds, God bless 'em! They're always equal to any emergency."

"Well, at any rate, you see I believe in preparedness!" My remark was very apropos, for the studio office boy came staggering in under the weight of three or four gaudy bandboxes. Swiftly I strode over, uncovered one of the boxes, rustled the tissue paper and produced a bright green summer bonnet.

"Try it on, Mary," encouraged Mr. Emerson. "The shapes of these hats are getting so complex nowadays that, regarding one as we held it poised in our hand, we are curious to know what position or at what angle the object of art is worn."

I perched the green hat on top of my head, then far down over my eyes as the milliner instructed me, wheeling around to look into his eyes for an expression of approval. But he shook his head very thoughtfully.

"It makes me think of the old country woman's remark when she first looked at a giraffe. 'Lor, Sally, there ain't no sich animal!'"

"Humph!" I replied, not at all complimented. "Perhaps you will like this one better."

I took out of the box very gingerly a red and blue hat, modeled after the fashion of our grandmothers' Puritan bonnets. Trying it on, I turned again, hoping for just a little bit of encouragement.

"I cannot decide now," said Mr. Emerson, looking at me more critically than ever, "whether you are made up for the street or the stage, because for all the world that bonnet brings back memories of the Salvation Army lassie in the 'Belle of New York.'"

The third hat made him laugh uproariously. It was a white velvet Tam o'Shanter, which he declared

looked more like a toadstool than anything he had seen reproduced. "Humph!" I replied, looking at him in disdain. "What do you men know about fashions, anyway?"

Nine out of ten of them like little black hats with white daisies on them better than the very latest creations of the milliner, for, after all, it is women we dress for. We are always afraid of their appraising eyes, which know in a minute how well gowned and how well groomed we are. Men may admire us for our personalities, but women often judge us by our clothes, and, as I have often said, a woman expresses her individuality through her gowns.

The trunks are packed, the tickets are ready, and we have just had a telephone from the Famous Players company that it is "All aboard" tomorrow at 2:45. You cannot imagine how excited I am, because I have just been told that when I reach Chicago I must make a speech before the convention. This means that even if the weather marks "torrid" there will be icy chills running up and down my spinal column until that speech is out of my system.

As it is to be impromptu, I shall probably spend the next twelve hours writing it out and rehearsing it at length, but this is a secret between you and me, and I depend upon you not to let anyone know that when Mary Pickford is called upon to make a speech sugary words do not flow from her as sap from the maple tree!

## Answers to Correspondents.

L. B.—That was a wig Jack cut the curls from in "Poor Little Peppina."

H. B.—Lottie is resting after her long serial, "The Diamond from the Sky." Alice Joyce has just returned to pictures with the Vitagraph company.

G. Henson.—I was very much interested in your letter and eager to have you know that you can dictate the story of the little French girl, Arlois. Have it typewritten, and send it in to one of the best companies. It may interest them very much. It is not necessary to have any story done in scenario form for acceptance.

A. D.—You might try at the Lubin studio in Philadelphia or any of the New York studios whose addresses you will find in the directory.

M. R.—An actress is not obliged to do dangerous or obscene things, nor is she ever given orders to do so unless she signs a contract saying she volunteered of her own free will.

B. T.—The studio seldom furnishes any modern wardrobe, but always furnishes costumes when they are putting on a costume picture. There are no studios that have visiting days for the public. The people crowding there to watch the actors disconcert them during the taking of the scenes.

Mary Pickford.



## At the Chicago Convention.—II.

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**I**T is just 4:15 P. M., Friday, and here we are rolling along through the wonderful country en route to Chicago. Such an exciting day as it has been ever since 7 o'clock this morning, when I was awakened by my maid telling me that in order to make the 2:45 train I had better jump right up and start on a hundred unexpected preparations which always arise at the last moment.

"I am very, very sleepy," I begged her, trying to roll over and snuggled into the pillow again. But Louise shook me vigorously and told me that she knew of at least twelve things I had forgotten to pack the day before which must be attended to! And she was right—by the time we reached the train I decided that properly to have done all we had wanted to really the alarm clock should have gone off at four instead of seven.

One would have thought we were leaving for South Africa, for when we reached the station there was a group of friends ready to bid us goodbye, much to the amusement of the onlookers, who soon discovered by our conversation that we were to return Monday morning.

Edith Storey, of the Vitagraph Company, with her mother and Antonio Moreno, left on the same train with us, although the Vitagraph day at the convention was not to take place until Sunday, the day planned for our departure. But they had been wired that a grand ball and banquet were scheduled for Saturday night and so were eager to become a part of the fun.

Mr. William A. Brady, the famous theatrical producer, joined us on the train, telling us that his daughter, Alice, had been in Chicago for a couple of days, lecturing to the young girls who flocked to the Coliseum to hear her, telling them that work in the moving-picture studios was not all play and that it took grit, courage, and talent to become a moving-picture star.

Mr. Brady and I had an interesting discussion of pictures, for he has taken control of the World Film corporation, and believes that pictures are just in their infancy. He talked of his policy of clean, wholesome photoplays to educate the public, and I listened in full sympathy and appreciation, for that is what we are all consciously striving for—to give the best of ourselves that our pictures shall live not only because they teach a clean, moral lesson, but because they are educational.

Tomorrow Mr. Brady is going to make a speech to this effect before the exhibitors and I shall not miss being there to hear him, because there is no more eloquent speech-maker than he, especially when he has such a big, serious problem as the moving pictures of today.

Edith Storey just passed by in a very pretty traveling suit, and I want all of her admirers to know that she is just as charming off the screen as she is on. Like all happily successful girls, she is with her mother. At this very minute, while I am sitting in the drawing-room writing up the diary of my day, her little mother and my dear little mother are gossiping about their children.

There are several boys and girls in the party, and tonight we will probably sit out on the observation car, and as is the wont of a theatri-

cal party when many of them travel together, we will sing many of the old-fashioned songs which have been sung for the last twenty-five years. Have you ever noticed how rare it is for an impromptu quartet to get together and sing anything but "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Oaken Bucket," "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the latter song rather appropriate these days when there are bound to be mothers, sisters, or wives with us whose boys are even now waiting for the war-cry to send them over the border.

Sometimes I think that theatrical troupes are so happy because they are like a flock of little chickens nestling under the protecting mother wing of the theatre and feeling we are all one great, happy family.

We arrive tomorrow morning at 9:45, and, when I think of it, my heart beats very fast, for I am almost as excited as the little girl who tiptoes into the dining-room on Christmas morning!

## Answers to Correspondents.

Olive L. L.—Thank you for your gracious little letter. I can only play a few pieces on the piano, but would like to have studied.

M. R.—The little dogs in "The Foundling" grew up to be very obstreperous cur pups that have become studio pets.

M. R. B.—That was a false report about my adopting the little Japanese baby in "Madam Butterfly." He has a very happy father and mother who would never give him up.

L. S.—I have never lived away from my mother. At present Lottie and Jack are living with us, Jack having just arrived from California.

R. L.—John Bowers was the leading man in "The Eternal Grind," and was also the leading man in "Hulda from Holland."

C. C.—Eugene O'Brien played the part of the attorney in "Poor Little Peppina."

Mary Pickford.



## At the Chicago Convention.—III.

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**H**OME again! Really I did intend to keep my diary up every day and write two articles on Saturday, but I must confess that not for one-half second did I think of my duty to my pen!

At 9:45 Saturday morning, we arrived at the station in Chicago and such an exciting moment as it was for us all! The president of the Famous Players had sent some beautiful boxes of flowers to the train, so I felt very important as I strutted down the steps with a large bouquet of orchids pinned on the chest of me.

We did not know there had been any announcement of our arrival, so we were astonished when a merry crowd of people was at the station to give us a rousing greeting.

I was presented with a great armful of American Beauties sent by the Paramount exhibitors, but the most touching tribute I received was a little bunch of faded roses that a tiny, pale-faced girl brought me. She had fought her way through the crowd, determined that I should wear these flowers, which she told me she had grown in tin cans outside her window.

Mother and I were whisked into a machine and driven through the streets on our way to the hotel. And truly the city looked like a gala fete day with its banners and flags to welcome the visitors to the convention.

Mother, leaning out of the limousine window, caught sight of a cunning little brown-faced boy about fourteen years old who had followed us, running all the way from the station. Three or four boys had set out, but as the machine whirled around corners, speeding us onward, they had all dropped out but this sturdy little fellow, whose jaw was set and who had made up his mind to pay us this homage.

For several blocks we watched him until we could stand it no longer—then we called him into the machine to ride the rest of the way to the Blackstone Hotel.

"I've seen you on the screen, Miss Pickford," he apologized between gasping breaths as he mopped his face, "and I wagered those fellows I'd speak the first word to you that any kid spoke in Chicago, and—" he chuckled a moment merrily—"I beat 'em to it, didn't I?"

The automobile drew up for a moment at one of the street corners until the traffic passed; then a very somber-eyed young gentleman walked swiftly to the car and passed me his card.

"I've seen you in many pictures, Miss Pickford," he whispered hurriedly, "and I've never liked you in any of them. Here's my card, and if you will take the trouble to write me, I will tell you what is all wrong with your acting."

"I'm very much obliged for your criticism and thank you kindly," smiling as I said it and handing him one of the flowers from my bouquet.

"Thanks," he replied curtly. "If my wife doesn't find out who gave it to me, she would never tolerate the idea that I accepted any favor from any woman connected with the stage." And with a formal and very sour bow, the grim Mr. Henry Peck disappeared into the crowd.

Riding up the Boulevard to the

hotel, we enjoyed the vista of the beautiful lake, dotted by the white sails of many yachts. Outside the hotel there was the usual scene of curious and interested on-lookers waiting to see what a moving-picture girl looked like when she wasn't in moving pictures. And the wise-eyed, energetic young reporters who asked a thousand questions all in one breath, at the same time directing the camera men to catch the most unbecoming pose while we helplessly and hopelessly tried to struggle past them with our hats down over our eyes and hands conspicuously hiding our faces.

It isn't because we are afraid of these goggle-eyed cameras, but you who have had snapshots taken know how surprisingly foolish you look when you see your own smirking countenance, slightly on the bias, displayed on the front sheet of the morning paper.

Writing of this, I always think of what one young lady told me of the satisfaction she got from these snapshots—if she had had heard for years how beautiful or fascinating Miss So-and-So was, when she saw a snapshot taken of her on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City or at the gateway of her country home in Newport, she consoled herself by saying, "Well, she may have millions, but she certainly looks like a fright!"

Entering the Blackstone was like stepping across the equator on to the borders of Alaska, for this marvelous hotel is air cooled, and, sitting there, one could easily forget the sweltering moments out on the street with the heat waves literally dancing before your eyes.

"What is the program for today?" I asked. And upon being told just what the program was, I decided that the ten minutes I would have before entering into the prescribed order of the day I should devote to "priming," as men call the ordeal of powdering, dressing, and hair combing.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Helen A.—You may photograph very well—do not be worried about your complexion. Grease paint covers all freckles and a sallow skin—even some of the small wrinkles around the eyes.

E. E.—To find your friend in the Selig company, better write there direct. In case he has left there, the letter may be forwarded to him.

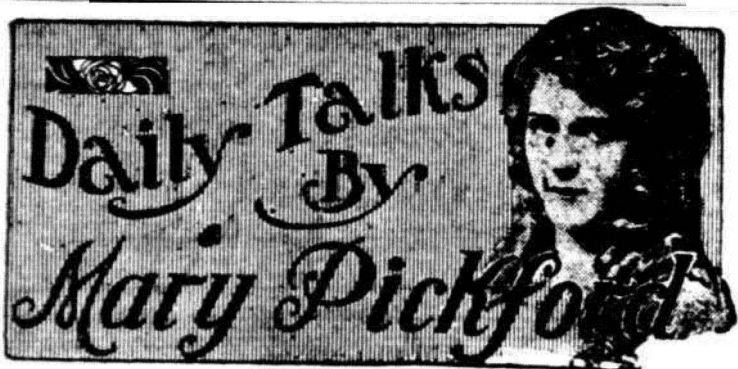
Virginia Mae.—You may write direct to Tom Forman, Lasky company, California, and ask him all the questions about himself which I am unable to answer.

J. R. M.—Charlie Chaplin is with the Mutual company, California. You might write and ask him what his religion is—his nationality is English. Dustin Farnum is the brother of William Farnum.

E. L. D.—I am not sure but the Vitagraph company may consider a scenario for the child actor and actress of the studio.

L. M. B.—Yes, indeed, Virginia Pearson is a very clever actress. She is with the Fox company at present.

Mary Pickford.



## At the Chicago Convention.—IV.

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**B**y eleven o'clock on Saturday, we were ready for the pleasurable routine of the day, and our first step was to go to the Sherman Hotel to hear Mr. William A. Brady speak on moving pictures before the audience of exhibitors and picture producers. It was one of the most eloquent speeches I have ever heard, in which Mr. Brady upheld clean, moral dramas and condemned any plays which demanded the scissors of the board of public censors.

One of his great arguments was that we should produce plays which did not necessitate a showing before the board of public censors and that we should never produce pictures we would not want our mothers or our sons and daughters to see.

I cannot tell you how proud he made me by calling attention to the fact that the decadent in drama had never lived, and that one of the reasons the public held me in its favor was because I had always chosen plays of high moral tone and character.

After the speechmaking was over, we hurried back to the Blackstone hotel, where there was the usual, but happy, hour, spent with reporters from the different papers. I always feel so companionable when my interviewer is a woman, as one can be so much more natural with women, who understand and are sympathetic. We like to talk about the little things such as our most minute ambitions or even the fashions of the day, and women are so comprehensive on all subjects concerning feminism. With men we always feel as if we must talk about our art or our work or whatever they want to call it.

There was luncheon at the Blackstone in that beautiful, artistic, cool dining-room, then into a little afternoon dress and hat and hurry over to the Coliseum, where thousands of people were waiting to welcome us.

In the lobby we stopped to talk with Alice Brady, who looked very charming in a rose-colored linen with her big linen hat to match, and she beamed delightedly when we told her what a wonderful and thrilling speech her father had made, a speech which so stirred the hearers that they rose to their feet and cheered him.

"You should have been there," I said to her as I glowingly described it. Miss Brady looked at me with a twinkle in her eyes and a broad grin dimpling her face.

"I know I should," she whispered confidentially, "but I have listened to pop's lectures all my life! And you know how it is with the family—they are always the last to appreciate their own!"

As we were talking, Miss Pauline Frederick passed by in a beautiful white lingerie afternoon gown and a soft maline hat.

"You'd better hurry, Mary," she called out a warning, "or you will be late at the Coliseum, and that hungry mob will gobble you up if you make them cross by keeping them waiting."

It was fully an hour before we had reached there, and then what a wonderful sight it was to step from the machine and look down at this mass of smiling faces. You cannot imagine how happy it made me feel to receive such a welcome, and I had to struggle hard to keep the tears from rolling down my cheeks as I held out my hands to them and

told them I was far more pleased to see them than they could ever be to catch a glimpse of me.

There were many beautiful booths in the Coliseum, but we did not have an opportunity to visit them, as the crowd pushed its way forward and we were carried along on a wave of excited, cheering, laughing, and chattering people.

Finally, when I felt as if I were almost going to be swept off my feet and trampled in the onrush, two great, stalwart firemen came stalking my way, lifted me up on their shoulders and carried me to the Paramount booth, where I was deposited on top of a high platform. There I stood looking around me rather bewildered, and feeling quite like a sideshow in a circus where the very thin lady or the very fat lady attracts attention as Exhibit A.

Looking down at the faces, there were some I will never forget, sweet little old lady faces looking very tired, but happy, for there is no one who loves excitement more than the dear grandmother people. And the cunning little kiddies—hundreds of them—little towheads, little red-heads, and little black-topped youngsters, all trying to crawl under the railing and steal a picture, using as their excuse that they had seen Mary Pickford in the movies and thought they deserved an autographed photograph.

One mother brought her little baby up and told me that the little rose-cheeked individual had just been christened Mary Pickford Goldstein. I told the mother that with that racial combination of the Irish and Jewish nothing in the world could keep down that unimitable youngster!

We did not remain in the Coliseum more than an hour, as the heat was quite oppressive, and then there were half a dozen other engagements for the afternoon, so once more on the shoulders of the stalwart firemen was I borne triumphantly out of the Coliseum and into the automobile.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Evelyn B.—Unless you are possessed of an independent income, I would not advise you to leave your country home and go to the city, unless you have a positive engagement.

Millie D.—Beverly Bayne is the leading woman for Francis X. Bushman. I am quite sure they are not engaged.

H. G.—Pearl White has been often hurt in pictures, but not seriously. She is considered one of the bravest girls of the studios.

R. F.—Margaret Gibson is playing opposite William Clifford. Charlie Chaplin makes ten thousand dollars a week. Irving Cummings has left the Famous Players and is with the World Film company, now as leading man for Alice Brady in the production of "Her Majesty."

G. L.—It was Tom Moore and not Owen Moore who played with Anna Nielsen in the "Who's Guilty" series.

Louise S.—Marguerite Clark is smaller than I. You can write to her direct, care of the Famous Players.

Mary Pickford.



## At the Chicago Convention.—V.

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**S**ATURDAY afternoon at the Chicago convention flew swiftly by, for we had a glorious few hours visiting with the exhibitors, newspaper and picture people in the Blackstone hotel. Several of the stars had been there, but had left the morning we arrived, to make way for the representatives of other companies.

At six o'clock they sent us up to our rooms to dress for dinner, knowing, as they laughingly told us, it would take a woman a full hour and a half to prepare herself for a public dinner party. Of course, we all protestingly assured them that we would be ready in twenty minutes, but the men looked at us sadly and wagged a week's salary it would be more like two hours and twenty minutes before the last lock was pinned in place and the key of our room was turned in the door.

The dinner party at the Blackstone hotel was a great success, and among the notable guests best known to the public were Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Zukor, Mr. Abrams, William A. Brady, Miss Alice Brady, Mrs. Frederick, and Miss Pauline Frederick, the latter in the most beautiful peacock blue and silver evening gown I have ever seen.

Although it was a marvelous dinner I could not eat very much because I was so excited, knowing that from the dinner party we were going to the theatre where "Hulda from Holland," my latest picture, was being run, and there I was to be thrust out on the stage before the big audience and make the speech which I had intended to write and study, but which in the excitement I had forgotten all about. As I was plowing through the delicious chicken and mushrooms my thoughts were far away from the food I was mechanically eating and I was soaring sky high, trying to compose some apropos little speech which would leave an impression on my audience.

But, of course, when I did reach the stage of that theater and the manager introduced me, I could not remember even a line of what I had decided upon during the dinner hour. It was just because the applause was so long and the smiles were so many as I gazed from the orchestra into the tiptop balcony that I was touched by the welcome and the big tears which had threatened me in the afternoon could no longer be restrained. Down they came, tumbling on the armful of American Beauty roses which were presented to me as I stepped on to the stage. I uttered three or four incoherent and broken sentences of just plain appreciation and gratitude—then I remember trying to tell

them of how they must appreciate the pleasure of seeing a picture in a beautiful theatre where the music and environment were harmonious.

"It makes me think of the time when 'Madam Butterfly' was scheduled to appear at a little theatre near us. A very dear friend had been out of town when the picture was shown at the Strand, and on returning she was eager to see it. That evening we went around to the little theatre and there, for the first time, I really realized what it meant to see pictures under poor conditions. The light was unsteady, the print broke in two or three places, and the music was enough to drive one out of her mind. As an example of it, I will tell you that during 'Madam Butterfly's' death scene, which was supposed to bring a few errant tears, the mechanical piano was grinding out, 'I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier.'"

I just had to tell them this to make them appreciate how much more a picture means in the conditions under which they were enjoying "Hulda from Holland."

From the theatre we returned to the Coliseum, where a greater mob awaited us than had been there in the afternoon, and it took quite a force of policemen and firemen to hold the crowd back while we ran under the firemen's arms quite as if we were children playing "London Bridge."

Pauline Frederick and I held court in the Paramount booth for a very exciting half hour, and we laughed merrily as we confided to each other that we felt more like Exhibits A and B than ever. In front of us stood the managers of the booth and the policemen yelling at the crowd through their megaphones to "Take one look, ladies and gentlemen, and then move on. Others are crowding forward and want to get a look at the moving-picture actresses before it is too late—so please move on!"

"Is my hair on straight?" I giggled after several mothers had lifted up their little tads and the same little tads had wound their sticky fingers into my mesh of curls.

Although I was expected to address this noisy mob, they were never silent long enough to give me an opportunity, which I must confess pleased me highly, for when it comes to speechmaking! The only opportunity I did have was nipped in the bud by a quartet of boys singing "You're a Doggone Dangerous Girl!"

From the Coliseum we were carried once more on the shoulders of the heroic firemen to the automobile, and sped on our way to the Chicago university.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. D. R.—I use pure green Castile soap to shampoo my hair at times. At other times I use physicians and surgeons' soap. It depends entirely upon the condition of my hair. If your hair is very dry, I would advise you to see a specialist.

M. F.—Marshall Nielan played with me as leading man in "The Girl of Yesterday" and "Madam Butterfly." Eugene O'Brien was the leading man in "Poor Little Peppina."

Margaret B.—There are several directors for each studio. I cannot give you their names. Any moving-picture trade journal will give a list of New York studios and you can write direct to them.

B. F. A.—If I were you I would finish school before I dreamed of trying to be an actress. You will never regret your education.

D. C. K.—Why not take your little boy to the studios and leave his photograph with your address on it? When they desire a child of his type they will send for him.

June M.—There are many actresses who are not pretty, but they are very clever. It is foolish to be unhappy about your looks. Cultivate a sweet disposition and you will find you grow prettier every day.

Mary Pickford.



## At the Chicago Convention.—VI.

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**O**ur way to the ball at the Chicago university, given to the students last Saturday night, we drove through several of the beautiful parks, one of them, if I remember rightly, Lincoln park, where the city of Chicago has done the most wonderful thing for its people. It has given them a free bath house, with free lockers, suits, and towels, so that on the terrible hot days of July and August thousands who could not have afforded the luxury of an ocean dip can swarm to the park and enjoy an hour of health-giving pleasure.

Though we could not see the grounds of the University of Chicago, we were ushered into the gymnasium, one of the finest I have ever seen. There were the students, boys and girls, in their party dresses, so young, enthusiastic and ambitious. It was a pleasure to meet them and to be given the privilege of saying a few broken little sentences, encouraging them in their studies, telling them the greatest regret of my life had been that I never had the opportunity for a college education.

I told them as best I could that no matter what walk of life they chose, an education was the firmest crutch they could have to lean on. Although we were very tired by this hour, I was only too happy to lead the Grand March, and would have liked to stay there and dance with the bright-faced college boys, but we had promised to be at a banquet before twelve o'clock.

The banquet took place at the Bismarck Gardens, one of the most beautiful spots I have ever seen, with its banquet tables under the canopy of sky. As it was a moonlight night, we could see the full moon and the stars peeking through the lacework of trees, and for the first time in that busiest of days we really felt delightfully cool.

The banquet was a marvelous affair, with a spread of many goodies, and we were all entertained by original and uproariously funny stories told by our wittiest companions. After the banquet was over we danced for an hour or so, then all who were not too tired and too sleepy-eyed motored once more through the silent streets into the beautiful parks. It was four o'clock when we returned to the hotel, after one of the most wonderful days I have ever spent.

They prophesied for us that the next morning we would be dreading to be aroused, but bright and early, when the slanting rays of sunlight sidled into the room, we scrambled up, eager not to miss the few Chicago hours left us.

Many of our friends came to visit us at the hotel and once more the reporters busied themselves with their cameras and their notebooks, while no less than sixty of our party were bustling around the lobby of the hotel, hurrying in to have a farewell luncheon, getting suit-cases

and trunks off, and preparing to leave on the 12:40 train.

It was a very jolly trip back, although one of the hottest days I have ever experienced, but somehow or other the hours glide by when you are in the company of friends, and really when the day was over we were almost sorry, knowing that Monday our work would begin again in grim earnest.

Arriving in New York in the morning, I hurried to the studio and within half an hour I was into my makeup again and down on the stage, for we are starting a new picture. But after a little vacation one always feels more like work than ever, for it is a happy stimulus, especially in this moving-picture field, where there are so many chameleon changes, in plot, cast, and environment.

Tomorrow I will begin again on my diary of little experiences or memories of personalities I have met. If any of my readers would like to hear of a favorite, write to me, and if I can comply with their request I will be only too glad to do so.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Anna W.—I think Leske is a very pretty name. Many foreigners have changed their names on their arrival in this country, as Hungarian names are very difficult for English-speaking people to pronounce.

A very sweet letter from two sisters, Claire and Eva. I always enjoy and appreciate such letters.

F. N. F.—If you do not wish to have me answer your letters through the paper, you can send them direct to the Famous Players studio, New York city.

Exeter J.—I have never been in a picture with Jules Steger or Francis Bushman. Every actor and actress may have a different reason for adopting a stage name.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. LOIS WEBER.

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ONE of the most interesting women in the history of moving pictures is Lois Weber, that brilliant author, director, and artist. It has been my pleasure to know her for many years, but we became very close friends when I was living in California a little over a year ago, during the production of "Rags," "Little Pal," "The Girl of Yesterday," and "The Foundling." Often would I go out to the studios where she was working, and one afternoon I was invited to see the first run of "Hypocrites," one of Miss Weber's famous productions.

It was then in eight reels and I enjoyed it more at that length than when it was cut down to five, for her ideals of the story were given better scope, and then I believe I understood it more comprehensively after a long and beautifully serious talk with Miss Weber.

"The day is past," Miss Weber explained to me, "when the public asked only for the little simple romance or poorly spun yarn on the screen. They want new ideas—big, serious, broad-minded themes. They want educational pictures—they want pictures with sermons, pictures which stimulate the soul as well as appeal to the heart and the senses. They are like little children, eager to learn by precept and example."

"I had always felt, even when pictures were in their infancy, that the day would come when every public school in America would have its own projecting room and the classes studying history, botany, physiology, religions of different countries, geography and literature could learn more from the actual film visualizations than from a thousand text books of scientific description."

"The moving-picture theater, once it reaches heights far above the limitations of today, will not only be a school but a church, for is there anything that brings us closer to the Creator than the wonderful divinity of the created world, with its vast seas, its vaulted skies, its titanic mountains and its life-pulsing cities?"

Lois Weber has already given us many pictures which strike home a deep, beautiful, though always a subtle lesson.

"Scandal" was just such a picture as this. It told simply and forcefully of how two innocent people's lives can be ruined by the tongues of gossip—how the little rolling stone of scandalous suggestion can become a millstone around the necks of people who are guiltless.

And then one of her latest pictures is "Shoes," a heartbreaking study of humanity, of a girl driven to despair, who worked day after day, in shabby and almost soleless shoes, saving her poor little pennies toward that one great moment when she could buy herself a pair of shoes. But each time the demands of her family and economic necessity forced her to dip into that precious hoard. I will not tell you more about the picture and its climax, which might steal some of

the pleasure from your seeing it, but I assure you it is considered by critics to be one of the real tragedies of the screen.

Though Lois Weber is not the author, she and her husband, Mr. Phillips Smalley, who always collaborate and co-direct, are the producers of "Where Are My Children?" a drama which has caused quite a sensation in the moving-picture world.

Mr. and Mrs. Smalley have a beautiful little vine-covered, flower garden bungalow in Hollywood, California, and in this artistic little home is a dove-gray room, the little studio where Lois Weber evolves her brilliant ideas.

"All this have I for my inspiration," Miss Weber told me, parting the curtains so I could look over the climbing rose vine to the purple mountains beyond. Two or three mocking birds had built their nests in the eaves of the house and the meadow larks flew from the fields beyond to sing their spring song in the tall, whispering eucalyptus bordering the sidewalks.

A cool ocean breeze stirred the silken curtains at the window and the soft glow of the afternoon sun fell in slanting rays across her work table and on her russet brown hair, which shone like threads of spun gold.

"You are right," I echoed. "It is truly a haven—an earthly paradise."

Watch for Miss Weber's pictures and I know you will not be disappointed in them. They are distinctive, sincere, and always have they the backbone of a new thought—a golden idea.

### Answers to Correspondents.

T. H.—Metro has a New York studio. You will find the address in a directory, and you can find all the studios listed in most of the moving-picture trade journals.

Anxious.—William Tooker is the character you refer to in "A Daughter of the Sea," and I agree with you that his acting is splendid. He has since appeared in several other pictures, among them "The Fool's Revenge" and "East Lynne."

N. B.—Fred Church is with Universal. Florence La Badie can be addressed care of Thanhouser. Dorothy Green was Mazora in "A Wonderful Adventure."

H. L.—Not I, but Marguerite Clarke, played the leading role in "Wildflower." Sis Hopkins is with Kalem. Edward Earle appears in Edison releases.

S. M.—Enid Markey is with Triangle. You can address Clara Kimball Young care of the Clara Kimball Young Corporation, Forty-sixth street and Broadway, New York City.

C. R.—Fannie Ward played the leading role in "The Cheat." Irving Cummings is now with World Film Corporation. Stuart Holmes was Munzell in "The Family Stain."

Mary Pickford.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

### HONORABLE MR. METRO DUCK.

In writing of the great personalities I have met I think it would not be quite fair if I

went any further without mentioning Hon. Mr. Metro, my prize mascot, given me at the Chicago convention by the representatives of the Metro company. Whether it was in a spirit of fun or a desire to wish upon me a pet, I do not know, but at any rate, from the Metro booth came the little fluffy yellow stranger.

"A-a-ah!! cried all the youngsters. 'Ain't he cute?' And indeed he was, that arrogant little quacker."

"What shall we do with him?" mother and I asked each other desperately when we succeeded in getting him through the crowd and back to the hotel.

"Give him a swim in the bathtub," advised one.

"Send him to a bird store," suggested a second.

"Put him in the water pitcher," ventured a third.

"Set him in the window so he can catch flies," lamely entered a fourth who had never been the proud possessor of such a pet.

"Send for some crackers," "Give him some lettuce," "Let the porter take him home to his family," "Raise him and then eat him!" but this last remark was met by a volley of reproachful "How-dare-you's," and so it was that the fate of Metro, the duck, hung in the balance until I decided that by hook or crook that duck should become the latest mascot of the studio.

### Survive the Night.

Mr. Metro survived the night in his suite at the Blackstone hotel, enjoyed a luxurious dip in the morning, and had the whole train on the return trip to New York held at bay. One by one they flocked to the drawing room to peek in at Mr. Metro, enjoying his swim in the basin, the only one in the whole train caring whether he lived through the heat of the day or not.

"No use trying to raise him, Mary," every one volunteered. "That duck won't live—that's all there is to it."

But I think fate destined that tough little bird to have as many lives as

the proverbial cat, for he has gone through innumerable adventures since then and is not only in good health, but growing as fast as a toadstool. From morning until night does Mr. Metro follow us around, squawking at our heels, waddling out into the stage sets, at the studio, much to the alarm of the director, but the amusement of the stage hands.

At home there is great rivalry among the maids as to the care of the duck. The French maids admire but rather resent his arrival, but the old Scotch cook insists that he is her "lammikin" and the other afternoon I peeked into the kitchen to see her sitting comfortably in a chair, dozing away—with Honorable Mr. Metro curled up in her two plump hands. His head tumbled over on her wrist and eyes closed in delicious duck slumber.

"If you keep on with his education and social training," I was told only this morning, "He may grow up to be just such a pet as Mrs. Vernon Castle's, when she startled society by appearing in their bizarre midst with a well groomed duckling harnessed to a little gold chain."

Today I had some pictures taken with him and if we can keep up his education in the environment of the moving picture studios, he may turn out to be quite a competent actor and play an important role in my next picture! The most amusing thing since his coming into my possession is the fact that I have had at least a dozen books and several pamphlets showered upon me, all about rearing ducklings!

So many letters have asked me what becomes of the pets we use in pictures. Some of them follow us far—from studio to studio—as mascots; some are appropriated by the actors, and a few—like the "Rags" and "Hulda from Holland" goats—well! we are generally pretty glad to get rid of these obstreperous individuals!

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. ERNEST TRUEX.

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MR. BELASCO sent for me one morning shortly after I had been engaged to play the part of the blind girl in "The Good Little Devil" to match me up, as it were, with several children, the juvenile actors who were to be chosen for the cast.

Waiting on the empty stage for Mr. Belasco and the stage manager, I stopped to talk with a group of these children, ranging all the way from five to fifty years of age! There was one dear little boy I had not met before, and he was standing there, looking at me with wide-open blue eyes and the most alluring, inviting "How-dee-do" smile.

"Are you going to play in this production?" I asked him by way of starting the conversation.

"I think I am going to play the part of the good little devil," and he smiled at me encouragingly.

"Oh," I ventured, a little bit abashed, "the leading role!" He nodded. Because he had on a rather shabby little costume, and because of his pale cheeks and great, sympathetic, wistful eyes, I thought perhaps he had been one of the many theatrical children who, like ourselves, had spent whole seasons out of work and was hoping against hope to secure an engagement in this production.

"I shall be glad if you are successful in getting the part," I added, rather lamely, studying him a little more keenly and beginning to wonder if I had not been treading on the toes of some very great star in disguise.

Mr. Belasco, arriving at that moment, introduced us, saying, "Betty"—for the old name from "The Warrens of Virginia" has always clung to me—"I want you to meet the most famous juvenile actor on the stage, Ernest Truex."

"Ernest Truex!" I repeated the name mechanically, for I had seen him many times on the stage, and was abashed to think I had not recognized him in his little boy costume.

"And this," he said, introducing a very pretty young girl peeking over his shoulder at me, "is his wife!"

You cannot imagine how astonished I was and how many minutes it took me before I could catch my breath again, because Ernest Truex, although he confided he was past the twenty-five mark, did not look a day over thirteen.

Of course, that was many years ago, but still Mr. Truex plays the part of the boy as no one else on the American stage can portray it.

And then, let me add a little secret—which really is not a secret after all, for the Truex family are proud of it—there are several little Truexes, as clever and as good looking as their mother and their dad.

We have had so many good laughs at the mistakes people make in taking Mr. Truex for a little boy, and the tender solicitations of grandmotherly old ladies, who feel so sorry for the little shaver having to work so hard on the stage—in

fact, if Mr. Truex would go around in knee breeches, he need never grow up, although the last time I saw him, he had grown a fierce mustache which stole some of the youth from him, but fitted the character lead in "Very Good Eddie."

I remember an amusing little incident which happened during the taking of "Caprice," one of Ernest Truex's first pictures. As I have written of the antics of Mr. Bear in "Caprice," I do not have to go into detail, but just to impress you—as Mr. Truex tried to impress us—that NOTHING could frighten him, it made no difference whether it was a cinnamon grizzly or not.

"You'd better not get too close to him," I warned one afternoon, as Ernest Truex sidled over to impudently converse with Lord Bruin. "He's got a very wicked look in his eye."

Just then, "Grrrrrrh!" went the bear.

"Heavens, Mary, you don't suppose he's making that noise at me, do you? Why don't they have wild animals like this tied up to a tree, anyway, instead of letting them wander around loose?"

And even as he said it, the bear was creeping slowly over to him. "Grrrrrrh!" he went a second time, and behold! down the long lane sped Ernest Truex, shuffling up the dust as he went, with Lord Bruin closely at his heels, and over a barb-wire fence—to safety!

"It's a good thing I wasn't afraid of him," Mr. Truex remarked to me lately, "because if I had been he might have got me—and then—" he shuddered a little — "AND THEN!"

Mr. Truex has starred in several photoplays since then, among them "The Good Little Devil."

### Answers to Correspondents.

B. S.—I would advise you to discontinue taking sleeping powders and see a good physician.

T. B.—I would wait until I was eighteen before making up my mind about a career. Keep on going to school, for no matter what you decide upon you will find an education invaluable.

G. E.—Theodore Roberts was Boris in "The Sowers." Mabel Van Buren was the princess. Edith Storey played the leading role in "The French Spy."

Ernest M.—William Desmond was the minister in "Peggy." He was also Prince Carl in "Bullets and Brown Eyes," but Mahlon Hamilton was Carl in "Molly Make Believe."

P. R.—The role of Marquis de Montessin in "Esmeralda" was played by Arthur Hoops. Wallace Reid played Don Jose in the Lasky production of "Carmen." Warren Kerrigan is not married.

F. E.—You are right—Margarita Fischer played in "Polygamy." Carlyle Blackwell was the king in "Such a Little Queen." Tom Moore is with Pathe.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. ROBERT WARWICK.

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**B**EFORE Robert Warwick became a moving picture actor, he was a very attractive figure on the dramatic stage, and even in such well-known musical comedies as "The Balkan Princess," being much lauded. But while the stage lost a stellar light, the pictures gained a clever artist with a very magnetic personality.

The first picture I saw him in was "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and there followed "The Dollar Mark," a picture in which Mr. Warwick did a spectacular rescue of the leading woman, Barbara Tennant, from a raging stream which whirled its way to a gigantic waterfall.

"I never appreciated how easy it was to be a hero on the stage," Mr. Warwick lamented the other day when I met him at the Knickerbocker Hotel, "until I became a moving picture actor. Just look at me now," and he turned around slowly that I might get a full range of several bruises, many scratches and the scars of two or three jagged cuts on his arms and face.

"An accident?" I asked in amazement.

"Movies!" and he shrugged his big shoulders, smiling at me with his broad, boyish, half-crooked smile. "I was trying to out-hero the heroes on the screen—that's all. But as sure as I am six feet two I will never attempt it again—not for laurel wreaths of hammered gold!"

Of course, manlike, he would not tell me the story, and to satisfy my curiosity, I had to go to all the trouble of hunting up one of the other actors in the company and learning the yarn from him.

It seems that in one of Mr. Warwick's latest pictures, which was being directed by Mr. Maurice Tourneur, the celebrated French director, there was a scene in the story where Mr. Warwick was destined to ride down a steep mountain precipice on horseback, a cliff so perpendicular that halfway down the horse would be sure to lose its footing and they would tumble to the bottom.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" Mr. Warwick had remarked when he regarded the ordeal. "That sure will be some feat, if I can perform it."

Mr. Tourneur looked at him with amazement. "You don't suppose we would allow the hero of the picture to do a stunt like that—especially as we have not finished the picture! You might be killed—and ruin the whole picture!"

"What men have you who will tackle it?" and Warwick looked around at the other actors who stood gazing open-mouthed at the precipice.

"A regular acrobatic cowboy," Mr. Tourneur explained. "He is paid so much a fall—does a dozen every day—and it will mean nothing to him."

At this moment an Eastern-Western cowboy rode up on horseback, gave a slanting glance at the precipice and said, "Very well! Whoooooo. pee! Let er go!"

Mr. Tourneur directed the scene, the camera man turned the crank and all watched the cowboy dash over the hill and take a rather lame, well-measured fall, rolling comfortably to the bottom and rising unbruised, with a broad grin on his face.

Mr. Tourneur shook his head. "It will look just like that in the picture," he said, "And everyone will know it was a fake fall. That's the trouble nowadays—we are not getting enough realism into pictures."

Mr. Warwick had been listening all the time.

"You are right, Mr. Tourneur—it looks that way to me—I don't see why I shouldn't have taken this fall in the first place. It's all in the game, you know."

"But what if you are seriously hurt?" and Mr. Tourneur looked at him doubtfully.

"What? Seriously hurt? A great big heavyweight like me?" And Mr. Warwick laughed heartily. "Swing the camera on—JUST WATCH ME!"

All held their breath when Mr. Warwick came dashing over the hill. What a fall he made—perhaps one of the most spectacular ever seen on the screen. There were no acrobatic leaps with Bob Warwick but a real, dangerous throw from a horse and bruising spill which even the real Westerners would have regarded as a hard dose.

After it was all over Mr. Warwick shook the dust from his clothes and washed the blood from the scratches on his arms and face.

"The only trouble about being a hero," and he smiled with that irresistible twinkle in his eyes, "is that what is the use, after all? The audience will sit there calmly and disinterestedly and say, 'By golly, that's a pretty good fall!—But I wonder who the brave fellow was that doubled for Warwick!'"

Bob Warwick is at present one of the stars of the World Film Company.

### Answers to Correspondents.

J. H.—Maurice Costello is now playing with the Consolidated Film Co. Russell Bassett played the role of my father in "Little Pal."

T. E.—The character you refer to in "Still Waters" was played by Robert Vaughn. I agree with you—he did very pleasing work.

V. D.—Mary Anderson is married. Jackie Saunders is with Balboa. Vivian Martin played leading role in "Merely Mary Ann."

R. T.—Jack Dean is with Lasky, and played opposite Fannie Ward in "A Gutter Magdalene." Mrs. George Walters is dead.

S. M.—Ella Golden was Arlene in "The Love Liar." The role of George in "Flames of Johannis" was played by Victor Sutherland.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. JAMES KIRKWOOD.

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**M**ANY, many authors have written colorful descriptions of redblooded sons of America, and as a fitting attribute to their personalities, have described at great length their low, hearty, lingering laughter—laughter which embraces the world in its friendliness—laughter so infectious that if all the people in all the world could hear it all of the time, there would be no more wry faces, but in spite of themselves, they would be forced to echo it.

It is just such a laugh as this which has made Jim Kirkwood famous, or just such a Jim Kirkwood who has made this particular brand of laughter famous! At any rate, the combination is irresistible!

Well do I remember my first days at the Biograph studio, when Jim Kirkwood urged them on to torment me—and how I disliked him! There was a teasing note in his laughter to me then, and he, Mack Sennett and Arthur Johnson never lost an opportunity to enjoy a little humorous joke at my expense.

Many pictures we played in with Mr. Griffith directing us, and then, after I had gone to the Famous Players studio, Mr. Kirkwood in turn directed me and played the leading role in several productions. "Behind the Scenes" and "The Eagle's Mate" were two of them; "Fanchon the Cricket," "Rags," "Little Pal" and "Esmeralda" were the others.

Always has Jim Kirkwood been more or less of a practical joker and often the boys around the studios have tried to outdistance him in their return jokes.

Two or three years ago, when he was leaving California, my mother, Jack, Marshall Neilan, Dell Henderson, Bobby Harron and a half dozen others were at the station to see him off.

Just as the train was leaving, the boys were plotting among themselves and there was much conversation about Jim Kirkwood's cap, his very particular cap which he considered the prize of all his possessions. It seemed to me he had worn that foolish little cap for years and years, and had grown so attached to it he simply could not bear to part from it. We had tramped on it, hidden it a dozen times, mutilated it and when we had the chance, ridiculed it from the very day he had been the proud possessor of it, but that cap remained paramount in his life.

As the train was starting out and the wheels were grinding on the

rails, Jack took a flying leap at Jim Kirkwood, who was leaning out of the window to wave good-by, and as the train whizzed out of sight, Jack returned triumphantly with the cap in his hand!

Over a year later, when Jim Kirkwood returned to California, long after the thunder of the cap episode had died away, he was met at the station by the very boys who had seen him depart, and upon his stepping off the platform, he was presented with an enormous and beautiful bandbox, tied with huge ribbons, and there—before the curious and amazed onlookers—he was forced to open the bandbox and take out, after much rustling of tissue paper and untying of ribbons, the long departed mascot—his cap!

Perhaps he doesn't wear this headgear any longer (and even if he should I would try to keep the dreadful secret dark), but verily I believe that this adornment, though it must be blue mouldy with age, will always be kept by him as one of his most valued possessions, teeming with pleasing memories.

Always have I heard my mother talk about the celebrated humorist, Sol Smith Russell, and often does she tell us when Jim Kirkwood is narrating some dry, humorous little story, that he, too, is very much like the famous comedian of yesterday.

At present, Mr. Kirkwood is in Santa Barbara, Cal., producing for the Mutual Company.

### Answers to Correspondents.

B. A.—I thought your letter was very interesting indeed for a twelve-year-old boy. I think you are very sensible to be determined to go through school and then work your way through college. I most heartily hope you will succeed.

J. C.—The best way to learn of vacancies on scenario staffs is to write to the moving picture companies direct, stating your experience.

R. M.—Scenarios cannot at the present time be copyrighted, but I believe that at some future time it will become possible.

G. S.—I think that sometimes the rulings of the local boards of censors are ludicrous and far fetched, but I feel that on the other hand, they have helped to check much that is harmful in pictures. Producers should put out pictures which do not need to be submitted to the censors. That is the only way to dispense with them.

S. W.—Thank you for your friendly, helpful letter. The suggestions for articles you sent me are all very good, and I will endeavor to embody them in some of my future talks.

R. T.—I never heard of the photograph company you mention and cannot state whether it is of good standing or not, but reputable companies do not accept a cash premium for giving girls positions.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET. ANNA PAVLOWA.

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**A** DAZZLING white swan sailing in silver majesty across the still green waters of a lily pond—Anna Pavlova!

A butterfly—a shimmering white blossom drifting from a scented branch—a tiny speck of molten sunlight filtering through the autumn leaves—Anna Pavlova!

Anna Pavlova—the flame—the swift, singing arrow—the somber pall of a storm low-hanging over the hilltops—the wood nymph following madly in the Bacchanalian train!

All these is she—on the stage, with a velvet curtain as the chrysalis for the butterfly—Pavlova.

I will never forget my first impressions of the Russian dancers or how marvelous they seemed, expressing poetry, music, and drama in their wonderful pantomime.

Pavlova with Mordkin! They were so beautiful and so physically perfect they did not seem to belong to this corseted age, but reminded one of the abandon of the old Greek dancers who were strong and lusty and free—like birds on the wing.

After two or three years in America, Anna Pavlova was approached by moving picture companies, eager to see her upon the screen.

"Oh, no, no!" She would shake her head and fly from them, "I am afraid of z' camera—he is too hard, too cruel."

But at last the Universal Company's pleas were not in vain, for when I was in Chicago last year on my way from the coast to the New York studio, I met Mme. Pavlova there, preparatory to her beginning her seven reel feature, "The Dumb Girl of Portici."

It was a rainy, gloomy afternoon and gladly I accepted an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Philips Smalley to visit a deserted summer garden where a temporary Chicago studio had been built for the staging of some of the scenes.

Already had word been sown that

Pavlova, the celebrated Russian dancer, was coming there that afternoon, and a harvest of curious people had sprung up, clinging to the gates and lined along the sidewalks, crouching under their umbrellas to keep off the downpour and scanning the faces of each new arrival, looking for the little Russian dancer.

Every time the grind of an automobile was heard, the crowd would surge forward but still she did not appear. A very elegant limousine drove up—there was a mad movement among the people—a clashing of umbrellas—but no! It was not the artist but the camera man, with his camera wrapped up in many overcoats to protect it from the rain.

A veritable cloudburst swamped them, and then, in the midst of it, Pavlova arrived—on foot in little boy's shoes—without even an umbrella, without one of her army of Russian liveried servants the public had expected would follow in her train!

No one paid the slightest bit of attention to the bedraggled little woman and she found no difficulty in walking through the crowd who were still watching and waiting for the great Pavlova.

"I like z' rain—it is healthy," she laughed as she sat down before the fire and put up her two little shoes to dry them. "I walked all z' way—it is good to feel z' cold, sweet air on z' face."

This winter we saw her often at the Metropolitan Opera House, for she is a great favorite in New York, and one of the first of the Russian dancers to come to America. After all, we American people are very loyal to the ones who give us our first thrills at any artistic innovation, and never does our love diminish for such actors as Sarah Bernhardt, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore or Annie Russell, and even the memories of such actors as Sarah Siddons, Rachel, Henry Irving, Joseph Jefferson and Lester Wallace are bequeathed from one generation to another and held as sacred.

### Answers to Correspondents.

B. B.—Dorothy Gish played the leading role in "Betty of Grey-stone" and Owen Moore was her leading man. I am unable to tell you when "Civilization" will appear in your town, but you should write to the producers of it, who will let you know.

W. C.—Violet Mersereau played the role you admired in "The Great Problem." I think myself that names of characters should be flashed for a longer time on the screen—no one seems to get them all.

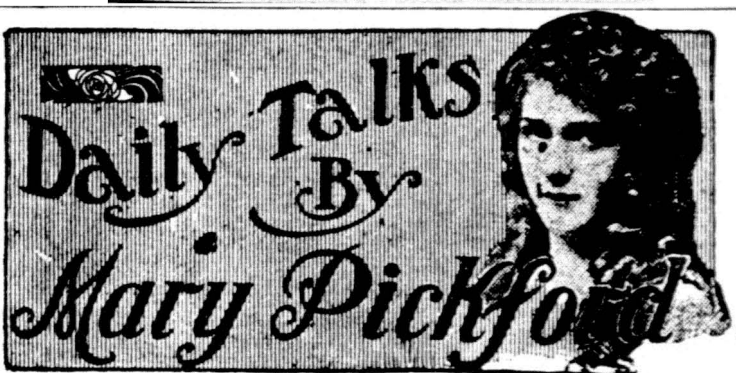
T. V. C.—Forrest Stanley played the opposite role in "The Code of Marcia Grey," with Constance Collier as the heroine.

G. T.—Chester Barnett is still with Peerless. Alice Joyce is with Vitagraph. I cannot say what her first release will be. Antonio Moreno is with Vitagraph.

Mae S.—Your scenario written for me is something like "Sister Beatrice" by Maeterlinck, and while I can judge very little from the synopsis you sent, I think you have given the ending a very gruesome twist which will not be acceptable to producers.

R. M. D.—I receive a number of letters with no address or no signature, and I fancy that your unanswered letter was among the latter. Write me again and I will make sure you have an answer.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

MAUDE ADAMS.

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ONCE upon a time there lived a very dear little old lady who had lost two or three children, and in her loneliness the memory of these children urged her on to perform a great and kindly deed for some of the little sufferers of humanity.

"I am not going to live in this big, empty house any longer," the little old lady decided one early spring morning, and straightway she put her funny, old-fashioned bonnet on her sunbeamed white head and started on a long search through the orphanages and hospitals.

Of course, there were hundreds and hundreds of little motherless children who would have clung to her skirts and filled up her house like that of the little old woman who lived in the shoe, but she passed the ruddy-cheeked, red-lipped youngsters by and searched only for the wan, pale faces of little children who had never romped at play, but would have to dwell in shadow-land all their lives and drag their poor, crippled little bodies around on crutches.

Only two weeks after her bountiful resolution, the house was filled with children—ten little crippled children, who thought paradise had suddenly opened up, held out its long arms and taken them in.

The months ebbed along into years and the little mother of her brood of ten found that others were willing to help her in her great but beautiful task of raising them. Other mothers sent them clothes, warm ones for winter and cool ones for summer, and actresses who heard of this little family sent many tickets that the little ones might be taken to the theater. But the sweetest and most gracious of them all was Maude Adams. When "Peter Pan" was playing in the town where the little old lady lived, Miss Adams not only sent tickets, but automobiles to take them to the theater and back home again.

The night they were sitting in the stage boxes I was in a box opposite, and I am quite sure that never had Miss Adams played with her heart so in her lines as on that night, when she directed almost all of the beautiful, bubbling little Peter Pannish sentiments to those eager-eyed, trembling-with-excitement, little children.

I think most of the audience watched them through blinding tears, and it was through their eyes that we all saw Peter Pan, and forget we were grown-ups and not of that group of little children who had lived so long in the shadows they had almost forgotten the dawn until their foster mother had found them.

When they had been little tots they had never had fairy stories told them as they nestled in their mother's lap and watched her tender lips as she unfolded the dazzling yarns of gnomes and elves, fairy princesses and pirate chiefs. So it was all so new to them, so real, that often they could not help but voice aloud their surprise, their alarm, and their pleasure.

And then it came to the moment when Peter Pan stepped to the footlights and, holding out her arms, called out to the audience, "Oh, say that you believe in fairies!"

Ten funny little cracked voices, high pitched and shrill and determined that Peter Pan should not be disappointed, all cried out in one high tremolo: "We do! We do!" For a moment Miss

Adams stood poised before the footlights, looking down upon the little faces, so thrilled by their response and so touched that a lump came into her throat and it was several seconds before she could smile, with the blinding tears streaming down her face.

When the curtain fell after the last act the little children sat rooted in the box and refused to go.

"We want to see the show again," they set up a cry. "Why doesn't the curtain go up?"

"But it's over," the little old lady explained. "Peter Pan has flown back to the meadows and hills."

"And won't she never, never, never come back any more?" they all asked in eager voices.

"Yes, she's coming back tomorrow," a voice interrupted them, and, behold! it was Peter Pan, peeking through the curtains, and then walking right into the box among them! It really wasn't Miss Adams after all—it was Peter Pan who shook hands with them and chuckled them under their little chins and pinched their pallid cheeks and rumbled the little girls' curls, and then kissed the littlest of them all good-by, and whisk! She was gone, darting around the corner of the box and gobbled up in the darkness of the wings.

Miss Adams has never appeared upon the screen, although we are just hungry to see her. Think how lovely she would be in "The Little Minister," "L'Aiglon," "Peter Pan," "Joanne d'Arc," "What Every Woman Knows," "Chanticleer," or any of her famous stage successes which have made her one of the greatest actresses of this generation.

## Answers to Correspondents.

M. G.—The Japanese who played in "The Cheat" is Sessue Hawakaya.

S. B.—Marguerite Clark is not married. You can write her direct, care of the Famous Players Company, New York City.

J. D.—I have been on the stage since I was five years old, so did not go to any dramatic school to learn how to become a moving-picture actress. Lottie is my sister and Jack Pickford is my brother. Yes, we lately all appeared in one picture, "Fanchon the Cricket."

V. C.—I would not advise a correspondence school course of acting. One must have experience on the stage, in the studios, or studying under some fine actor or actress. You cannot learn to become an actress by posing before a mirror.

Curious.—Of course, Geraldine Farrar did not cut off her own beautiful black hair in "Carmen." An actress could not afford to sacrifice her crown of beauty for one scene.

Genevieve C.—If I were a little girl of 12 and had an opportunity to go to school, I would be very glad of an education instead of thinking of going into pictures.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL.

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SO many young girls have written in lately to know if the handsome, dark-eyed, black-haired leading man who played with me in "Such a Little Queen" is as attractive off the screen as he is on, and, truly, girls, I can answer that he is, for outside of his good looks he is an athlete, and a fine physique counts more than clear-cut features.

We were talking the other afternoon about adventures we have had playing in pictures, and Mr. Blackwell told me a very exciting experience he had suffered during the taking of a Kalem production called "The Smugglers," in the San Diego harbor of California.

"We were working from a United States quarantine boat called the Penguin, and I was one of the three who started out in an uncertain sloop, a boat supposed to be owned by the smugglers. It was a very windy day and the current, which ran eight miles an hour, carried us swiftly out of the harbor on to the open seas, though we fought as hard as we could to keep the boat steered within the radius of the harbor.

"If we get out on the sea, as sure as fate we'll capsize," one of the boys warned us. 'It is blowing harder every minute and this sloop is built only for shallow waters.'

"Just as he said this a tremendous wave dashed against the side of the boat and hurled us off the deck. For a few moments I floundered around in the sea, with the icy breakers beating me back from a possible hold on the bottom of the upturned boat, but finally I fought my way over and managed to get a grip on it. The breaking of each new wave and the current carried us farther and farther out, although we were not alarmed, because we saw the Penguin making our way and did not realize that the swift current would keep the quarantine boat away and make it impossible for them to steer within fifty yards of us.

"The great black clouds overhead were gathering fast and we knew we were in for a terrible downpour. One of the boys was getting very weak, and so it was up to the other man and me to get one grip on the boat and with the other arm hold him up.

"Ten minutes—twenty minutes—half an hour had dragged slowly by. By then the rain was pouring down in a steady, blinding slant, beating upon our faces and swelling the ocean waves which carried us still farther out on to the raging seas.

"I guess we're goners," one of the boys murmured, and as I peered out into the descending darkness, searching for the Penguin, I thought he was right—we did not have the chance of a snowball in hades to get back to port. Great streaks of lightning darted across the sky and the thunder echoed

into our eardrums while the waves pounded against our shoulders as if determined to wrest our fingers away from their weakening hold on the slippery bottom of the boat. It seemed to me as if it were hours and hours we waited, our burning eyes searching the darkness for the sign of the Penguin coming to our rescue, and I was almost lapsing into unconsciousness when the ocean, and our destiny as well, swept us near enough to the Penguin for the sailors to throw out life buoys to us.

"It isn't so much of a miracle you are rescued," the captain of the Penguin told me, "but it is a marvel that you succeeded in keeping the other young fellow from going under, for by the looks of him he's been unconscious for at least half an hour. I guess moving pictures aren't what they're cracked up to be, and you fellows don't have as soft a time as it looks like on the screen," he consoled us.

"It's all in the game," I laughed back at him, "but, after all, the game, as we call it, is one-tenth pleasure and nine-tenths hard work."

The pictures I have seen Mr. Blackwell in and enjoyed very much were "The Spitfire," "The Key to Yesterday," "The Man Who Could Not Lose," "The Last Chapter," and "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo." At present he is with the World Film Company, at the Fort Lee studio, and has been playing opposite Ethel Clayton.

## Answers to Correspondents.

T. R. B.—Henry Walthall and Edna Mayo are with the Essanay Company, Chicago.

J. D.—I am very careful what hair tonics I use, and if your hair is falling out, I would advise you to see a specialist, and not try promiscuously recommended tonics.

A. B.—From the description of yourself, I can hardly tell whether you are fitted for pictures or not. The studios can best decide that. Make the rounds of the casting directors.

Helene A.—Voice culture is not directly helpful in pictures. I would study dancing, Delsarte, and expression.

Alice B.—For your information, you can write direct to Antonio Moreno, Vitagraph Company, New York City.

A. J. O'N.—Your scenarios have probably not been read because they were not typewritten. Very few busy scenario editors can read scripts written in longhand.

Mary Pickford.



## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

HENRY MILLER.

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FROM all over the country the moving-picture fans who have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Miller on the stage are wondering why he does not appear in pictures. And the moving-picture fans who have not had the joy of beholding some of Mr. Miller's superb performances are clamoring to see him on the screen and wondering why—as most of the famous stage stars have been photographed—he does not step before the camera that his art might be studied and appreciated by the interested masses when his pictures are scattered to all corners of the globe.

I know of one little reason which I can whisper to you all—it is because Mr. Miller is not conceited enough even to appreciate his own good looks upon the screen.

It happened out in California, and here is how we discovered it: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dillingham and Mr. Henry Miller came out to the Famous Players' studio one afternoon and were very much amused at the taking of a scene from "Rags." Mr. Miller was so interested he had to have everything explained to him, from the arrangement of the sets to the operation of the camera.

"Come in here, Mr. Miller," I implored him, "and have your picture taken—just for fun—to see yourself upon the screen."

At first he thought I had said it in jest, but after the whole company had argued, persuaded, and even threatened, Mr. Miller determined that after all it would be quite a jolly bit of an experience.

"Come on in here and play my screen father's part," I asked him, waving my hand at the bar-room set. "But you will have to be a pretty rough character if you want to be the dad of a girl who goes barefooted and wears overalls," I added when I saw him looking from me to the set.

"Oh, dear," Mr. Miller protested, "I can't get used to this impromptu acting and I don't think it would be quite fair to suddenly shower me with such a blessing as being the father—even by proxy—of a moving-picture star! I would much rather have you try to fit into the play I am appearing in at present and be little orphan, overalled Annie, saying farewell to me, her guardian, when she leaves for school."

Only the night before I had seen Mr. Miller in "Daddy Long Legs," and I remembered the scene he was speaking of. It was a whimsical, pathetic bit of acting, just as difficult for me, who was by then bubbling over with comedy, as it would have been for Mr. Miller to have stepped into the character of our picture. But I was so delighted that he was going to enter into the spirit of it that I hushed my lips and made no protest. It was great fun watching this stag star how to put on a screen makeup, and how we all enjoyed the hour following—during the taking of the scene.

A few days later, Mr. Miller, eager as the schoolboy who has been to the photographer's for the first time, came out to the studio and was ushered into the projecting room to see the running of the film

in which he appeared. At the first sight of him we all sent up a complimentary cheer, but not a peep from Mr. Miller until the film had run its course. Then he sat back—dismayed.

"Don't tell me," he said dejectedly, "that I look anything like that!"

"Like what?" we asked.

"Like the man on the film the public would be introduced to as Henry Miller."

"Why, of course you do!" Then we all laughed at his look of dismay. "You have no idea how well you photograph!"

"If that's photographing well, my career as a moving-picture star will die right here in this projecting room. I should never have the courage to inflict such a hopeless face upon the public."

But here Mr. Miller was wrong, although we could not argue him out of it, for really he is very handsome, and not a bit disappointing when you see him in the moving pictures. But some day one of the producing companies will persuade him that to appear upon the screen is to live forever and to find new friends among the public's millions.

Mr. Miller for years has been one of the most beloved figures on the stage, and how many tears have been shed—oh, buckets and buckets!—when Henry Miller mounted the scaffold in the last act of "The Tale of Two Cities."

"The Great Divide" was one of his later successes, and in reply to a letter written in to me the other day asking if I knew whether Henry Miller would appear in pictures in "The Great Divide," I must answer that it has already been done in pictures, starring Ethel Clayton and House Peters.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. E. T.—Tell your little Marion that Jack did not really cut off the curls—that I would have been just as heartbroken as she if the scissors had snipped the long locks my mother has taken care of all these years.

M. R. S.—I shall read the book you recommend so highly, which you think will make a splendid photoplay, and thank you for the suggestion.

Mrs. L. D.—I would take your daughter to a theatrical agency, if I were you, as it is very difficult to see the managers until she has had some experience, and the agencies can put you in touch with theatrical producing companies.

Edith C.—Many girls of fifteen are used in pictures, but a girl must have some talent or she cannot find a position where she is given a small part very quickly.

B. T.—Carlyle Blackwell starred in "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo." Yes, indeed, it was very good.

K. M.—Anita Stewart and Earle Williams are not married. Wallace Reid is married to Dorothy Davenport.

Mary Pickford.

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

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ONE afternoon while we were in Los Angeles, mother and I decided that we must spend at least a few days at the great exposition in San Francisco. So we packed our grips in a hurry, took a train overnight and were there in the morning. The only regret I have at present is that I could not have spent weeks there, going through the marvelously constructed buildings, which were gorged with beautiful, interesting and antique treasures of art.

It seemed to me there were thousands and thousands of people on the ground that afternoon and that they were all concentrated upon moving in a slow or swift body toward one spot, a grandstand on one of the large courts.

"It looks to me," I ventured, as I saw them hurrying and skurrying—old men, young men, women, and children—"that there surely must be an accident. They all seem so determined to get there and wedge their way through the crowd. Come, let's wrestle our way along, too, as we've come to the fair to see everything, and must miss nothing."

So mother and I got a firm grip on each other's arm and started forth.

"What's the matter?" I stopped two or three to ask as they were hurrying by. "Is there going to be a special musical performance or is some one going to speak?"

"Hully gee, don't you know?" a little, wide-eyed youngster turned and shouted at me. "Say, you'd better hurry—we're going to see a live moving-picture actor—and it's a free show for all of us, kids included!"

I could not help but laugh at this, and soon we rounded a corner, assisted by the youngster who desired the privilege of being the first one to show us this living specimen. Lo and behold! On a platform, smiling down at the world of curious and interested faces staring up at him, was Francis X. Bushman. He looked very handsome, very curly headed and very debonaire as he addressed, in his low, modulated voice, the crowds gathered to hear him and talked briefly on pictures and the ambitions of the actors who play in them.

Later he caught sight of mother and me and we had a very amusing conversation regarding the attitude of the public, especially of the children, toward an actor they have seen for years in Shadowland, but were not quite sure he was a "real, live human being," as the little boy expressed it, until he stood before them, robust and healthy, and made of the same clay as they were.

"Gee, I never knew you was real!" a little tad just hollered up to me. Mr. Bushman laughingly told us, "and would you believe it," he added, "a great many grown-ups came and wanted to pinch me to see if I were flesh and blood and not a celluloid actor."

"And then one funny old farmer with a sense of argument wielded his umbrella so that he pushed his way through the crowd and got close enough to ask a dozen questions. 'I seen you in a picture the other day,' he called out, 'where you was swimmin' in a rushin' creek. But you can't fool me—that thar water I seen wasn't real!'"

"How did you discover it wasn't real water?" I called out in reply.

"'Because'—and the old man distorted his face into a very knowing wink—that thar water was runnin' uphill and thar ain't no creek on this here airth that kin run up a hill."

"I tried to explain to the old man it was a real stream, after all, but that in putting the film together the negative had been reversed, which did give a surprising effect and one which probably had confused countless thousands who had seen it. But the old farmer wouldn't listen to me. He just chuckled to himself as he umbrellaed his way out of the crowd, murmuring, 'you can't fool this old bird with none of your actor tricks and that thar painted scenery—you can't fool ME!'"

We are looking forward to seeing Mr. Bushman as Romeo in a production of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," which is at present being produced by the Metro Com-

pany, for Mr. Bushman is one of the most popular heroes of the screen and has thousands of admirers scattered broadcast over the country.

I guess I must have received dozens of letters asking me: "Dear Miss Pickford, won't you please tell me if my favorite moving-picture actor, Mr. Francis X. Bushman, is married, as I have been intending to write a letter to him," etc.

Now that you know where to find him, why not write to him direct and ask him? He may be able to answer you more faithfully than I and divulge more secrets about his career than this little column will hold.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Madeline F. D.—I laughed heartily over your little niece's cunning sayings. My sister Lottie's hair and eyes are darker than mine.

Marje R. R.—That was my car we used in "Esmeralda."

P. S.—Love knows no age limits. If you are happy with the girl, it would be foolish to let the fact that she is a few months older than you stand in the way of your future.

M. O. M.—The latest Clara Kimball Young release is "The Feast of Life." Ethel Clayton, "A Woman's Way." "Caprice" is the picture I played in which you described.

H. P.—I did not play in the picture called "Limited Love." Personal answers I am glad to send by mail if they are serious questions which deserve consideration in reply.

Mary Pickford.

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—MARIE DORO.

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"ALL the world loves a lover!" The old adage certainly went for truth when it was whispered in the Famous Players' studio that a rose-colored romance was winging its way around the studio like a butterfly that sought the candle flame. Two hearts were beating sympathetically—too fast—and a hundred and two tongues were wagging with entirely too much abandon! But it's fun to gossip, especially when you are gossiping about the other fellow's romance!

The Garrulous Informer would not tell us at first who the guilty parties were, so one by one we suspected the petite little Marguerite Clark, the golden-haired Hazel Dawn, and the beautiful Pauline Frederick.

"You are all wrong," the G. I. told us the following afternoon, whispering it to us, making the ten of us swear we would never breathe it to a soul, knowing very well that we would lose no time telling it to every one we knew. "It's Marie Doro and Elliot Dexter!"

"Fiddlesticks!" And ten fingers were snapped at once. "Why, we have known that for weeks and weeks, watching it from a tiny little bud of a romance until now we are quite confident the bloom is full and wedding bells will be echoing through the studio."

"I have seen them together often," remarked one of the little gossips, "and one afternoon, when they were having tea, she looked so blushing-ly lovely, her piquant face half hidden by a large rose-colored hat. He was leaning over so close to her and seemed so interested in all she was saying! I was sure then they must be in love and that the love scenes they played in the make-believe pictures were happily sincere."

"I notice that after he leaves the scenes, instead of going to his dressing-room or standing about chatting with the other girls, he never takes his eyes off Miss Doro—which is a pretty good sign he is in love," came from another little volunteer gossip.

"Yes, and he even went so far," a third wagging tongue chipped in, "as to remark to some one that he thought her the most beautiful woman in the world—which isn't so far from being true," the little actress added.

Just then an embarrassed silence settled upon us, because the much discussed and romantic Miss Doro was coming out of her dressing-room. She stopped for a few minutes to talk to her director, and then she passed us, smiling very knowingly as if she surmised what we were whispering about.

"Isn't she beautiful?" we echoed in a chorus, our eyes following her and studying the rhythm of her figure. She was in a white Japanese kimono, with her dark brown hair tumbled about her shoulders, for it

was during the taking of "The White Pearl." As she entered the scene and stood against a black velvet background, she was indeed a strangely luminous and beautiful figure.

Our prophecy came true, for not many days afterward the engagement was announced and then the wedding followed, which was one of the social events of the season. At present the happy couple are out in California, making a picture for the Lasky Producing Company, and the critics hint, ever so wisely, at a new tenderness in Marie Doro's eyes and a sweetness and charm which are ineffably the afterglow of a great love.

It was with much interest that we watched Marie Doro after she left the stage to come to the Famous Players' studio during the taking of her first picture, "The Morals of Marcus." We had always thought her beautiful on the stage, but she was even more lustrous at close range, with her great, somber eyes through which surged dormant fires; her white, shell-like skin, with her dark hair coiled simply at the nape of her neck in keen contrast to the flesh tones.

She has a merry little laugh and seems more at home in pictures than most stage stars do, who find it necessary to get accustomed to the lights and the lack of applause, and miss the long-timed rehearsals before the actual producing of the play.

## Answers to Correspondents.

T. J. B.—Press notices have told us that Lou Tellegen is Dutch and French, but if you are in doubt, you can write to the Lasky Producing Company, Hollywood, Calif., and find out.

Margaret T.—Address letters to Miss Billie Burke, care George Kleine, 801 East 175th St., New York City.

Mrs. K. P.—I regret I did not receive your letters sooner. They must have gone astray in my large mail bag. Your little girl, Dorothy, was a little dear. Several who saw the picture thought there was a resemblance to my early pictures.

A. J.—The verses were very beautiful and I wish to thank you for your kindness in writing them for me. I shall put them in my scrap-book.

W. C. B.—To find out the address of Mary P. R., write direct to the Private Players Company of the Home Studios.

A. B.—Thank you for your kindly letter of encouragement. To visit our studio you would have to get special permission from the manager.

Mary Pickford.

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—THOMAS INCE.

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THE public is now interested in one of the most tremendous and spectacular pictures ever shown upon the screen, "Civilization," produced by Mr. Thomas Ince, in his famous Inceville studios of California.

Mr. D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation," one of the first ten-reel pictures, awakened the public's desire and demand for throbbing dramas of that length, and "Civilization" was the second masterful production.

Mr. Ince, like Mr. Griffith, is the cynosure of all eyes, for outside of his being a great artist, he is probably one of the most successful business men in America today.

We met at the Knickerbocker Hotel, and had a little talk of the year we were all in the old Biograph studio under the direction of Mr. Griffith.

"Yes, those were the days when I was getting my five dollars at sunset," Mr. Ince reminded me. "But even with that large salary I wasn't happy. I didn't want to be an actor, but had made up my mind that I could and would make a good director when I was given the opportunity."

Then we talked of the year following his honorable service at the Biograph, where he left us to go to the Independent Moving Picture Company. There he was engaged as a producer, and after several weeks, I, too, joined the IMP company and worked under his direction.

One of the most interesting pictures we played in was "Their First Misunderstanding," a little two-reel comedy drama with Owen Moore starring opposite me. Following the taking of this picture we went to Cuba, and many were our experiences there during the production of "Artful Kate" and "The Dream." We

had trouble with the natives—a hot spell which nearly withered us and prostrated several—and it wasn't until the time for departure that we felt even slightly acclimated. But Mr. Ince was very patient, and it certainly takes "the patience of Job" to handle a theatrical company once they start on a mental stampede.

Try as we would in calling forth the many errant ghosts of yesterday's memories, Mr. Ince and I could not discover why it was, but somehow—somewhere—something had provoked a little misunderstanding, and, like two petulant youngsters, for months and months we had passed each other by without even a formal bow. Of course both of us all of the time, wanted to exchange happy and inquisitive little "How-do-you-do's," but neither of us dared to break that silence which seemed at that time so potent to us.

A mutual friend, an actor, gave a large party and we were among those invited. As it was an Apache dance, we outtrived each other to go in the most ridiculous costumes. I, for one, was dressed as a double-dyed and dangerous vampire, my face painted white and my lips painted scarlet, heavy eyebrows, large loop earrings and a shimmering snake gown, which provoked much merriment from the rest of the party.

As I was dancing around with Mr. D. W. Griffith, imitating as best I could a Paris Apache, I wheeled around suddenly to find myself face to face with Mr. Ince. The music stopped and there we were left staring into each other's eyes. Finally, to be absolutely true to my assumed character and hoping Mr. Ince would catch the comedy of it, I winked a very broad, tantalizing wink!

Then the music struck up and we were whirled around again, but as we passed him for the second time I pecked over my shoulder—and the wink was returned, twice as broad and twice as tantalizing!

"Time to make up," I called as I was whirled away, and Tom Ince gladly accepted the invitation.

The last time I was in California I was invited to visit his beautiful home, to meet his wife and see his two lovely, golden-haired sons.

"This, Mary, is what I owe to moving pictures," Mr. Ince remarked. And, as if to prove it, the two little tads climbed up on their daddy's lap and locked their chubby arms around his neck.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mary B.—If I were you, I would not be discouraged by one company's refusing your scenario. It might not be fitted to the particular types of plays they produce. Try again.

Jack B.—Do not worry about the scenario departments of the big producing companies being fair. Conditions are very different today from yesterday and competent people are employed to pass upon scenarios.

P. G.—I could not recommend any special depilatory. There have been many bad results because of women's vain efforts to alter nature.

Mrs. N. C.—The mail brought your letter to me too late to give you the information you ask. Sometime it takes me weeks to get the letters sorted out which ask questions.

Berenice H.—It may do no harm to try to see the scenario editors of the different companies personally, although the accepted manner is to mail your typewritten scripts to them, with stamps for return postage.

G. F.—Elsie Ferguson has not appeared in pictures. I have not heard that she intends to do so. Clara own corporation.

Mary Pickford.

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—HAROLD LOCKWOOD.

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WHEN the Famous Players were looking around for a leading man to play opposite me in "Tess of the Storm Country," they decided Harold Lockwood would be just the one to fill the role. He was tall and broad shouldered and very athletic, a good contrast, they thought to a little ragged fisher girl, Tess.

Many adventures we had during the taking of "Tess," as we raced around the great, jagged rocks at Santa Monica beach, but none quite so thrilling as when we were doing "Hearts Adrift."

The cliffs rising out of the water at the edge of the island where we were working were almost precipices, so steep were they, and in many places the tides had beaten so many years against them that caves had been washed in their base.

You who have seen the picture "Hearts Adrift" will remember the scenes where I was playing the part of a half wild girl who had been washed ashore from the wreck as a child, when Mr. Lockwood, the shipwrecked society man, discovered me. Eager in his loneliness to find out who the other inhabitant of the island was, he followed me as I raced over the rocks to the cave where I was supposed to have found protection from the winds and storms all these years.

It was dangerous work—sometimes the spray of a great wave lashing against a rock would leave little slippery pools of slimy water, making dangerous footfalls as we fled over them. Two or three times we slipped and came perilously near falling, while the director, Mr. Porter, called out his warning. But as the days progressed and we got more used to scampering over the rocks in our bare feet, I grew bolder and bolder, until one morning, a few hours after a rainstorm, I slipped—just as they had prophesied for me—down a slippery rock into the water.

Mr. Lockwood, who was following close at my heels, realized the danger I was in, for only the day before he had tried to swim near the shore and was horrified to find that the current swept him toward the caves under the cliffs. Calling at the top of his lungs he warned me to try to get hold of the smaller rocks until he could swim out to my rescue. But the current beat me against the stones and I found that the barnacles on them had made the surface too slippery for me to catch a firm hold.

Mr. Lockwood, realizing I was being swept nearer and nearer to the caves, plunged into the water close to me. For ten minutes we battled fiercely as we felt ourselves ebbing into the yawning mouths of those caves, from which there was little hope of ever being rescued.

Above us Mr. Porter, the camera man, and the rest of the company, were rushing about, trying to get a rope to lower, but already I was beginning to feel faint and drifting into unconsciousness. The great waves broke over our heads with a roar as they hurled themselves against the cliffs and into those very

caverns toward which we were being carried. Even with the smart of the spray burning our eyes, we could peer into the terrible darkness and visualize the horrors of being held by the current under the rocks and slowly dashed to death by the booming waves.

Just as I felt Mr. Lockwood's grip on my arm loosening and my own pulses weakening, the rope was dangled before us. With one tremendous effort I swung out and caught hold of it. Then Mr. Lockwood's hands closed over mine and we felt ourselves being dragged through the waters toward the shore.

It was several days before we could go to work again, as the taking of this picture had followed my long illness in the hospital, and I was still frail from the many weeks in bed.

Mr. Lockwood left the Famous Players and is now starring with May Allison at the Mutual studios, but, answering the many eager questions, he was the leading man with Marguerite Clark in "Wild Flower."

## Answers to Correspondents.

J. M.—Blanche Sweet was Vera Maroff in "The Black List." Ella Golden was the dancer in "The Love Liar." You can address Francis X. Bushman care of the Metro Producing Company, New York City.

V. C.—Margaret Edwards played the role of the Naked Truth in "Hypocrites." Marguerite Courtot is now with Famous Players and you can address a letter to her in care of that company.

J. H.—Madeline Travers was Leontine in "The Closing Net." Edwin August was Adolph Rosenheimer in "The Yellow Passport."

B. T.—Thank you for the picture you sent me of yourself, but I would be unable to get you a position in pictures. I can only advise you to apply to the casting directors of the producing companies in your locality.

B. N.—Blanche Ring was Jessie and Forrest Stanley was Jack in "The Yankee Girl." Address Mary Fuller, care of the Universal Company, New York City.

H. C.—Eugene O'Brien was my leading man in "Poor Little Peppina." "The Two Orphans" has been produced on the screen, but I do not think "English Orphans" has been.

Mary Pickford.

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—MARIE DRESSLER.

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ONE of the saddest moments of my life," lamented Marie Dressler to me the other afternoon, "is when I am approached by a couple of coffin-faced reporters, who seat themselves in solemn silence before me, whip out their little pads and pencils and say to me, sotto voce, 'We have heard that you are a well-known comedian, Miss Dressler, and we would like to have you say something funny for the Sunday morning edition.'"

"What kind of funny things does your Sunday morning edition enjoy?" I ask them, beginning to feel a lump settling in my throat and tears very close to the tear duct.

"Oh, say anything so long as it's funny," the very gloomiest of the reporters will casually reply, getting his pencil all primed, ready to jot down those humorous little remarks of mine as they come from me in funeral procession.

"And then I think—and I think—and I think—and it seems to me that all the funny stories I ever heard take wings, and all the humorous situations I have been forced into fade into oblivion, while all the clever lines of all the clever plays I have heard or played in become so jumbled in my mind that I cannot transpose even one miserable little sentence! And there, as calm as cucumbers, sit the reporters and wait and wait, and if it is a hot day they take out their handkerchiefs and mop their brows, performing their duty prefactorily, their purpose in life being serious and of great moment.

"Have you ever had anything funny happen to you?" and the other reporter raises one eyebrow hopefully.

"And again I think, but all that come to my mind are long, sad stories about funerals or trains blowing up or the death of my grandmother or back home in Canada when the old cow died, and even as I dwell upon them do I begin to suffer a little—from self pity! Gee, but it's an awful thing to be heralded as a funny fat woman! With a conscious effort, I spin an elastic yarn or two about the struggles I had when I was a gawky young girl and had made up my mind that in spite of my lack of good looks I was going to some way, somewhere and somehow get there!

"The pencils of the reporters hesitate a few moments and then they begin jotting it down, as I keep on unfolding my narrative, lending much color to my first rather pathetic interviews with managers. I remember one particular brute who was so stupefied by my seeking a position as chorus girl that out of sheer pity he gave it to me. 'But keep that face and that figure,' he

ordered the stage manager, 'as far in the background as you can.'

"Here the reporters look over their notebooks and a twinkle begins to illumine their spiritual and pensive faces. I stop my conversation and look at them abruptly. 'This is not comedy,' I reprimand, looking as sour as I can! But the reporters are inclined to believe I do not know comedy when I see it, and the following week when some one sends me a slip from his home town journal, turning over the sheets I run across headlines which read 'An Amusing Half Hour with that Funny Marie Dressler.'

"Gosh darn it," I remark to myself, 'what's the use of trying to put over sentiment and real heart-throbbing pathos, anyhow? Nobody ever feels sorry for a great big, lumbering, healthy looking specimen like me. Well, nobody loves a fat man, anyhow!'

Marie Dressler used as a starring vehicle for several years "Tillie's Nightmare," one of the most hilariously amusing comedies ever seen on the stage. Later she appeared in her first picture for the Keystone, "Tillie's Punctured Romance," in which she and Charlie Chaplin stole the laughing laurels of the universe.

And now comes the news that Miss Dressler is to appear again in pictures, and as I have promised to visit her during the taking of some scenes at Coney Island, I will write you all about it later.

## Answers to Correspondents.

C. P.—Maurice Costello is with Consolidated Film, Edna Hunter with Vitagraph. Alice Brady with World Film.

S. M.—Adelaide Hughes was the daughter in "The Greater Wrong." Ann Murdock is with Edison. Carlyle Blackwell is now with World Film.

B. K.—Donald Crisp played the role of commanding officer in "The Commanding Officer," and Marshall Neilan was Waring. Donald Crisp directed "Ramona," as you had been told.

M. M.—If you did read in one of the moving picture magazines that I have "violet blue eyes" it was a mistake. My eyes are hazel.

P. B.—Vera Sisson and Jack Mulhall played the leading parts in "The Man Who Called After Dark." Arnold Daly is not playing now. Geraldine Farrar is back with Lasky for the coming season.

T. J.—Letters addressed to Muriel Ostreich, care of the Equitable Company (World Film), will reach her. Billy Quirk can be addressed care of the Metro Producing Company, where he is now a director.

Mary Pickford.

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—GAIL KANE.

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GAIL KANE has a merry, roguish twinkle in the largest and loveliest brown eyes I have ever seen and the most welcoming smile that ever accompanied a hearty handshake.

We met the other afternoon at the Claridge for tea and enjoyed a pleasant, chatty hour talking about our work, moving-picture studios, the fall's fashions and the promise of the stage productions for the scurrying-on winter. There were many groups of attractive young girls sitting around the small mahogany tables, sipping their lemonades or drinking tea, and they, too, were chatting about the fashions of yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

"Doesn't it amuse you," Miss Kane leaned over to whisper to me, "when you look at these young girls on a sweltering hot day with their throats swathed in furs just because the fashion artists, encouraged by the furriers, decree it is stylish for women to be seen in white fox all through the summer?"

As she spoke, three portly and very uncomfortable looking women puffed as they passed our table, their faces lobster red with the heat, while little beads of perspiration tumbled down their cheeks and nestled in the large, upstanding ermine collars of their coats. Miss Kane picked up her fan and leisurely whipped a cool breeze which carried a reminiscent hint of the seashore.

"It makes me almost sizzle to look at them," she laughed, turning her back upon the three miserably uncomfortable, but ultra-fashionable women.

"I have certainly had a full, round year," Miss Kane remarked, "with never an idle moment."

"Have you enjoyed your seasons of pictures?" I asked her, eager to hear her impressions of her life at the studio.

"Enjoyed it—but worked hard." Then she added, "I am still working hard—and if I do not go back on the stage, I shall be working harder all next year, for, as the months go on, especially during these torrid summer days, it means real labor to spend from six to eight hours under a sunbaked glass roof. Why, do you know?"—and her eyes were serious as she said it—"until I became a moving-picture actress I did not dream of just how beautiful the dawn really is."

"You know how it is, Mary, after years on the stage—we could almost become astronomers, we see so much of the stars and so little of the daylight. It was several years before I would let my maid awaken me until the sun was high in the heavens, but now I am living in my country home in Great Neck, L. I., and have to get to the studio in Fort Lee, N. J., by nine o'clock. The old roosters in the neighborhood have only begun crowing when I have been jerked almost rudely from my bed. Then, with half closed eyes, I tumble around the room, trying to hurry into my clothes so that I can snatch a bite of breakfast and be on my way."

"I have been trying to give young girls and young men serious, straightforward advice before they enter into this already overcrowded field. It really requires talent and patience, but if you are really ambitious, do not intend to make pictures a foolish and frivolous pastime, are willing to work hard and devote your life to the reaching of your goal, you are bound to succeed."

chance for a substantial, stationary position as a moving picture actress."

Miss Kane told me interesting experiences she has had in pictures, but somehow or other after we had run the gauntlet, as I said before, from pictures to fashions, we drifted on to the homey subjects.

Miss Kane confessed she had always loved to potter around the house and even into the kitchen, for she has perpetrated and perpetuated some remarkable and savory recipes.

"I wish you would tell me one of them for my little articles," I urged her as we were discussing the cuisine.

"Are you fond of gingerbread?" Miss Kane asked, with a sparkle in her eyes: "I mean the old-fashioned gingerbread such as our old colored mammy used to make."

"MUMMMMM!" I replied. While my mouth was watering for some of it she jotted down this recipe:

"Mix together a cupful of molasses and a cupful of sweet cream; sift two cupfuls of flour, 1/4 teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, omitting 1/4 cupful of flour to mix with one cupful of huckleberries. Add the dry ingredients to the molasses and cream—fold in the huckleberries—place in the oven as quickly as possible and bake gently for thirty minutes. The gingerbread should be about 1 1/2 inches thick—and very yum-yummy!"

Gail Kane is starring in the World Film productions.

## Answers to Correspondents.

A. S.—Frank Keenan played the leading roles in "The Stepping Stone," "The Coward," and "The Phantom." Cleo Ridgely is the girl you refer to in "The Love Mask."

S. F. T.—Lionel Barrymore and Lois Meredith were the featured players in "Seats of the Mighty," a film which is now something like a year old. Jack Standing played as my leading man in "Fanchon the Cricket."

W. G.—Sydney Smith played the role of Ramon Alfarez, the commandante of police, in the "Ne'er-Do-Well." Wheeler Oakman and Kathryn Williams play the leads.

W. W.—Louise Baxter played the role of Kitty in "Colorado." I cannot tell you when Alice Brady in "La Boheme" will play in your city, but if you write to the World Film, New York City, they will furnish the information.

M. M.—Cleo Madison played the leading role in "A Soul Enslaved," released last January. "The Martyrs of the Alamo" has already been given production by the Triangle Company.

J. P. B.—Bessie Eyton and Wheeler Oakman played the principal roles in "Cycle of Fate." Tsuru Aoki may be addressed at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

Mary Pickford.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Billy Quirk.

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**B**ILLY QUIRK is another of the old Biographers I have written so much about, of the days when Florence Lawrence, Owen Moore, Mack Sennett, Mabel Normand, Arthur Johnson and Lionel Barrymore were working at the same studio under the direction of D. W. Griffith.

Billy and I played in a dozen pictures together and the public began to identify us as "Billy and his curly-haired sweetheart."

"Why don't we see him in pictures any more?" writes scores of his admirers, and those letters I turn over to Billy Quirk, who is now a director of a large producing company.

"Do you remember, Mary," he asked me, not long ago, "the time Mr. Griffith was putting on that little comedy, 'They Would Elope'?"

"I never could forget it, Billy"—and I laughed heartily—"because it came closer to being a tragedy than any comedy ever written."

And then, like a couple of youngsters, we sat down and began to review the incidents which provoked so much amusement and much alarm during the taking of the picture.

In the first place, the story hinged around a young couple who wanted to elope romantically, though there wasn't any opposition from the parents of either side to the marriage. At night, when all was still, we hitched up the old horse to the wagon, and started out. In the story, the horse was to run away, but, try as we would, the old nag persisted in ambling along quietly, wagging its ears and looking utterly uninterested in the romantic young couple driving him to destiny. Some one suggested that if we shot off a gun it would startle the horse so he would run, and the suggestion was well received by the directors and the directors' assistants.

The shot was fired. The horse gave a start, its nostrils dilated, its ears went back, and down the road it galloped. The light buggy in which we were sitting was hurled from one side of the road to the other, and paused often on the brink of a dangerous ditch.

"Stop him!" we yelled to a couple

of farms who stood gaping open-mouthed at us, but there was no stopping that horse until the buggy had been swung around so that a wheel came off and we both were hurled headlong onto the highroad.

Other scenes called for our train to be wrecked, the bridge to fall through, and as a final treat, we were to be upset from a canoe into the lake. The canoe went down and as we splashed under the water, my hand reached out to clutch either the boat or Billy's shoulder, but, instead, my fingers closed over something long and soft and slimy.

"Ooooooh!" I screamed at the top of my lungs when I came to the surface, feeling the same terror of the briny deep encircling my arm. "It's a boa constrictor," I yelled, "or something! Help! Help!"

Billy Quirk came swimming over boldly to my rescue, and, seizing me by the nape of the neck, kept me from sinking until we caught hold again of the bottom of the upturned boat.

"Did you see it?" I shrieked, clinging to Billy and the boat in terror, afraid to look around.

"See what?" and his eyes peered into the water searching for the enemy.

"The snake," and my teeth chattered as I said it, while I closed my eyes to shut out the vision of it. Billy shuddered a little himself at this, but had the courage to swing around, and there, quite close to us, sailing innocently about, was a large slippery eel, probably very much annoyed because we had disturbed his summer afternoon swim! Of course Billy Quirk lost no time in telling this boa constrictor story to all the boys at the studio, and ever after dubbed me the "snake charmer" in spite of my protestations that I had not been frightened a bit!

Billy Quirk's admirers who are eager to write to him can reach him through the Metro Producing Co., New York city.

*Mary Pickford.*

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

John Bunney.

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**T**HE other afternoon, at a little theatre not very far from our home, we saw an old release of one of John Bunney's pictures. His great, rotund features smiled at us so cheerily, and as we laughed at his amusing antics we could not realize that John Bunney had passed away over a year ago.

It was a picture of Vanity Fair and one of the best bits of character work John Bunney had done, the part of the blubbering, sentimental Joe Sealey.

There was a shade of regret in the laughter of the older people, who knew that the picture they were seeing was but a wraith of the past, but the children laughed uproariously and clapped their hands and applauded. "I want to see the big fat man again, mamma. Why don't we see him oftener?"

John Bunney was a very familiar figure to all of us and his sense of humor made him a spirited comediant off the screen as well as on—in fact, I have heard many actors say he made some of the most brilliant after-dinner speeches ever heard in the famous actors' club, The Lambs.

The other afternoon, at the studio there were several professional people sitting around talking of the days of yesteryear. Some one interrupted, asking: "Do you remember the impromptu dance given to some of the moving picture actors one evening at the Astor?"

The way the question was asked brought a smile to most of their lips, because that particular dance was a memorable one. John Bunney had been the instigator of it, starting it with a casual suggestion: "Let's get a little party together and dance on till midnight," while a dozen had echoed, "Yes, let's!"

But the dance which began at nine whirled the hours away until long after midnight and it was the gray dawn of the morning after, when the daylight began to sift through the drawn curtains into the ballroom, that all turned their thoughts and their footsteps toward home.

"Oh, gee!" said Mr. Bunney, looking very serious as they met him in the hall. "I forgot, but I told my wife I'd be home at 10 o'clock last evening." And the great big man trembled in his boots. "And here I am at 4.14, with Mrs. Bunney sitting home, watchfully waiting!"

"You're not the only one who will get a warm welcome," another married man spoke up. "I told my wife I'd be home for dinner."

"And we told our wives we would be home right after rehearsal," two more chipped in, looking very guilty and a bit "a-skeered."

"What are we going to do about it?" ventured Mr. Bunney, gathering the itinerant husbands under his wing.

"I think," a very mild-looking little man suggested, and he laid great stress upon it, "that it would be safer for all of us to telephone home first—with a very good story—and not

surprise them by arriving too unexpectedly at dawn."

"A corking idea," continued Mr. Bunney, who was beginning to lose his courage when he thought of Mrs. Bunney and the little Bunnys waiting on the Bunney ranch for their lost, strayed or stolen comedian.

For half an hour after that the telephone was very busy, and, as the story goes, the little timid man was the first to ring up his home.

"Is this you, my dear?" he called over the phone with a great deal of confidence in his voice. And then he paused—for there followed a long, rather trembling silence broken by several, "But my dear, you don't understand's." "I've been afraid of that machine breaking down"—but evidently the yarn did not go and there was an abrupt hanging up of the receiver at the other end of the line! A little chagrined and a good bit nonplused, he turned around and faced the others, trying to hide his real emotions under an impish little chuckle. "Hope you have better luck than I had!"

The second told a very good, substantial but old story of one of the men at the club being taken suddenly ill, while the third man stood in back of him, preparing a colorful yarn about an irate stage manager keeping him at rehearsal. The fourth coined a story of a large fire, while the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth all manufactured short stories with dramatic climaxes, which they hoped in turn would appeal to their wives! But as each man left the phone, each face betrayed the fact that not even a shadow of their falsehoods had been believed and then they all turned and confronted Mr. Bunney, to see what he would do.

Running his fingers around the edge of his collar and wiping the perspiration off his face, Mr. Bunney had given them all furtive glances at the telephone. In a few seconds, they could hear the voice of Mrs. Bunney, long and loud and distinct—"WHERE—HAVE—YOU—BEEN?" "My dear," and Mr. Bunney paused—"I expected to get home early this evening—but—but—well, I met some of the boys at the club and we have been enjoying ourselves at a moving picture actors' dance at the Astor."

The other married men sank down in their chairs, expecting a volley of vocabulary to hurl its shrapnel over the wires, but instead of that the smile on Mr. Bunney's face grew broader and broader and he hung up the phone with a satisfied chuckle.

"She said," and he looked at the other men superciliously—"she was awfully glad I had enjoyed myself!"

"She DID?" the men all questioned. "Yes, she did." And then Mr. Bunney gave them this parting bit of wisdom: "Always tell your wife everything—that you are quite sure she is going to find out!"

*Mary Pickford.*

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Florence Turner.

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**F**LORENCE TURNER, with the great, dark, pensive eyes! It was she who first lured me into the moving-picture theatres in those days when I was playing with Mr. Belasco and before I even dreamed I would ever appear upon the screen.

Even on the days when I faced a matinee and an evening performance, if I heard that within a radius of ten blocks Florence Turner of the Vitagraph company was billed to appear in a picture, I wouldn't miss the opportunity of seeing her. Her face was so tenderly wistful and there were such tragedy and pathos in her smile. Then I always enjoyed the little emotional dramas of the old costume pictures, which equaled those that the Pathe studios were sending to us from across the seas.

One afternoon mother and I stopped at a moving picture theatre, one of the first to combine vaudeville and films, and we noticed, standing in line to get her ticket, a very shabby old lady with faded blue eyes, a drawn, trembling mouth and hands which were gnarled with years of toil and travail.

"Poor old lady," mother whispered to me, calling my attention to her. "I suppose this is the only pleasure she gets in life." And little did we know at that time how much truth there was in that divining remark.

Reaching the window of the ticket office, the old lady opened a solid and threadbare purse. Taking out a dime, she passed it under the brass grating.

"Vaudeville and pictures, ma'am," the girl called out between vigorous and noisy gum chews. "Twenty-five cents, please!"

"Twenty-five cents?" the little old lady echoed after her in a trembling voice. "Can't—can't I just get in and see the picture for—for ten cents?" she pleaded, the tears beginning to reddens the lids of her eyes and trickle over the withered cheeks.

"It can't be done." And the jaw of the girl mashed the gum into a defiant wad, as her hand waved the old lady back and her discordant voice cried out, "Make room for the next, please!"

Mother and I followed her with sympathetic eyes as we watched her stumble over to the large, flaming posters of Florence Turner, which were strewn along the lobby of the theatre. There was something so dramatic, so intense, in her expression as she gazed upon the pictures that mother stepped forward and spoke to her, smiling at her in such a manner as to disarm any doubts the old lady might have that it was done out of curiosity and not kindness.

"Let us take you in with us," we invited her.

For a moment the old lady hesitated, then with an unfaltering "God bless you!" she linked her arm in mother's and as the door was open, it admitted three of us, instead of two. Moving down the dark hall, the old lady drew near enough to whisper, "Last spring my Annie died of pneumonia—she was all I had!" For fully five minutes she could say no more, until Miss Turner herself appeared on the screen, and then we understood.

"Not even her own ma could tell the difference between them two girls in looks—they might have been twins."

When Florence Turner smiled into the eyes of the audience, she smiled for the little mother who sat beside us—when she laughed, the mother laughed—when danger threatened her, tense and eager the little mother sat on the edge of her seat ready to spring to her defense at any moment.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that in this play, when the spring came and the apple blossoms were blown from the trees on to the ground, the mother of the girl played by Florence Turner was destined to die as Annie had died—of pneumonia. Then there showed many emotional and pitiful close-ups of Miss Turner, with the tears streaming down her face.

"Oh, my Annie," and the little old lady moaned as she rocked back and forth. "Annie, Annie, darling, don't be crying! Can't you see your ma is settin' right here, down in the third row, Annie, well and healthy and watchin' you, Annie?"

It was almost more than we could bear and how I wished Miss Turner could have been there to have laid her hand upon the little old lady's arm, that the image of her daughter might have been brought closer to her.

"Tomorrow," the little old lady told us as she wiped her eyes and the face of Florence Turner had been dissolved into two abrupt words, "The End"—tomorrow she's goin' to be playin' down on Fourteenth street at a nickleodeon," she added almost triumphantly, for "that means"—and she whispered it—"that I can set through the show and see her twice. God bless her for the balm she brings to a poor ma's achin' heart!"

Florence Turner retired from pictures, but, like Florence Lawrence, returned to them again and the public rejoiced, for she is one of the oldest favorites of the screen.

*Mary Pickford.*

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Marie Dressler at Coney Island.

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**A**LTHOUGH I have already written an article on Marie Dressler, I heard such a cunning little story about her the other afternoon, I think you will be interested in it, too.

This great, big hearted comedienne, who has always been known as the Lady Bountiful of the profession, found that she had to do several scenes for her present picture at Coney Island.

"What a day it will be," she remarked as they started forth from the studio about 9 o'clock in the morning. "For although I am doubly grown up, I am never too old to enjoy Coney Island."

It was a beautiful ride there, through Prospect park, Brooklyn, and down the boulevard to Brighton Beach. You who have never seen it cannot dream what a sight it was, swinging in around the water's edge, to the fairyland of New York's luminous and noisy playground.

"There goes the popcorn man!" Miss Dressler cried out, stopping the old man, who was wheeling his wares down the street. "Coney Island is like a circus—popcorn, peanuts and pink lemonade seem to go with it!"

So the other less interested members of the company waited for her while she sympathetically bought as many of the old man's wares as the automobile would hold. Just as she was ready to climb back into the car, a dozen scraggly little youngsters scrambled around the corner and stood gazing hungrily at the popcorn wagon.

"Heigh, there," Miss Dressler called out to them. "you little fellows, come over here and talk to me."

She emphasized her invitation by holding forth an armful of tantalizing, tempting popcorn crisps. There was no need of a second invitation, for 12 youngsters like 12 little frogs hopped over to a spot not six inches away from her, and 24 eager, grimy little paws dug their way into the peanut and candy bags.

"Have you been riding on the merry-go-round and the Devil's Slide?" she asked them

"Nope," one little boy gulped, with his mouth full. "We've only been watching!"

Miss Dressler turned to the rest of the party.

"There's many a time in my life I have hungered for a sight of the circus while I hung outside the tent." And even as she said it, there was a suggestion of swimming tears in her eyes.

"You drive on," she ordered the others in the machine. "I'll meet you outside of Luna park. These youngsters and I will bring up the procession."

The rest of the grown-ups preferred to sit back and laugh, so the story goes, but Miss Dressler, with 12 shrieking, shouting, rollicking youngsters, never missed a concession in Coney Island. They jumped the bumps, they swept down the Devil's Slide on one ear, they rode the wooden racing horses, tried every scenic railway on the island, and even shot the chutes and did the Virginia Reel, which is guaranteed to loosen every joint in the human construction.

The parks rang with the laughter of the children for six long hours. Then there came a respite, while the little army trooped into one of the cafes and mugs of milk and miles and miles of "hot dogs."

The attendants amused the children when they started down the scenic railway, for one of them called out, "keep both hands on the rail!" while another attendant howled, "Ladies and gents, hold on to your hats!"

"That's a good idea," Miss Dressler warned the youngsters. "Keep both hands on the rail and with the other hold on to your hats!" The children all set up a scream of delight, for, after all, their active little minds appreciate humorous situations with more alertness than we staid old grown-ups who have come to weigh and analyze everything.

*Mary Pickford.*

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Mary Miles Minter.

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**I**N the first place, that her admirers may admire her more, I must tell you that she is even prettier off the screen than on, with her rosy cheeks, her silver blonde hair and her great, sparkling blue eyes.

We moving picture actresses meet often and stop to exchange little greetings and impressions, but now Mary Miles Minter is in Santa Barbara, so we who are in New York are all looking forward to the release of her latest pictures.

I was sitting with Mr. Belasco one evening at a moving picture ball given at the Astor hotel, New York city, when a newspaper man who was sitting with us met Miss Minter for the first time. He, like every one else, was charmed with her, and the vision of the little girl with silken curls, a wreath of flowers around the crown of her head, and a dainty little Dresden evening gown, reminded him, so he told us, of Greuze's painting of the little Shepherdess of the Hills.

Not many weeks ago I met this newspaper man again and listened eagerly to many interesting experiences which had not been gobbled up by the pounding presses. He told an unusual little story about a young country girl who had been carried away by her own likeness to Mary Miles Minter.

Every time a picture heralding the little actress came to the village, all of the boys and girls hurried to the theatre, and there, in the front row, sitting through two or three runs of the feature, would be this little country girl, shabby, with tired, worn hands from years of helping around the farm, but with glistening eyes. Long she gazed upon the lovely little actress on the screen, and smiled seriously when the boys and girls jokingly told her that Mary Miles Minter would be jealous of this little girl we shall call "Martha Jane."

So impressed were the drab old farmer mother and father with this likeness that they dug up the little savings which had cost them years of hard work and sent Martha Jane to New York, for her first advent into a city. You can imagine how bewildered the poor little child felt when the train disgorged her into the great, yawning mouth of the station, and how terrified she must have been at the thousands of cold, disinterested faces of those who

scurried past her without even glancing at the pathetic little figure bent under the weight of her old-fashioned hamper basket.

The address that one of the villagers had given her of a friend who ran a boarding house had somehow or other been lost on the train. And that is why she wandered around a day or two, sleeping in the parks and dark corners of buildings, searching all day long for the moving picture studios where she thought Mary Miles Minter might be at work.

"Who are you, little girl?" a kindly policeman asked her, but before he could go any farther, she had flown down the street and into the path of an on-rushing automobile. There was a shriek, a thud, a quick gathering of curious on-lookers, and the little crumpled body of the girl was dragged from under the automobile and carried into a drug store.

"Who are you?" they asked her when she was taken from there to the emergency hospital. The little girl looked at them for a minute with her great dazed eyes, then searching through her maze of memories, replied unswervingly. "Mary Miles Minter."

Like a streak of lightning through a stormy sky the news that Mary Miles Minter had been injured and was in the hospital sped down the corridors from the doctors to the nurses, from the nurses to the reporters and from the reporters to the thundering presses.

There was a wild attempt to locate Mary's family—the studio was agog with excitement—but, fortunately for Mary and her mother, they were far out on location and could not be found until the story had blown over and the truth had come to light.

The little country girl lived, and it was Mary Miles Minter who saw she was cared for through the long weeks of her illness and who later sent her home to her family with the comfortable assurance that she would be guarded and looked after as long as she was in need.

Miss Minter can be reached through the Mutual Producing company, Santa Barbara, California.

*Mary Pickford.*

## Answers to Correspondents.

L. H. B.—Scenario editors prefer well developed typewritten synopses of stories, as it takes a great deal of experience to be able to write continuity scripts.

Mrs. G. D. W.—Peggy and Doris are certainly two cunning little children. They might be very attractive on the screen. I would take them to the studio, but do not be too confident in their getting work, as they have never had experience, and there are a great many professional children in the business.

H. B. W.—A clever short story writer with a keen imagination should be a successful writer of scenarios. The best course of instruction is studying scenarios and writing stories featuring some particular star.

Miss L. R. P.—In going to the moving picture studios your experience as a child in theatricals might aid you in getting a position. At least I would mention it to them.

L. B.—You can find a list of the motion picture producers in any of the moving picture trade journals, such as Photoplay, Motography, Motion Picture Magazine, etc.

X. Y. Z.—Letters from friends never bore me. Some of the latest pictures I have appeared in are "Fanchon the Cricket," "Little Pal," "Esmeralda," "The Foundling," "Madam Butterfly," "Poor Little Peppina," "The Grind Eternal," "Hulda from Holland."

*Mary Pickford.*

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—IRVING CUMMINGS.

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**W**HO was the tall, good-looking, dark-haired man who played with your sister Lottie in "The Diamond from the Sky," have written a dozen girls, and the answer is Irving Cummings, at present working in one of the New York studios for World Film productions.

The other afternoon a group of us was seated in one of the little Bohemian cafes where it is our wont to have luncheon the days we are not working on locations which carry us out of the city. Somehow or other the conversation drifted to the kindly hearts of the actors and their generosity, which is often their strongest trait of character.

"Humph!" the Cynic remarked, "That's why they always die in the poorhouse, the Old Actors' Home, or in a deserted garret. They give away ninety per cent of what they earn and always spend three times as much as their salary."

"But there is this," the Philosopher ventured, as he leaned over and helped himself to a large portion of spaghetti, "they LIVE their years—they don't merely exist. And what is there in life, anyway, that is greater than the joy of giving?"

"Nothing," remarked the Cynic, who did not even like the spaghetti, "except receiving."

Somehow or other the conversation swung its course to a little story one of the actors had to tell on Irving Cummings.

"I was over at the Peerless studio the other afternoon, during the staging of one of the tremendous scenes from a costume picture they are producing, starring Alice Brady, with Irving Cummings as her leading man."

"It was one of those dizzying hot days when the sun beat down upon the glass roof almost prostrating the people who were forced to work under it. And on this day there were three or four hundred men, women, and children slaving there. Some were pitifully old, with palsied limbs and failing eyes—they were the actors of the old school who had been engulfed and relegated to the background by the tidal wave of these today's artists. There were little crying, restless children clinging to their tired mothers' skirts, and boys and girls eagerly ambitious to be swept into the great maelstrom of moving pictures."

"It's probably a darn sight easier to work at a studio than in a factory," the Cynic interrupted, as he gulped down his strong black coffee.

"No, it isn't," the story teller disagreed, "for they are sure of six days' labor out of seven, but sometimes these poor mobs of people go for almost weeks without a call to arms. Then, you must remember, it is not more than \$1.50 to \$2 or \$3 a day they make, from early morning hours until late at night."

"Oh, dear—what's all this got to do with Irving Cummings?" the Ingenue asked, eager to get at the heart of the story.

The story teller silenced her with an eloquent gesture, and continued: "During the noon hour, when the stars were told by the directors they could saunter over to the lunchroom and enjoy an hour's rest and a hearty meal, Mr. Cummings stood watching the crowd of extra people moving in a weary body from the studio, seeking shelter under the low-hanging branches of the trees."

"Gawd, I'm hungry," one of the women remarked, "but I don't dare spend my wages for lunch money. It's eight days since I worked the last time."

"It don't seem to me I'll be able to keep up," an old man lamented. "But if I had a cup of coffee, it wouldn't be so hard to go on."

"That's ten cents, Frank," said another old man, his comrade. "You had better hang on to it. It's car fare."

"Three or four husky young men who might have been earning comfortable salaries at physical labor, strolled by smacking their lips over two thick slices of bread with a piece of rare meat between them, while the old man and the woman's eyes followed them hungrily."

"Irving Cummings stood it just as long as he could, and then, quietly, so that very few in the studio

knew he had done it, he invited them all over to the lunchroom and fed them, letting them gorge themselves and call for pie—once, twice, thrice around. Then he lined up the little kiddies before the candy counter and bought them chocolate bars, which made them that much more decorative for the afternoon's work."

"Humph!" challenged the Cynic. "Just as I told you—he will probably end up in the old people's home."

But here the Cynic was interrupted by a small, grimy-faced newsboy. "Say, mister, will you contribute ten cents to the Newsboys' Home?" he braced the Cynic who glowered upon him from under beetling eyebrows. Looking around, afraid he might be seen, the Cynic did a little slight-of-hand business under the table, but I, for one, personally saw a glittering fifty-cent piece being palmed from the Cynic to the newsboy and transferred into the newsboy's tattered pocket.

All of which goes to prove that a Cynic doesn't believe in breaking the Thirteenth Commandment—"Thou shalt not forget thy pose!"

## Answers to Correspondents.

A. M.—You might write Alma Gluck, care of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City.

Miss G. F.—If you are confident you have talent, looks, ambition and determination to succeed, apply at the different studios, leave your photograph and they will give you a chance when they need your type.

Ety C.—I regret very much, but your last letter must have been lost, as I am always glad to hear from my friends. You can address a letter to Florence Lawrence, care of the Universal Company, and it will be forwarded. Theda Bara, care of the Fox Producing Company. I am not the mother of two children.

Marjory and Mary H.—I shall try to write my articles on the personalities of all the people you outline.

Lucille L.—You might trace Anna Held through the Morosco Producing Company, Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

Grace B.—Was the picture you refer to one of the old Biograph one-reelers? I played in so many I cannot remember the titles, and many times the title was changed when the picture was put on the market.

*Mary Pickford.*

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Forbes-Robertson.

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**W**HEN we were traveling on the road with The Warrens of Virginia, there was in the company an actor whom some called the "Octopus" and others the "Grouch," because, like some great foreboding creature, he would sit apart from the rest and frown upon us, no matter if we were in our most innocently happy moods.

He hated little children, and in turn they would run away from him in fear and alarm. There were only two classes of women to him—good women and bad. And after talking to the Grouch for about five minutes it was not difficult to discover that there was only about one per cent. of women on this earth who were any good at all, and these women were lost in some remote corner of the world—a thousand miles beyond his perspective.

Old people with their foolish habits annoyed and distressed him; property men contributed to his disagreeableness, and stage managers were one-eyed Cyclopes who glowered down upon him, watching his every move, seeking in some way to wound or antagonize him.

By the time we had reached the west there was no one in the company who either from choice or by daring would speak to him, and so he was left alone to wander about, poisoning the very air by his ugly cruel thoughts.

During that season, Forbes-Robertson happened to be playing in the same city, starring in that most famous vehicle, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. All of us went to a Thursday matinee when we were not working—all but the Grouch, and it was useless to ask him to go, especially to a play of such beautiful significance.

No one knew exactly how it happened or why he did it, but as we turned from our orchestra seats to gaze around at the appreciative audience, up in the gallery in the first row sat the Grouch, his head on his hands, staring at Mr. Robertson's inspirational figure on the stage.

You who have not seen the play perhaps do not know it was one of the greatest lessons on Christianity ever preached. It was a beautiful,

pathetic story of a stranger who had come to a boarding house where all the vices of humanity were dwelling within the hearts and souls of the people living there, and by his gentleness, tenderness and love had lifted them out of the shadows on to the highroad of peace, contentment and spiritual atonement.

That evening when the Grouch met us, for the first time in the history of his life he greeted us with rather a cordial good evening for him, and as we passed his dressing room we noticed a new picture on his make-up table. It was one of Mr. Robertson, that picture where his deep, meditative eyes gaze forth at the world in tender reproof.

"What do you think the Octopus is doing?" two of the actresses whispered to us the following day. "He has taken a couple of the children to the candy store and is buying them ice cream!"

"No!" we others exclaimed in doubting tones. "We don't believe it!"

But even as we spoke in came the Grouch and in his arms he carried the littlest fellow, so tired his drowsy head had fallen over on his shoulder and he was fast asleep.

"Poor little tyke!" the Grouch remarked in tones that were almost human. "I guess we walked too far to the soda store and back."

Every matinee, so we found out later, he would hurry to the theatre, and from his seat in the gallery stare down at the stage, his very soul imbibing the lesson he learned from the master star, Forbes-Robertson.

Today the Grouch is known as "The Kindly Man," who has a greater religion of the heart than of the soul, and who looks with reverence upon a little picture he treasures of the famous actor.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson is now in England, with his beautiful wife, Gertrude Elliot, a sister of Maxine, and the actress who was so famed in the stage production of *"The Lawn of a Tomorrow."*

*Mary Pickford.*

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—LEW FIELDS.

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**S**EVERAL well-gowned women were motoring the other afternoon through New Jersey, admiring the lacy trees and the sparkling water of the Hudson, which lay like a pool of emerald past the mesh of the landscape.

"Stop here," one of the women called out to the chauffeur when they came to a particularly beautiful spot. "It is a shame to ride past such a glorious vista."

The meadows were dappled with golden-rod and a long, winding road crawled its way into a forest of trees.

"Look at that poor old man!" one of the women cried out, as the bent figure of a man was seen walking slowly toward them, leading a shaggy dog whose neck was encircled by a ridiculously large hempen rope.

"I suppose he's some old tramp," another woman remarked as the figure shuffled nearer and nearer to them.

"John," the owner of the car ordered the chauffeur, "please step out and give the old man a quarter."

By this time the tramp had reached the crossroads and was not more than thirty feet away from the automobile.

"It seems to me," the sympathetic woman remarked when the chauffeur sprang from the car and hurried to the old man, "that I have seen him somewhere . . . and not—not very long ago." Old man!" she called out.

The tramp was startled and the

dog drew closer to him. "Were you speaking to me?" and he tipped his hat.

"Polite old fellow," the sympathetic woman remarked to her companions. "I wish I had made it half a dollar."

"Pardon, but were you speaking to me?" the tramp asked them again, this time coming so close that the woman in the car uttered a little embarrassed exclamation, and cried out as she leaned from the automobile, holding out her hand:

"Why, Lew Fields—you rascal!" "Can't you guess?" and Mr. Fields' hand slid up to his face, and when he drew it away it was stained with grease paint.

"Why, you aren't an old man!" the woman on the front seat turned around to remark, not having caught his name when he was introduced to her.

"A man is as old as he feels, but in my case he's as old as he looks." And Mr. Fields laughed merrily over this joke upon himself, while he lifted the scraggly dog up to introduce as his fellow moving-picture actor.

"Oh," exclaimed the woman who was so sympathetic, "never will I be taken in by moving-picture actors again! This is the second time I have committed the social error of offering a Midas-salaried man a quarter for a bowl of soup and a loaf of bread!"

Mr. Fields' sense of humor is very keen edged, and, oh! what an entertaining teller of stories he is!

His first pictures were done with the Keystone and they were nearly all comedy, but now, he tells us, he is going into a new line of work—he is going to make the tears glisten in the eyes of his audiences . . . he is going to play the pathetic character of an old man.

Mr. Fields is at present starring on Broadway in *"Step This Way,"* but is planning a new production for the fall and winter seasons.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. G. F.—I agree with you that fifteen is too young for a girl to have so many admirers and accept presents from them. She should still be in school. I thought the picture you sent me very pretty and attractive. However, opposition is always very apt to make a girl of that age rebellious and obstinate. Perhaps if you are tactful and keep her confidence, you can gradually get the affair into your own hands.

Edith R.—I am very highly complimented by your interest in my articles. Since receiving your letter, I have written about Pauline Frederick—no doubt you saw the article.

G. B.—No, we do not poison the goat in *"Hulda From Holland."* Do you not recall my article on our difficulty in getting the obstreperous goat to be quiet until we chloroformed it?

Berenice S.—You can address Valeska Suratt care of Wm. Fox company, Fort Lee, N. J.

Virginia W.—No, Charley Chaplin is not married. Sessue Hawakaya is with Lasky company, Hollywood, Calif.

Dorothy R.—Of course you could not be both a moving picture actress and a millineress. Which career do you feel that you are best adapted to? That is ALWAYS the career to follow. I am glad to hear you have been so fortunate with your place cards.

*Mary Pickford.*

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Billie Burke.

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**I**T was in Los Angeles several years ago that I saw Billie Burke for the first time off the stage. I had always thought her one of the most attractive actresses across the footlights, and was always eager to catch a glimpse of her sans warpaint.

As I was walking into a department store she stepped from her limousine and passed very close to me—so close, in fact, that I wheeled around and apologized for standing gaping admiringly in her way, recognizing Miss Burke in spite of the fact that her face was almost hidden by a heavy veil.

A few minutes later we were standing again very close to each other at the lace counter in the store, and, as I turned around, I felt the presence of some one else whose gimlet eyes were following every movement made by Miss Burke.

She was a strange little old woman, with a white, drawn face, thin, parched lips and a long, sensitive nose. Dressed unattractively and unobtrusively, I would hardly have glanced at her twice had it not been for the expression in her eyes and her unusually large sleeves which bespoke the fashions of yesterday.

Leaning over the lace counter she attracted attention by rapping on the glass and demanding that she be waited upon, but, even as she was doing this, I noticed her sidling closer and closer to Miss Burke, who, with the saleslady, was very much engrossed in studying several pieces of rare old lace and paid no attention to the woman, whose eyes never left their faces as she crept toward them.

Like a snake darting for a frog, I caught the motion of the woman's arm while, swift as lightning, her long, slender fingers reached into Miss Burke's open purse.

I do not know whether the woman knew that I had seen the theft, but from the unconscious smiles on the faces of Miss Burke and the saleslady, I knew they were unaware of the incident. With slow, catlike movements, the woman passed by the lace counter, strolled across the way, casting fearful glances backward, yet seeming to be rooted to the spot, not daring to make her escape.

I stood fairly petrified, wondering what was best for me to do—should I accuse the woman of the crime or not? But even while I was pondering the question, the store detective, who had also seen the theft, passed by the lace counter and over to the little woman, who now hurried toward the exit.

"Stop a moment," he called out, and the very commanding tones of his voice startled and brought all

activity to a standstill. The old woman's face went ashen pale—she let out a cry the most pitiful I have ever heard. Miss Burke turned and stared incredulously as the detective dragged the woman toward her.

"I just saw this woman stealing from your purse," he informed her. "They're pretty sly, these old-timers, but we catch 'em—every one of 'em."

Miss Burke's first look was of surprise, and then, as she glanced at the shabby old woman—sympathy.

"But I didn't take any money," the little woman protested. "I didn't take any money, sir."

"Come, now, don't slip me any guff like that." And the detective twisted her wrist in his powerful grasp and drew forth the hand which held her pocketbook.

Miss Burke uttered a cry of warning. "Don't you dare do that!" she commanded him. "How do you know she has taken anything from my purse? I know what I put into it only an hour ago—a hundred dollars in bills, for I cashed the check myself at the bank."

The detective recognizing the well-known actress, released the woman's arm, while Miss Burke opened her purse and produced from it a roll of bills. Slowly they counted them, one by one, until the hundred was laid out on the counter. The detective looked a little bit chagrined, and yet I was as positive as he that the old lady's hand bag darted into that gold mesh bag.

"Well," and he glowered upon the culprit, "What DID you take, anyway?"

The tears began to roll down the woman's face as she reached in her sleeve and drew out a little white lace handkerchief with the initials "B. B." elaborately embroidered in the corner.

And so the story ends with the confession of the little old lady that she had been an admirer of Miss Burke for many, many years, and that, seeing her for the first time off the stage, had desired a souvenir but did not have the courage to ask for it. "And so," she added brokenly, "I took it!"

Miss Burke slipped off several of the bills from the roll, wrapped them in the handkerchief and pressed it into the palm of the woman's trembling hand, while the old lady's eyes followed her tenderly as she pushed her way through the crowd which had gathered, and left the store.

"God bless her!" murmured the old lady, "as long as she lives!"

*Mary Pickford.*

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—ROSIKA AND YANCI DOLLY.

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NEW York knew them better than the vast American public until their little dancing feet carried them to California and into the Fine Arts studio where they played in their very first pictures. It has only been six years since these beautiful sisters came from Hungary and created such a sensation with their twinkling toes at the Broadway theaters, dancing to the very tiptop of the ladder of ing smile.

"I have always wanted to meet success."

I knew there were two sisters, but one afternoon, while I was enjoying tea at the Plaza with a group of well-known actors and actresses, Miss Yanci Dolly was introduced to me. She was very gracious, piquantly charming, and impressed me by her sweet manner and scintillating you, Miss Pickford," she told me, and when we parted I felt that we were always going to be very good friends. The following afternoon, as I was hurrying through the Claridge hotel, I met her again.

"Oh, hello, there," I called out, waving my hand—but Miss Dolly gazed at me with unblinking eyes and did not even incline her head in a half-hearted little bow.

"I thought you were going away," I attempted a second time, smiling almost effusively, hoping to awaken her latent memory of having met me only the day before.

She looked at me—she looked around me—and she looked in back of me, to make sure I was speaking to her, and then—she deliberately turned her back and walked away. I drew a quick, long breath.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, feeling the crimson sweep up my cheeks almost to the roots of my hair. "I guess she doesn't remember me!"

That evening at the opening of one of the new plays, I met her again—but I bowed to her coolly—almost savagely! A startled look came into her eyes and then she hurried forward, greeting me almost ecstatically, so truly continental, babbling and bubbling forth how delighted she was to see me again.

"I saw you this afternoon!" I exclaimed to her, hoping to bridge over my rather cool evening bow.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" and she shrugged her shoulders, "I didn't see YOU!"

A week later she passed me by, looking rather crossly at me when she caught me staring at her and motioning for her to come over and sit a moment at our table, while an hour or so later she threw me a kiss from her limousine as it whirled past us just as we were getting into our car at the studio.

"I wonder if her sister is as temperamental as she is?" I remarked to one of my friends. "Sometimes she speaks to me and sometimes she doesn't. If she were not so chameleon, I'm sure I could like her much better."

"I cannot say I like her very much myself," my mother confided. "I went up to her the other afternoon in the milliner's and complimented her hat—and what do you think she did? Why, she raised her lorgnette and just stared at me!"

"We'll not speak to her the next

time we see her," we both decided, and so it came about that the next time Miss Dolly passed us in the lobby of a theater, frozen glances were shot from eyes to eyes.

"Perhaps it is a Hungarian custom," mother apologized for little Miss Dolly. And then—standing in back of us, overhearing all we were saying—was Miss Yanci!

"Come," she said, calling over her sister, the one to whom had just been directed our scornful glances. "I want you to meet my sister, Rosika. I have told her of you so often and she has been very anxious to meet you."

The confusing, continental and temperamental story was out—they were twins and looked so much alike that even to this day I think in all fairness to their friends they should tag themselves Miss Rosika or Miss Yanci!

Both of the girls are starring now in a new fall production on Broadway, "His Wedding Night," and you can imagine the bridegroom's humorous complications with twins playing in one role!

## Answers to Correspondents.

D. Lavender.—Letters like yours I always enjoy and appreciate. It makes me very happy to know that my articles are amusing and beneficial. I was very pleased to receive your picture.

Genevieve T.—Owen Moore played opposite me in "Mistress Nell" and "Cinderella." It would be a mistake to put your little sister on the stage as a dancer until she has gone through school. Your mother must be very proud that you are ambitious to continue your studies.

Ethel V. T.—"Madam Butterfly" was taken mostly in New York state, but some of it in New Jersey. The interior sets were built in the studio.

Dorothea D.—I have been to Boston several times and may go up there for the next convention. The Post has special reporters for the section you mention.

H.—My experience at the Chicago convention will be remembered as one of the happiest in my life. I am always grateful for such letters as yours.

A Kicker.—Several of your kicks registered, but do not deserve answering. However, your mentioning the poor judgment shown by the musicians in moving picture shows is something which does deserve attention. I wrote in one of my former articles on this, mentioning having seen the death scene in "Madam Butterfly" played to the tune of one of the modern ribald rags.

MARY PICKFORD.

*Mary Pickford*

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.—THEDA BARA.

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IT is strange that in our profession, where we pass each other six days out of seven, it is often years before we meet. That has been the case with Theda Bara and myself. I have always admired her, but at the parties or professional entertainments where we have been destined to meet either she or I was called away and missed the pleasure which has long been promised us.

However, the other evening I sat right back of her at a moving picture theater where one of her latest pictures was being shown. Somehow or other, I felt it was Miss Bara when she entered the theater, in spite of the fact that she wore a very heavy, dark veil which almost hid her features from the curious gaze of the public.

Her hat was very small, so she did not have to remove it during the run of the picture, but simply raised her veil, disclosing very lovely features which are almost Oriental in their cast.

"What a strange perfume that woman sitting in front of us uses," my mother whispered to me. "It reminds me of the Orient. It is pungent and yet it is subtle."

I think she must have heard us, for she turned her head slowly and glanced out of the corner of her long eyelashes.

"Well, now we're in for some fun," the fat man who sat next to me remarked as he settled down in his seat. "If there is one actress I enjoy better than any other it is Theda Bara—she's certainly got even my wife beat for disposition!" He wiped the perspiration off his brow as he confided all this to his friend, a very thin, aesthetic-looking man, who craned his neck forward so he would miss none of the picture.

"Oh, dear, but I bet she's a wicked woman!" And the aesthetic friend shook his head sadly, as if he would have liked then and there to reform the pictured vampire Theda.

"No"—and the fat man shook his head sadly in denial of the other man's inspiration—"I bet she's not—I'll wager fifty cents that off the screen she's as tame as an old hearth cat."

The veiled lady who sat in front of us turned slowly and a smile curved the corner of her mouth, while the girl friend who was with her hid her face in the palm of her hand to keep from giggling aloud.

"Yes," the fat man continued, "they're always disappointing, these vampires are, when you meet 'em. The fact of it is, they never seem to vamp anywhere except in the parts

they're playing, and I guess it's a lucky thing for us they don't bowl us over in life the way their pictures do."

I could not keep from laughing and I knew by the way Miss Bara's shoulders were shaking that she, too, was amused. But, after all, his blunt words were tinged with wisdom, for many an ingenue has had a tantrum before and after the taking of a scene in which she won the public by her pathetic, tender wistfulness and the lovable part she was assigned to play.

The fact of the matter is that Miss Bara is a very quiet, retiring woman, gracious, charming, and ambitious to be recognized as a literary woman as well as an actress. The many times we have passed each other, I have always noticed that she carried a few books or seemed to be delving into the mysteries of some learned volume.

Those who admire her and are eager to write to her telling her of their appreciation can reach her through the Fox studio, Fort Lee, N. J.

## Answers to Correspondents.

G. S. M.—Henry King still appears in the Balboa pictures, but not so often, as he is now directing for them. I shall write about Ruth Roland, as I knew her in California.

Nobody.—Your very interesting letter I shall answer as soon as I have completed the "Personalities I Have Met" series. Perhaps I can convince you that acting is a superior art.

Lonesome.—Thank you for your suggestions. I am very much interested in the girl you describe, for I know many such many-sided natures. You always have to pay the price of loneliness and misunderstanding to realize such high ambitions.

Lucille W.—It does not seem to me the young man is as much in love with you as he should be or he would never have stopped writing. I would let him go out of my life, if I were you. Some day you will find some one more worthy of you.

Margaret.—John Bowers played opposite Louise Huff in "Destiny's Toy." He was my leading man in "The Eternal Grind."

Anita L.—You might write to Viola Dana, care of the Metro Company, and ask her the personal questions which I cannot answer.

MARY PICKFORD.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Lionel Barrymore.

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WELL do I remember the day at the old Biograph studio, when Mr. Griffith came and told us that Lionel Barrymore, was engaged to play character leads in moving pictures. As I have told you, those were the days when we were rather looked down upon as artists of an inferior school, and when the stage stars descended from the heavens of Broadway into the abyss of the studio, they were regarded by others in the light of martyrs, and by us as rather heroic and almost condescending.

But at the moment he stalked through the door of Mr. Griffith's office on to the stage, we all nodded to each other—we liked him! He has that same charming personality which is so characteristic of the Barrymores—naturalness and simplicity.

One of the very first pictures Mr. Barrymore and I played in was Friends, Henry Walthall forming the heavy angle of the triangle. Then there was a thug picture, the name of which I cannot remember, a one-reeler, which gave Mr. Barrymore quite an adventurous hour.

The picture was being taken in a neighborhood which had been notorious for many robberies and murders—in fact, Mr. Griffith was seeking atmosphere when he chose the gloomy turns of this locality whose spider-legged alleys reached very close to Brooklyn bridge.

During the lunch hour, Mr. Barrymore, who was very restless and eager to see more of his surroundings, sauntered away from the others and passed unnoticed by the crowd, garbed as he was in an old, well-worn suit, with cap drawn down over his eyes.

Rounding a corner, he was attracted by a brawl in one of the saloons. A couple of shots were fired and the shrill whistle of a policeman was heard, drawing nearer and nearer. Before he could get out of the way, the door of the saloon was swung open and three or four villainous-looking men brushed past him, almost knocking him down in their mad rush to escape.

Knowing that either a murder or an assault had taken place within the saloon, he started after the men sure they were a party to the crime, when two policemen fired in his direction. The bullet went whizzing past him and he halted, darting into a doorway and crouching there.

Two minutes later he felt a burly hand grab him by the nape of the neck, and when he tried to protest a policeman's club whacked him across the shoulders. No explanations followed, either from Mr. Barrymore or the officer, until he was

hauled in the patrol to the station house, kept there until Mr. Griffith appeared and rescued his painted crook.

Another little yarn we delighted in spinning about Mr. Barrymore was during the taking of the New York Hat, one of the most popular pictures Mr. Griffith ever produced. He was playing the part of the minister of a little New England village and I was the daughter of the poorest family in the town.

In those days, a band of strolling moving picture actors was about as welcome in a drowsy little country village as the chickenpox, and sometimes really serious altercations arose between the landowners, the villagers and the actor folk.

In this particular instance, one widow who lived in an odd little tumble-down house, the most picturesque in the village, refused in spite of our pleadings, to let us even photograph the old vine-covered fence or the wind-tattered mill.

One day, as Mr. Barrymore strolled down the streets in his minister's garb, a little girl came running breathlessly toward him and clutched him by the hand, attempting to drag him toward her home, where she told him, between gasps that her mother lay dying.

"Father Lafferty—he's gone to the country and so—so I thought I'd better come for you—mamma—mamma—" But here she could say no more, for the tears choked her little shrilly pitched voice and splashed down her cheeks.

This was no time for explanations so Mr. Barrymore hurried after her, up the crackling steps, through the parlor and into the bedroom, where the mother lay in a swoon. She had been ill for two or three days and had taken a turn for the worse, but Mr. Barrymore, as he bent over her, saw at a glance that she was breathing evenly.

"Hurry for the doctor," he told the little girl, as he threw open the windows, fanned the mother and wrung out cold cloths to lay upon her head. When the doctor arrived, he congratulated Mr. Barrymore, telling him he had saved the mother's life.

The woman's eyes slowly opened and she glanced up. "Are—are you—the new minister?"

Embarrassed, especially before the steady gaze of this woman who denounced moving picture actors as belonging to the army of the devil, he was afraid to confess, but a day or so later she discovered him at work.

"You mayn't be any good," she confided to him, "but you saved my life. I guess for a reward you can bring yer moving-picture contraptions into this here yard and photograph the properties."

Mr. Barrymore is now with the Metro Co. and one of the most popular leading men on the screen.

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.—EDGAR SELWYN.

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THERE is much to be said about Edgar Selwyn. In the first place, he is very, very good looking, a splendid actor, both on the stage and screen; one of the best known playwrights in America, and the husband of Margaret Mayo, whose comedies, "Twin Beds," "Poly of the Circus," and "Baby Mine," have made all America laugh.

Mr. Selwyn is the author of "The Arab," a successful Broadway production, which also made a spectacular picture for the Lasky Producing Company, starring Mr. Selwyn in the title role.

Then last season there was "Rolling Stones," a delightful comedy from the pen of Mr. Selwyn, which has just been completed by the Famous Players as a picture starring Owen Moore.

Mr. Selwyn told us the other day that "Rolling Stones" had much in it which had occurred in his own life—in fact, he told us laughingly of the years when he was a young boy struggling against titanic obstacles—poverty, failures, and fast-ebbing hopes.

"One night when I was just a young boy I determined that the future held no glittering salvation for me, and lonely, without the jingle of even a couple of pennies in my pockets, I wandered to one of the bridges overlooking a river. It was not a very high bridge, but as I stood there in the darkness, looking down, I felt that I was destined to disappear forever into the black of the river depths.

"There was not a soul in sight and a thick fog cuddled the city. I was not unhappy—I was really too desperate—as I crawled to the top of the bridge and hurled myself into space. There was no splash, but a crash when I landed, an ache in my shoulder and a strange, dizzy sensation as I spun upon the frozen surface, so thick it was not even broken by my fall.

"Bruised, shivering, and lame, I slid across the ice until I reached the shore, and then climbed up again. The fog was lifting a bit and from the other end of the bridge I could see a great hole in the ice, the black water showing beneath it. This time I would make a saner attempt and be sure of my landing place before I leaped.

"Somehow or other the shock of the cold and the very fact that through the fog the dawn was beginning to shimmer like crimson lake upon a painter's palette, made me feel less like entering the dark portals through which I would never return.

"Then, as I leaned over the rail, some one was approaching, stealing up to me, closer and closer. I wheeled around and found myself face to face with a shining revolver.

"'Hands up!' the thug command-

ed, and like lightning I, who was so willing to die a few minutes before, threw up my hands, my eyes growing round with terror for fear the man might beat me at my own game—and put an end to me!

"Rapidly he searched through my pockets, which were empty and yawning.

"'So!' And the thug lowered the pistol, 'You are in about as bad a fix as I am!'

"I gave a frightened nod and kept my eye on the pistol, which was still leveled at the pit of my stomach. There was a slight grapple—I missed his wrist as my hand darted out for it. I knew there was but one hope for me—to scream at the top of my lungs as I fled down the bridge. I did so—and the lungs which yelled for a policeman to come to my aid were not those one would expect from a would-be suicide, a man from whom all hope had fled.

"Safe behind the broad shoulders of the patrolling officer, I remembered why I, too, had come to the bridge—with the intention to rob and kill—rob my future of what was meted out for me and end a young and futile career. Somehow or other, that was the turning point in my life, and from then on I strove to achieve all which had been denied me in my youth."

## Answers to Correspondents.

Grace R.—Billy Burke and I meet very often at receptions or parties given in New York. She is even prettier off the stage than she is on. I have already written an article about her.

E. S.—Clara Kimball Young and I have been friends for years. Yes, she is an unusually beautiful girl and has wonderful coloring. Jean Sothorn is not married—neither are Earle Williams and Anita Stewart.

Anna J.—The reason some of the posters of "The Foundling" did not match the production is because the first film was taken in California, but burned in the Famous Players studio fire. The picture you saw was taken in New York.

V. T.—Mary Miles Minter is one of the youngest actresses on the screen.

E. O.—"Hulda from Holland" is the latest release I have appeared in. As you can guess by the title, it is a Dutch picture.

Edna C.—It was not a little chicken but a duck presented to me at the Exposition. He is a great big fellow now and the pet of the household. I shall use him in a picture as soon as he gets past the ugly and scrawny age.

MARY PICKFORD.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Arnold Daly.

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**A**LTHOUGH I have always appreciated what a great actor Arnold Daly is I was thrilled by his characterization of Beau Brummel in this season's production—it was so finished, so flawless. In fact, the American public now recognizes Mr. Daly as one of our foremost actors superb in drama and delightful in comedy. I have known Mr. Daly for many years and wherever there is a gathering of well known professionals Mr. Daly is one of the first to be invited. His quick wit his wonderful adaptability and his genial personality make him one of the most spirited entertainers of the evening's fun.

In thinking over the many amusing parties I have been to where Mr. Daly was one of us there is no memory which is more tinted with laughter than a little episode at Newport two or three years ago.

Several of us had climbed from the bathhouse over the rocks to the edge of the water, where a little secluded beach made it possible for us to enjoy a glorious swim. Two or three of the party had forgotten their bathing suits and Mr. Daly was one of them.

After the swim was over, like mermaids we climbed upon the rocks.

"Tell us a few stories" we urged Mr. Daly and he did—so that our laughter echoed as far back as the clubhouse. And then we asked him for a little recital more serious than the comedy lines.

"A few years ago in England I learned a beautiful little dramatic poem." And Mr. Daly strolled up and down the sand for a few moments, recalling the lines and shuffling from the lighter vein into a more sombre mood. We formed a semi-circle around him, fashioned after an open air amphitheatre, all of us lying or sitting on the rocks while he alone had the stage, the little beach.

Never across the footlights have I heard him more eloquent, and we listened, watching him, concentrated upon the spontaneous bit of drama which so held us. His pantomime was forceful and in one big moment

of the play he fell to his knees with his hands and his face raised appealingly to the sky.

How it happened we do not know, except that probably the ocean, always an appreciative audience was just as interested as we and had tided in closer to the rocks but before he had arisen from his knees or the poem had been finished an enormous wave broke over him, swirling him around in the clutches of the current and knocking three or four of us off the rocks by the very force of its swirl sweep.

We of the bathing suits set up a shout and dashed into the water to rescue the great actor, who so ignominiously had met his defeat through the inquisitiveness of old Neptune.

"I imagine" Mr. Daly remarked as he crawled to the shore "that this must be very much like moving pictures from what I have seen of them. Excuse me from such realism!"

Of course all this happened before Mr. Daly became one of the favorites of the screen.

The winter is fast speeding on and we are promised a new play with Mr. Daly starring in it a promise of which Broadway demands fulfillment. You who have never been in New York at the opening night of a play can never dream what an event it is, even in the lives of those who are cast in the glow of the footlights.

In the first place, the theatrical profession is like one large family, and we are thrilled with the pleasure of seeing one of our fellow artists in a new role. I do not think the lights are ever so bright as on that first night or the women so beautiful in their exquisite evening gowns and their lustrous jewels.

Between the acts we promenade—the critics, the artists, the playwrights and the society people all meet as one to discuss the play. Sometimes a little infantry of us march to the wings of the theatre and demand the stars, only to disturb them for just a few minutes to give them our words of encouragement.

And so it will be that on the night when Arnold Daly opens his new play he will call forth one of the most brilliant audiences in New York, for he is a favorite—one of the very greatest.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Pearl White.

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**W**HEN Pearl White was starred in the Exploits of Elaine, I do not think I missed an episode, because right near our home there was a theatre which, billed Elaine in electric lights every week, and as I had always admired Miss White on the screen I followed the serial eagerly.

Last summer we met in a millinery shop which has become almost a rendezvous for actresses. She is a very attractive girl and immensely popular, not only because she is good-looking and has a rare personality on the screen, but because she is the most fearless of all actresses.

Growing confidential I asked her if she had ever been doubled for some of the dangerous scenes. I had seen her in one picture where she jumped from the Palisades into the Hudson. In another episode she had been tied hand and foot and thrown from a boat into the ocean, where the great waves dashed her against the rocks, and again I saw her dropped in a parachute from an aeroplane. She laughed at me.

"I suppose the time will come when I decide that I have been a fool to take such chances," she replied, "but I am always eager to try anything—once."

"What about twice?" the little milliner interrupted, her eyes round and interested.

"I guess I must take back my former statement," replied Miss White, "because there are times I have done a dangerous feat over and over again because it was spoiled by some foolish extra girl or boy smiling into the camera during a dramatic scene.

"Once I was carried down a long stairway bound hands and feet—in fact, my hands were tied behind my back, there was a gag in my mouth and a bandage over my eyes.

"It was an unusually hot day and we had been rehearsing for an hour or two. In this scene, a man was to carry me down the stairs, hurry-

ing as fast as he could under the rather weighty burden of me.

"'You don't feel nervous?' the director asked the man as he started into the scene. The actor did not answer at once, but as the sun was slipping toward the west and we had no electric lights, the scene had to be taken then or postponed until the next morning, which would prove an inconvenience to the rest of the studio.

"Let's do it now and get it over with," I suggested, and they once more tied my hands in back of me and slipped the gag in to my mouth. I heard the director shout 'Camera!' and felt the actor's arms encircle my body, lifting me from the ground. He took a few faltering steps and then I was conscious of a tremor of weakness passing through his body. Helpless as I was, there was no possible way for me to catch myself and when he stumbled and fell, of course, I rolled to the bottom of the long staircase, striking my face at every other step.

"When I came to, it was several hours later and I was in bed, with a nurse bending over me and the doctor's hand on my pulse.

"How do I look?" was my first demand. "Tell me if my face is all right—I've got to finish the picture."

Here she paused and looked at herself in the mirror.

"Oh, if you had only seen me, Miss Pickford," and she covered her face with her hands. "If I had been stained in Diamond dyes, I couldn't have looked more like a colorful Easter egg than I did during the following weeks!"

The little milliner leaned heavily against the tall glass mirror.

"I'm grateful every day I live I was born a milliner and not a movie!" she ejaculated.

At which Miss White and I laughed heartily, thinking to ourselves that rather than wait on some of the saucy customers we had seen her battling with only a few minutes before, we would drop from dirigibles into oceans and consider it easy work compared to hers.

Miss White is about to be starred in a new serial, now that The Iron Claw is completed.

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—GUY BATES POST.

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Guy Bates Post will always be remembered as Omar, in "Omar, the Tentmaker," one of the most beautiful productions of several seasons ago.

I was in California when the company traveled west, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Post at a dinner given in his honor.

"Perhaps one of the most thrilling experiences I have had since my advent on the stage occurred the other night during the first act of the performance," he told us.

A newspaper editor interrupted him. "You mean the night there was such consternation among the people on the stage and the curtain was rung down?"

Mr. Post nodded. "Tell us about it," we all clamored eagerly. Some of us had thought it was a fire—others that the leading woman was taken violently ill—but in spite of the many questions fired upon them, the management had given no reason for the unusual panic.

"You can imagine how poignant it was when I tell you I would much rather it had been a lighted bomb," continued Mr. Post, holding us a bit in suspense.

"Well, WAS it a bomb?" asked the newspaper man, for at that time we were having considerable trouble with bomb throwing felons, who were ruthlessly destroying property and taking life.

"It was," and Mr. Post shuddered as he told it, "the largest tarantula I have ever seen."

"That afternoon, during the matinee performance, an old man just arriving from the desert, paused outside of the stage entrance to talk with some property men and to show them several life treasures he had brought from Death Valley—three or four huge tarantulas, some horned toads, poison lizards and a seven-foot rattler.

"One of the stage hands who had never been to the West before and was traveling with the company, became tremendously interested in these poisonous reptiles and insects, particularly in a tarantula, which looked quite harmless as he slumbered in a pint jelly jar with a piece of wire netting stretched across the top of the glass to keep him from suffocating.

"I'd like to take this fellow home," he enthused to the other men. "Bet they've never seen anything like this in New Jersey!" And after much bartering, he purchased the spider.

"That evening, during the first act, the property man, to frighten the others, had held out the glass, proffering it casually, as if it were filled with jelly instead of poison. One of the men, taking it, glanced at the contents, and in his horror dropped it, breaking the jar into a dozen pieces.

"I heard a quick cry of terror from the wings, but busy with my lines, I paid no attention to it.

"The tarantula, as you know, runs and jumps very quickly, and in the wink of an eye he had disappeared from their sight, crawling into some dark corner to smoulder in his wrath.

"The prompter tried to caution us, but

we were too occupied with the dramatic scene we were playing to pay any attention to his blanched face and warning whispers.

"The leading lady had thrown her cloak over a wooden bench close to the wings, and when she was leaving, I picked it up to wrap it around her. Just as my hand smoothed out its folds, my fingers touched something alive—something which sprang from under my palm, landing upon my arm, crawling swiftly to my shoulder, then hurried itself upon the brilliant satin cloak. It was the tarantula!"

"She had seen it the moment I had, and for half a second we were both too paralyzed to even breathe. Catching her by the arm, I hurried her as far across the stage as I could, and she fell, crashing against the scenery, half fainting in her terror. I, with an involuntary cry upon my lips, sprang upon the wall, leaning down to strike at the tarantula, who, now aroused, was watching his chance to spring upon the first intruder.

"The people sitting in the orchestra, seeing the action and hearing the cries, rose, panic-stricken, calling out 'Fire! Fire!' alarming the whole theater and causing a rush, which we with difficulty succeeded in quelling.

"The tarantula was killed, but during the remaining acts, we were faint and trembling, almost overcome by our terrifying experience."

## Answers to Correspondents.

A. B.—The hair wash you mention is very good for oily hair, but has to be used with discretion on hair that has a tendency to be dry and fluffy.

T. C.—Yes, Charles Richman is with the Vitagraph Company and will appear shortly in a serial, "The Secret Kingdom," with Arline Pretty.

G. P.—Herschel Mayall is no longer with Kay-Bee, but will appear in Fox productions in future. Fritz Brunette is still with Selig's Western studio.

Emma S.—Thank you for your very appreciative and encouraging letter. Alice Joyce is now with Vitagraph Company, playing in the forthcoming "Battle Cry of War."

R. E.—James Young is again with Lasky, directing Blanche Sweet. Louise Vale has joined the Ivan Company.

V. C. Marguerite Clark is not at the Famous Players' studio at present, but is away on her vacation. Her last release was "Little Lady Eileen," a whimsical Irish fairy story.

Mary Pickford.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

May Irwin.

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**E**VER since I have been a little girl, I have laughed at May Irwin's comedy, and when we were in California, during the taking of Hearts Adrift, we were invited by Miss Irwin to visit her in her beautiful country home. She proved such a delightful hostess, and when we were leaving, promised that some morning she would have a lunch box carried to the island, where we were working and surprise us by cooking one of her marvelous and original dishes.

"What shall it be?" she asked us, telling us all in one breath at least a hundred recipes which sounded tasty and inviting.

"Spaghetti-May Irwin," the director suggested. "For five years I have been meeting different actors in different parts of the world who have even written brief lyrics to Spaghetti-May Irwin!"

"Very well," she promised us, "I will bring out all the ingredients and cook it, camp fashion, right under your hungry eyes."

The days passed by and each morning we talked of her promise and waited for her, but she did not come. Finally, the very day we were leaving, when the island was particularly cold and wind-swept and most of us had started to work without our breakfasts, word reached us that Miss Irwin was on her way, to prepare a marvelous luncheon.

Never was any one more welcome than she nor were there so many willing hands ready to obey every command—one to bring wood, another to set the table, a third to build a fire, a fourth to carry water and a fifth to be chief assistant to our Genius of the Cuisine.

The daring flames of fire curled around the dry, crackling wood and we gathered in a semi-circle to watch like a lot of hungry children before a bakeshop, Miss Irwin preparing her marvelous meat sauce for the paste.

There were fresh mushrooms which sizzled in the butter, and as she added onions, tomatoes, chicken livers, lambs' tongues, sweetbreads and thick jellied soup, it sent forth an aroma which intoxicated our senses.

"I have never been so hungry in my life!" I whispered to the actress sitting next to me. "I could eat a wolf!"

"I have no desire to eat anything, but spaghetti!" Harold Lockwood complimented, leaning over Miss Irwin as he watched her lift the lid and stir the bubbling contents of the kettle.

"Oh, dear!" Miss Irwin was heard to exclaim just a few minutes later, "if I haven't forgotten the salt!"

"Salt!" and we all laughed causally. "There are half a dozen salt cellars somewhere in the lunch boxes."

Harold Lockwood was sent on the errand and returned with a large salt shaker, which was used by our chief cook, the assistant director.

"Thank goodness," Miss Irwin remarked as she took it and sprinkled the spaghetti generously.

"Ummm," a cry went up from the rest of us, especially at the moment when the paste was taken out of the box and sprinkled into the boiling water.

There were 20 long minutes of suspense, then the eyes of 20 hungry people opened very wide as with a great athletic sweep of her arm, she stirred the sauce into the now cooked spaghetti and poured in a cupful or two of rich grated cheese.

"Serve it!" we implored, secretly assured that the portions would be generous and not such polite ones as we might help ourselves to if the eyes of the others were upon us!

We were right in our guessing, for she heaped the plates high \* \* \* without any ceremony there was a clattering of forks and a smacking of lips. Then we looked at each other aghast! Munching the food in our mouths and trying hard to swallow it with smiling lips but blinking eyes. What HAD gone into it?

"Enjoying it?" and she glanced from one to the other.

"It is delicious!" we fibbed.

"Wish I could eat some," she lamented as she watched us gobble it down, almost choking in our polite efforts to keep from betraying the truth, "but it's against the rules of my diet \* \* \* too fattening!"

And so, not partaking of the disappointing feast, she could sit back comfortably and watch us \* \* \* eating, eating painfully.

It was long after she was gone before we discovered the trouble \* \* \* some wooden headed member of our company had made a fatal mistake \* \* \* the salt cellar had been filled with sugar!

The next time I saw Miss Irwin was at her summer home in the Thousand Islands, and I told her the story of the ill-fated spaghetti! For a reward, she cooked me the most delicious dinner it has been my good fortune to enjoy. I am sure many of my readers have experimented with some of her famous recipes, published in a hundred newspapers.

Miss Irwin has promised us a new laughing comedy for the winter season.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Introducing You To Our Interviewers.

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**T**HE Public can be very tender—it can be very critical—it can be too severe—it can compliment as well as it can wound—but taking in the form of some of the individuals we meet, it is quite overwhelming.

"What do you think of the people's remarks, who break their way through the crowds to exchange a few words with you?" some one asked me the other day.

For a moment I was baffled and could not answer. Memories of sweet, smiling faces giving utterance to little sincere sentiments came before me, for these are the people who make your efforts worth while, who make you feel that your work has not been in vain.

Then there are those who come to gaze out of curiosity and behind the palms of their hands pass little taunting, suggestive remarks to each other, hypocritical and insincere. There are what we call the pests, the souvenir collectors, the woman who brings a pair of scissors in her purse to claim a curl or two just to put in her scrapbook. Then there are the imitators—the prejudiced critics—the people who condemn the theatrical profession and hurl their wrath upon us.

But today I am writing about the individual pest, who sweeps down upon you unawares and carries you away, like the eagle the unprotected sparrow.

Here is a little narrative of what happened only today while we were out in the country working out our latest picture. We had traveled fifty miles in an automobile from sunrise, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon the director called out to us, "Lunch hour and a few moments to rest."

Mother was with me and we crawled away to the most deserted corner, hoping to relax and gather enough strength to go on with the afternoon's work. Then suddenly, hurrying toward us, was a very large, ponderous looking woman with gimlet eyes and a determined jaw.

"Where is Mary Pickford?" she called out.

"Right here," I ventured timidly.

"Humph!" She stopped short and looked at me scornfully over the rims of her glasses. "So you are Mary Pickford!"

I nodded. "Humph!" again, and then there followed a long pause which was rather embarrassing.

"So you are Mary Pickford!" she added, repeating her previous remark. "What have you got on your face?"

"Grease paint," I explained. "I am representing the character of a little native girl of India."

"Humph!"

I looked at her hopelessly.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I finally asked.

"Nothing—except that I saw you once in Tess of the Storm and

wanted to get a good look at you off the screen."

"Tess of the Storm Country," I repeated unconsciously.

She started. "Tess of the Storm Country" then, seeing that you are so insistent."

"I am not insisting," I apologized lamely. "I was only correcting."

"Humph!"

Another long pause, which was very much more embarrassing than the first one. Then she leaned over to tweak a strand of my hair which had escaped from behind the turban I was wearing.

"Bleached, I suppose!"

My mother rose indignantly, but without waiting to give us a chance even to protest—"Bleached and wiggy!" she snapped.

"You will have to excuse me," and I turned beseeching eyes upon her. "But this is our lunch hour and I have only a few moments to rest before I go back to work. We have been out here since eight and it has been a long, hard day."

"That's all right, Miss Pickford." Her lips curled derisively. "I didn't expect you to be very gracious, anyway. I've always said to myself that any woman making as much money as you had very little time to give to the learnin' of good manners."

I was too amused to be angry, but trying to hide my amazement I bade her as kindly a farewell as I thought she deserved, then watched her as she strode away, stopping when she got about ten feet from us to hurl back at us, "I'm going to visit you again and the next time I arrive, I hope to goodness you've got a clean face!"

This last remark was too many and I sank on the ground in dismay.

But let me tell you, my dear friends, that if this only happened once in our day, it would be for forgotten. A dozen times, even a hundred times in the course of our eight hours away from our homes does the public come to stare at the moving picture people with the same expression on their faces as if they were standing before a gilded cage in a zoological garden. Always remember that we are human beings, with hearts and sensibilities which can be as easily wounded as those who are not labeled "Professionally Theatrical."

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

Margaret Mayo.

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**L**AST week in writing about Edgar Selwyn, I began the article first with a compliment to his big broad-shouldered good looks, and then I added that he was not only a great actor and one of the foremost American playwrights, but the husband of Margaret Mayo.

This week I can completely reverse the compliment, beginning with Margaret Mayo as a petite, merry-eyed little blonde, a clever actress, a famous comedienne, one of the most successful playwrights in America and the wife of Edward Selwyn.

At the Sixty club dances, where so many of the well known professionals meet, we see each other at least once a month, and have a merry little chat over the supper table about plays, photoplays and our friends in common.

As the author of Baby Mine, Polly of the Circus and Twin Beds, you can appreciate what a scintillating mind and a delicious sense of humor Margaret Mayo Selwyn has.

The other afternoon, while we were talking over teacups at Sherry's, Mrs. Selwyn told us the little story of how her husband came to secure his first real part in a play.

"Mr. Selwyn and I were engaged at that time, and how I hated to leave for a tour on the road, but I was given a very good part, which I felt would portend much for my future.

"From one of the small cities I wrote to Mr. Selwyn, telling him that in the play there was a character role which I felt he could fill to perfection, mentioning this casually as an expression of a desire that he had been given the part but with no suggestion that he try to secure it.

"A few days after my letter had been received, Mr. Selwyn appeared on the scene. I knew nothing about it at the time, but arriving at the theatre, he stalked up to the stage manager and told him he had been sent from the New York office to study the part. At this very moment I happened to be crossing the stage and started back at the sight of him, more frightened by what he was saying than by what he was doing there.

"At the matinee that afternoon he sat in the audience—that evening he was in the first row, watching the actor's every move and studying the lines. The next morning at rehearsal his eyes never left the stage, and late that afternoon he told the stage manager he was ready for his tryout performance. The actor himself was delighted—it gave him a layoff for the evening so that he could take in one of the other theatres, but I cannot tell you how I trembled in my knees for fear he would fall down on the lines I could hardly believe he had mastered.

"When the curtain went up on the first act, the audience seemed surprised at the sight of a new face, for in the smaller towns there are many who go to the theatre several times during the season's run of a play, and along with the advertising become very familiar with the cast of the production.

"Where the other actor had been successful, Mr. Selwyn received twice as many laughs and twice as much applause. The fact of it was, he was encored again and again and gave one of the best performances I have ever seen. We all stood in the wings

watching, and when the curtain was rung down at the close of the first act, the stage manager was the first to compliment him upon his brilliant performance.

"The next morning the New York office received a telegram which read something like this: 'Edgar Selwyn, the actor sent from your office, gave his initial performance last night, making a tremendous success. Wire further plans for him.'

"You can imagine the surprise of the New York office upon receipt of this telegram, and the stage manager's surprise an hour or so later when he received the following: 'Never heard of Edgar Selwyn, but if he is as clever as you say he is, send him on to New York immediately.'

"That evening Mr. Selwyn left us and arriving in the New York office, was put out in the Number One road company which played in all the larger cities outside of New York. From this on he began his climb—then there came fulfillment of our little romance, our experience on the stage, and the last few years of our work together—writing plays."

Margaret Mayo has promised us another comedy for the winter season, and we are all looking forward to it.

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—CLIFTON CRAWFORD.

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The Winter Garden has claimed him for the last two or three years, this famous Scotch comedian, but the Pathe studio succeeded in luring him for one picture, which will make him familiar to the many who have never enjoyed the opportunity of laughing with him across the footlights.

We have taken a country home this summer at Larchmont on the water's edge, and very close to our cottage live the Clifton Crawfords and the Douglas Fairbanks. That is why this has been a wonderful summer vacation for me—dancing, yachting, swimming and fishing, parties for every sunny week-end.

The Clifton Crawford home is a great rendezvous of stage artists and a few Sundays ago Elsie Janis, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford and I started out in a sailboat which had been loaned us for a day's excursion. Clifton Crawford, the only one who knew how to manage the sailboat, was called away just as we were ready to leave the pier, and had to return to New York for a dress rehearsal. We were all heartbroken, but Douglas Fairbanks laughed away our fears.

"It's a perfectly calm, beautiful day, and we would be foolish to stay at home just because Crawford is the only one who can sail the boat."

"Of course," Mr. Crawford encouraged us, "ANY ONE can handle a sailboat!" He said it in such a manner as to make Mr. Fairbanks lack the hardihood to acknowledge his own inefficiency, and of course, we all echoed after Mr. Crawford, "Of course, any one can handle a sailboat!"

With these encouraging words we all started out, nor did we regret it, as a cool breeze spread the sails and we went skimming through the water. Douglas Fairbanks battled bravely with the managing of the little boat, and it was not until we were far from shore that we noticed the sky had turned very dark and threatening clouds had hidden the sun.

Not fifteen minutes after that, the big rain drops began to splash down upon us and the skies turned inky black. Another half an hour and the rain was pelting down in silvery sheets, while the wind was dipping the sails almost into the water.

We women cringed with terror when the bolts of lightning zig-zagged across the sky and the thunder rolled around our ears like a thousand titanic voices. Instead of making for the shore, we were being carried farther and farther out. Great sprays broke over the boat and drenched us to the skin, while the wind, blowing hard upon us, threatened to upset the frail little sailboat any minute.

Just before the storm, there had been much discussion as to the appropriate moment to open the lunch basket, which we had packed with such care before leaving the house. Now a violent gust of wind lifted us—several hats and overcoats went over—two or three chairs were carried away by the waves and current—there was a loud splash, and then—

"The lunch box!" we wailed in chorus.

"Let's hope the mermaids enjoy it," Fairbanks called out above the noise of the storm, "or at least have the generosity to hold it until we call for it—it looks as if that might happen at any moment."

Then as he spoke the boat listed again and we came perilously near being tumbled into the water. But, fortunately for us, Clifton Crawford had returned from the rehearsal and seeing the storm brewing in the sky, had gotten into his motorboat to speed out to our assistance. He arrived just as the sailboat had overturned and we were struggling in the water, trying to cling to the slippery sides of the overturned shell. One by one he helped us aboard and one by one we thanked him with fervent gratitude.

"I tell you I wouldn't own a sailboat for anything in the world," Mr. Crawford remarked, as he turned the motorboat toward the shore. "A motorboat's the thing, safe and dependable."

We huddled close together, shivering and suffering from hunger.

"Take us just about half an hour in this speed demon," Crawford called out in an encouraging voice, but above his reassuring tones there came a strange knocking in the engine, and a slowing down of the boat until it came to a final standstill.

One hour passed • two hours • • three hours • • but in spite of all the suggestions as to what really ailed the engine, no one in the party discovered it until a small yacht steaming by responded to our calls for help and taking us aboard, landed us safely on the shore.

"Just bought a canoe," Mr. Crawford told me only this morning. "Wouldn't own a motorboat for anything!"

## Answers to Correspondents.

"Friendly"—Lewis Stone played the lead in "According to the Code," which I agree with you was very excellent acting.

"Anxious"—Yes, Douglas Fairbanks is recovering from the accident to his eyes, and hopes to be able to return to the studio in the near future.

V. D.—Carlyle Blackwell is now with World Film Corporation, Peerless Studio. The peasant girl in "The Feast of Life" was Doris Kenyon.

E. S.—Yes, the "Yoke of Gold," with Dorothy Davenport, has been released in New York City, but it is impossible for me to say when it will appear in your town. Why not ask the management of your local photoplay house?

P. O.—You are right—in "One A. M." Charlie Chaplin is the only character, excepting a taxi driver in the first few scenes.

T. G.—Yes, indeed, Anita Stewart is still with the Vitagraph Company. Doubtless your local theater has not booked her recent releases.

MARY PICKFORD

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET—ETHEL CLAYTON.

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A heart of gold has Ethel Clayton—gold without alloy. I know of one kindly deed done by Miss Clayton which reaped its harvest of reward. I shall try to tell it to you just as Miss Clayton told me, many months ago.

"I had been living for some time in an apartment on Riverside Drive, where, from my windows, I could overlook the Hudson and the majestic Palisades, eternal sentinels on the shores of New Jersey. Sometimes at night I would like awake, listening to the sounds of the trains, and the occasional shrill or low-toned, throbbing whistles of the passing ferry boats.

"One particular night in July, the humidity made the air so stifling that sleep was almost impossible. I turned on the light and looked at the clock—it was just a quarter after three—hours and hours, it seemed to me, before daylight.

"Restless, unable to even breathe in that close, low-ceilinged apartment, I dressed and hurried out into the open air, hoping that a brisk walk might prove a refreshing tonic to me. I was hardly conscious of how far I had gone, until, beginning to be slightly fatigued, I chose a quiet, secluded bench where I could rest for a few minutes. But even as I was walking toward it, the great rain drops splashed through the trembling leaves and within a few moments it was storming—a veritable cloudburst. The lightning forked across the sky and the rain poured in torrents.

"I left the bench to seek another more protected, and there, as I sat down, I noticed that huddled up in a pitiful little rain-soaked heap was the figure of a woman. I spoke to her. There was no answer but a slight quivering of her shoulders. And then I spoke again, this time taking her by the shoulders, raising her so I could see her face, ashen white, with great, staring, sunken eyes, and bloodless lips.

"I thought as I looked at her what a pretty girl she must have been before some tragedy had emaciated her and stolen the charms of health and youth.

"What are you doing here at this hour?" I demanded, drawing closer to her, trying to make her understand I was there to sympathize and not to condemn. The only answer was an inarticulate mumble and a swift, terrified glance at me as she dramatically pointed to an empty bottle which she had hurled a few feet away from the bench. "Swiftly I leaned down and picked it up, holding the label so I could see it through the blinding rainfall. There were skull and crossbones on it and I traced the letters—Iodine!

"How long ago did you take this?" I cried, seizing hold of her as she lurched forward.

"I don't want to die! I don't want to die!"

"When did you do this?" I repeated, shaking her, trying to arouse her.

"Just now."

"I stretched her out upon the bench and fled through the rain several blocks before I could find a policeman. At first

he did not credit my story. I looked so ridiculously disheveled, hatless, and in my flimsy summer dress, but finally he gave in an alarm and the ambulance arrived just as the little girl was lapsing into unconsciousness.

"All night long the doctors fought for her life at the Emergency Hospital, while I waited outside, refusing to leave until the chief surgeon informed me the girl was past all danger and her life would be saved.

"The next afternoon I heard her poor little story, which ran along lines similar to those of the millions of country girls who have come to New York, hoping to get a position on the stage or in the studios. She had failed, like many others, and rather than return to her home, she had attempted what many other wretched young girls have done."

"What became of her?" I asked, all interest.

Miss Clayton smiled happily. "Today she is one of the best known of the screen favorites—popular, prosperous and the bride of one of the foremost young American juvenile actors."

And while we were talking, a pretty girl came up and slipped her arm around Miss Clayton's waist, looking at her with such beaming, tender eyes, that I knew it was she, the girl whose story she had just finished telling.

Miss Clayton is at present producing pictures at the World Film Corporation, and is one of the most popular actresses of the screen.

## Answers to Correspondents.

N. A.—Charles Clary played opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Blacklist." Irving Cummings is now with World Film. Cleo Madison can be addressed at Universal City, Calif.

F. E.—Frank Keenan played the leading role in "The Phantom." You can address my sister Lottie care the Famous Players, New York, at which studio she is now playing.

T. P.—Mabel Trunnelle has not been playing in pictures for some time, but it is rumored that she will return to the Edison studio in the near future.

J. P.—Doris Kenyon played the role of Marcine, opposite George Beban, in "Fawns of Fate." Harold Lockwood was m. leading man in "Tess of the Storm Country."

C. S.—Your letter may refer to either of two players. Can you give me any further and more explicit information? Then I will be glad to give you the name and address.

G. E.—I cannot answer such personal questions, but am always glad to answer impersonal questions from my readers, either upon photoplays and players or other lines within my knowledge.

MARY PICKFORD.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.

William Farnum.

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ONE of the most distinguished actors on the screen—William Farnum, the great, broad shouldered actor who has given us so many virile characterizations of the men of the out of doors.

Recently Mr. Farnum and I were discussing moving pictures. I was rather surprised at and interested in his theories.

"I think," Mr. Farnum confided, "that the end of the silent drama is not far away. I see a strong tendency with regard to acting developing in the motion picture field."

I listened eagerly, for Mr. Farnum is a thorough student of the photoplay.

"In my opinion," he continued, "actors and actresses will have to learn parts before long for the silent drama as they have always had to do for the spoken drama. Everything points to a growth in the newer art in that direction. Of course, acting will probably always remain the dominant note in the films. It is undoubtedly true that the biggest advances will be made in obtaining new and better photographic effects, but, after all, the foundation of every good picture is the scenario. In the higher grade scenario there are many scenes in which the only action is the good old fashioned 'word and mouth' kind—with the appropriate gestures."

I agreed with him.

"Yesterday the story was a gaunt skeleton—today it is the meat of the production. But do not let me interrupt you," I begged of him, keenly interested.

"In speaking of the dramatic scenes pantomime is naturally out of the question in such cases. The actor has to say something or the scene falls flat. Why not make the thing natural by giving him a definite speaking part? Motion pictures are developing to the point where arm waving and finger pointing will not longer be sufficient. Animated photography has made such a wonderful success largely because it can give an im-

pression of realism—a far more perfect illusion—than even the stage.

"You know how it was in the past—in the days of the one reeler. Half of the actors' dialogue in the silent drama consisted of rallery and 'joshing' at one another's expense. Mar generally said something to accompany the gesture, so the actor, left with nothing but motions—the bare skin and bones of his work—invented little soliloquies of his own.

"Spoken parts for screen stars seem inevitable to me, because the moving picture fans are now becoming so adept that they can 'decipher' many of the words which the actors utter. The films have trained more than one near-expert in the art of lip reading. This means that the day when the star could, and did, say almost 'any old thing' has gone. It will never return.

"Every one has seen dozens of situations where they have recognized instantly such phrases as 'Curse you!' from the villain, or 'I love you' from the hero. Here the obviousness of the situation has helped to explain the words. Speaking parts would make the reverse equally true. The use of words would help explain the situation."

"For the last two or three years I have tried to study my roles and build lines for myself which would swing the drama or comedy of a scene," I said.

"So I discovered," and Mr. Farnum laughed. "I overheard the taking of a scene from Poor Little Peppina. You were struggling with Italian—much to the amusement of the glib-tongued natives. But I'll wager that you didn't attempt Japanese for Madam Butterfly."

"I tried it," I whispered, "but the people who heard it called it pigeon English—or pig Latin—I don't remember which."

"I wonder if there were any lip readers in the audience! Do you remember the incident a short time since of the members of the deaf and dumb asylum who visited a motion picture exhibition and then returned home protesting against the language used on the screen?"

"It is just such occurrences that will probably take the expression 'silent drama' out of the synonyms for moving pictures."

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## MY NEW FRIEND.

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This afternoon, the postman delivered to the studio a small, square, emerald-green box which bore the postmark of Sydney, Australia. It had a jaunty air in spite of its marred and hammered-in edges, and flaunted a gaudy red ribbon.

I am like a child—the opening of packages is a wonderful sport.

"Let's guess what is in it!" I turned to the others, holding it above my head for them all to see it.

"An embroidered waist," ventured mother. "Some dear little old lady has been busy with her needle."

"Stockings," and Lottie's voice rang with the assurance that she could not possibly be wrong.

"Handkerchiefs," the director suggested—"nice, large ones for the poor, overworked actors to mop their brows."

"Family photographs," I insisted, untying the gay red ribbon.

There were three layers of tissue paper, and behold! It was a little leather-bound book, and printed on the cover by patient hands was "Mary Pickford's Diary."

I opened it to find a little note. "Dear Mary Pickford," it read, "store away today the little events in your life which will be but faint memories tomorrow. Eventually they might make history—who knows?"

The sender had worked long upon the making of this book, for each page had been lettered by hand. He had sent it with a serious intent, and I in turn accepted it seriously.

That evening, as I looked at the Diary, I decided to make a confidant—a mute chum—of this little leather book, and write of the things which rattled across my mind. I will tell of the people that I meet in the studios and out of them, and of the countries we visit when we nomads of the silent drama fold our tents and start our caravans from the deserts to the sea.

After the Diary Was Introduced to Me and I Was Introduced to the Diary.

This is Saturday evening, and we are alone together.

Your life will be an eventful one, I venture. By the time you have traveled the distance of the country, you will not be so boastful of your bright red leather cover. It will be scratched and a little torn—pages will be loosened. If you are packed in a hurry, sticks of grease paint will jostle your elbow and you will be a scarred sufferer, in the same position as most of my wardrobe. For of all of our possessions, grease paint is the most valuable.

(The Diary never having been a professional Diary before, asks, "What is grease paint?" I write it down.)

Red cheeks photograph black—tiny freckles look like ginger snaps. We rub the grease paint into our cheeks, covering every inch of our faces. The result is a smooth surface of one color which photographs beautifully lifelike. Some-

times it is necessary to put a little shading around our eyes and the eyebrows and eyelashes are darkened by a black pencil to make them more prominent.

"It is a strange process," I am sure the Diary would say if it could speak. "I have been sent to a little world of clowns—puppets who dance and talk and play-act before a square box I have heard them call a camera. Beyond that I know nothing. But I have come from Australia to learn many things. This is a wonderful country."

Tomorrow I begin on the little adventures of our everyday life. They will not be very different, very exciting or perhaps very interesting, but as we are always curious to know what the other fellow is doing, perhaps you might care to be my visitor and travel with me from the dawn of my day to the late hours long after sunset when we return from our work at the studio to the haven of our homes.

Often it is our good fortune to meet fascinating people who have come from other countries, and they have much of interest to tell us.

The pictures I am working in at present are different from the photoplays of the past—they are more dramatic and have rare bits of color which may appeal to the artist in you. All these things I shall write upon.

And if anything comes to you that you would like to hear about, send a letter to me personally; I would appreciate it more than I can tell. It is difficult to know what the public wants, and so I am just guessing at random. I ask you individually to help me.

## Answers to Correspondents.

T. V.—Clara Kimball Young played the leading role in "The Feast of Life" and Paul Caplan played the part of her Cuban lover. The little actress you so admired was Doris Kenyon.

F. H.—Allan Forrest is with American. Marion Leonard is with Knickerbocker. Bob Warwick is still with World Film Corporation.

C. G.—Where a face appears chalky white on the screen it is either a case of too much light on the face or too much powder in the makeup.

Thomas T.—A great many letters have reached me referring to the mistaken Answer Man who said my eyes are blue. They are hazel in reality.

Rita P.—Moving picture actresses are obliged to supply their own clothes, except for costume plays, in which case the company supplies costumes.

L. G.—Art Acord has recovered from his recent accident. He will appear shortly in the productions of the Mustang studio.

MARY PICKFORD.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## THE DIARY—THE DUCK AND THE DAWN.

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AT the studio, Monday afternoon.

THIS is the first day's accounting for myself, so I am going to tell the diary everything from the moment when the 5 o'clock alarm jarred me out of pleasant slumber until I reached the studio.

This morning, the sunlight danced across the carpet when I pulled up the shades and looked out upon the water, which was silver in the morning light. It is a beautiful view from my bedroom—I can peer through the green foliage of the trees to the bay beyond. Last night it was very warm and there were many yachts sailing across the blue. This morning they were anchored in the bay, their sails fluttering in the breeze like white butterflies on a slender autumn branch.

I notice that the leaves are turning to gold. Soon they will burst into a veritable rainbow of color, and then the breath of winter will strew them along the ground. Dreaming of the flames of autumn, I forgot for a few moments that I must hurry to my breakfast. Suddenly I was aroused by the most disturbing cries from the garden.

Opening my window, I leaned out to laugh at my Hungarian cook who, aided by the languages of seven nations, was chasing a black cat across the lawn.

"Sophie," I called, "what is the matter?"

There came a long volley of explanations, but out of the words I could make nothing but "divil" and "duck."

"Black cat—he try to catch Honorable Metro," her husband, who is the butler, explained, and I had to laugh, in spite of the fact that I took the situation quite seriously.

The duck which was given to me at the Chicago convention has grown to be a large, fat, waddling, pompous creature, spoiled by the household.

Sophie, who had never cared for pets, fell in love at first sight with the Honorable Metro, as we call him, and appropriated him. Sometimes

when the boys are looking for a few moments of dynamic sport they ask—in voices loud enough to be carried to the kitchen—what Sunday afternoon they are to be invited out to a tender duck dinner!

Sophie, who never fails to overhear, rushes like a mad woman into the back yard where his highness struts around waiting for a sight of her, and grabbing the prize in her arms, hisses between her teeth: "I quit! I quit!"

I was all ready to leave and still I was not called to breakfast. When I finally sat down it was to an omelet which looked suspiciously burned and coffee which had stood many minutes overtime. But what mattered the mere business of eating to the saying of Honorable Metro. I dared not complain, but just went away hungry, glad the only damage done had been to my breakfast!

The trip to New York is always very interesting. We pass through the sleepy little town of New Rochelle, with its beautiful homes and lovely gardens, then along the Sound and through Bronx Park. The grass is still very green on account of the many rains we have had this summer, but as I noticed in Larchmont, the leaves are beginning to tremble on the trees and don their harlequin cloaks.

As I always drive my own car, I enjoy the early morning in New York. The traffic is not so congested and the sweep of the people is toward the commercial district. To get to our temporary studio at Long Island where we are staging part of the new East Indian story I am working in, Less Than the Dust, we have to drive through the Ghetto, across one of the greatest bridges which span the East river and past the beautiful, well-laid out vegetable gardens on Long Island.

Soon the corn will be stacked and the pumpkins will be golden ripe. Already the children are talking of the sports of Hallowe'en and even of Thanksgiving, just a few weeks away.

I write in my diary how quickly the days pass by—what a pity that we are always dreaming of something which will bring happiness in the tomorrows—for, after all, we are just wishing our lives away.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## THE TRAGEDY OF THREE.

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**T**UESDAY evening—at Home. We have had a very long, eventful day at the studio, for I have been there since 8 o'clock, an hour earlier than usual.

Part of the picture we are working on at present is laid in India, and on several acres of land belonging to our company in Long Island we have reproduced a Hindu village. It has been marvelously constructed and, walking down the narrow, crooked streets, one could easily forget that New York is just a few miles away.

There are 600 people in the village, representing every type and every caste, and most of them are native Hindus whom our director, John Emerson, has gathered from the immigrants of the far Eastern countries. For the fruit vendors, we imported the native fruits—the confectionery shops sell only the native sweets. The temples are reproduced even to the most minute details; in fact, nothing has been overlooked that would add to the realism of this village.

There are very few Americans on the scene, except those who play the parts of tourists or English soldiers. But there are quite a colony of Italian actors, whose swarthy skins and dark, flashing eyes, accentuated by a brown-skin makeup, make them look truly Oriental in character.

Walking through one of the little shops with Mr. Emerson, I noticed that the actor who had been chosen for vender was a very old man.

He was bent, his body twisted and his long beard was matted with grease and dirt.

"What a strange character!" I ventured. "Where did you find him?"

"Look at his feet," he whispered behind the palm of his hand. When the old man's face was turned away, I glanced at them. Several of the toes had been hacked off and the others were distorted and broken.

"How did that happen?" I shuddered. "Not in pictures?"

Mr. Emerson sadly shook his head. "He was one of the Jews who were tortured in Siberia. To make him confess to a crime which he never committed, two of his toes were cut off

and one by one the others were broken."

Again I shuddered and turned away. "There is another old man around here," he continued, "who was captured during the Boxer war in China. His hands are cut off at the wrists and across his shoulders he bears the scars of a thonged knout."

"How cruel men can be!" I remarked to Mr. Emerson.

"No more in other countries than in ours, Mary." And, taking me by the arm, he led me across the little village street to the doorway of one of the houses in which he had placed a man dressed in rags to represent a beggar.

"Look at his eyes!" And I looked at them. They were large, hazy and staring straight before him.

"Is he blind?" I asked—low, so that the man could not hear me.

"A year ago he could see as well as you and I," Mr. Emerson explained. "He was a bright young boy living in Chicago and working in a position which promised a great future for him. Coming home late one night, he was attacked by thugs. 'Money!' they demanded of him."

"I have none," the boy replied. Then one of the thugs covered him with a gun while the other searched through his pockets. The boy had not lied to them—he had just been to the bank and put in all his week's salary but a few dimes in cash.

"With a guttural growl of disappointment, the thug reported to the other who held the gun that their victim had told them the truth. There followed a curse—the thug raised the gun and struck him with all its force on the back of his head. When they found the boy, he was unconscious, and for two months he lingered in the hospital, fighting against the blindness to which he was doomed. The blow had effected the optic nerve. Day by day his sight grew dimmer. . . he will be blind for life."

"Men in all countries can be cruel," I write in my Diary. Then I add that I am glad moving pictures have come as such a blessing to so many. The old people have been able to earn enough to support them, the blind have been of service if only for atmosphere, the ugly and the unhappy have found consolation in employment. There is nothing in this life which cannot be converted into some universal good.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## AN EPOCH IN MY LIFE.

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**A**T the studio, Wednesday morning.

Last evening was an epoch in my life. I was the guest of D. W. Griffith for the first New York run of his great masterpiece—Intolerance.

I would have to build a monument of my feeble little words to attempt to describe this picture. It was a revelation of art, photography, acting and magnificent settings.

The story was constructed in four periods—the fall of Babylon, the beginning of the Christian era, the Huguenot period under the reign of Catherine de Medici and a modern dramatic story.

So well introduced and knit together were these that not for one moment did we lose the continuity of each splendid and spectacular story. It was like reading four serials in one magazine.

After the Prologue, there came the deafening demand for Mr. Griffith and the applause thundered for fully four minutes until he appeared on the stage and silenced them. His was a very simple speech, but it came from the depths of his heart. He expressed only his gratitude for the appreciation of the audience and told them he was but one spoke in the wheel—that the actors, the camera men and the men who developed the film and cut it, though they were not present, were the ones who deserved the applause and appreciation of the public.

I shall not attempt to describe the picture—it was too colossal for my little column. Then I do not desire to steal from you one moment of the suspense by revealing any of the secret angles of the four intricate threads of the plot.

It was a beautiful audience. The women were elegantly gowned in evening clothes and among them were some of the most prominent actresses of the stage and screen.

Madame Nazimova was there with her handsome, tall, broad-shouldered husband, and we stopped for a few moments to exchange our overwhelming impressions.

"I have learned much," she told me, "of history, art and moving pictures. Nothing I have ever seen on the stage has stirred me more."

Ethel Barrymore joined us. She looked radiantly beautiful in an evening gown.

"I admire her more than any woman I have ever seen," remarked the Cynic, who sat back of me. "She has such poise and womanliness."

Most of the well-known producers were present and voiced with the critics their enthusiasm over the picture.

"The only fault I can find with it," interrupted the Cynic, "is that I wanted to stop the picture at least 50 times during its run. I felt as if I wanted it to stand still for a moment so I could gaze around from the marvelously constructed scenes in Babylon to the palace of Catherine de Medici. The details were so numerous and so exquisite within themselves that I felt something was being whisked by me or I had been turned loose, blindfolded, in the city of my dreams."

"There is only one thing left for you to do," I suggested. "You will have to see the picture many times."

"That is what I intend," Owen Moore remarked. "The first run is for the emotions—the second for the intellect—the third for the details. Then I will be able to reply yes to those who ask me, 'Have you seen Intolerance?'"

Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Constance Talmadge, Miriam Cooper and Bessie Love were among the featured stars of the production and each lent to her role a realism which had been inspired by Mr. Griffith's direction. Bobby Harron and Alfred Paget scintillated among the dozen male stars.

For a year and a half Mr. Griffith labored to produce a film which would live as is the destiny of The Birth of a Nation. And he has succeeded.

## Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

## A LONG, EVENTFUL DAY.

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Thursday evening, at home.

Another long day has spun its hours and I returned home tonight very, very tired. Today there were seven or eight hundred people in the little Indian village. The noise, the excitement, the calling out of the director's orders above the mumble and the confusion, the rehearsing over and over again of some of the poor, stupid old people who could not understand, the voices of the children, mocking and shrill as they laughed at the older actors attempting to put realism into their work—all, you find, have scratched upon your nerves after the day is over.

Today we had quite an exciting experience. For color we had one of the natives lead a young bullock down the village street. One of the children, who had been playing with a toy pistol, accidentally discharged it close to the bullock's ears. The animal, terrified, jerked his head so suddenly that he dragged the rope out of the hand of the native leading him.

A scream rose from all our lungs simultaneously as the bullock made a wild dash down the street close at the heels of many of us. I do not think I was ever so agile in my life, but somehow or other I managed to climb like a monkey to the top of one of the buildings and remained perched up there on the roof until one of the actors, who had been a cowboy in the West, lassoed the animal and tied him safely to a tree.

You have no idea how interesting the noon hour at a studio is, especially when it is necessary to feed several hundred hungry mouths. Each individual is presented with a ticket and then a long line is formed. For our present temporary headquarters we have erected a tent, and an hour before lunch a truck arrives with hundreds of boxes from one of the cafes.

In each box are generally two sandwiches, of meat, cheese or lettuce; pickles, Saratoga potatoes, a piece of cake or pie and an apple, banana or pear.

Then there is another tent where each one is allowed a pint bottle of milk or a cup of coffee.

So as not to litter the studio, they are asked to eat their lunches in an adjoining field. And after the meal is over, it is the order of the company that all papers be put back into the box, the lid closed and as they walk toward the studio, the box thrown into a large tin receptacle.

Perhaps it is the way of the people of the world to grumble a little about everything, but today at the noon hour, as I stood watching the crowd, I heard no less than a hundred complaints against the lunches.

"They do not give us good cream for our coffee"—"There isn't enough butter on the bread"—"Why don't they give us two pieces of fruit instead of one?"—"I wish they'd send us a different kind of pie instead of apple."

I observed that the people who grumbled the most seemed to be the ones who have had the least in life. They did not notice that we, the stars of the company, were thankful for our luncheons and enjoyed them without complaining.

It makes me think of a story my mother tells of the days when she and my father were first married, and he was a purser on a steamer sailing across the Great Lakes. For several months, the crew had been complaining about the uninteresting dinners—there was plenty of food and what there was of it was well cooked, but all longed for the luxuries which the company could not afford to provide them.

At last the captain took it upon himself to serve them a Sunday dinner. There were clams on the half shell, soup, fish, entree, roast turkey and "fixins," then pie a la mode—three orders if they called for it.

"Now," the captain whispered to my father, "you will listen to their praise!"

"How did you enjoy the dinner?" he asked, turning to the men. Those who had complained the most just grunted. Several thanked him, but the others nodded casually as they sauntered out on deck.

"Very well," came from the chief complainer, his compliment divided by a toothpick.

"Great turkey, wasn't it?" There was a boyish ring to the captain's voice.

"So so," replied the chief complainer, "but I guess the most of us would rather had DUCK!"

Tomorrow we are going to take some very interesting scenes, and I will try to describe them to you as briefly as I can.

(Note—I am afraid this Diary is going to be very fat by the time I get through. There seems so much to tell about. But you have promised if you are bored to write to me and ask for the subjects you wish most to hear about. I will do my best to follow any of your suggestions.—M. P.)

## Answers to Correspondents.

R. J.—Miriam Cooper was Margaret in "The Birth of a Nation." Mae Marsh is starred again in D. W. Griffith's latest masterpiece, "Intolerance."

T. V.—Yes, Alice Brady is the daughter of William A. Brady. She sang in musical comedies and starred in legitimate drama before going into pictures.

B. B.—The Japanese gardens in "Madam Butterfly" belonged to a private estate sixty miles from New York. Many Japanese played minor parts in the picture.

H. G.—Hazel Dawn has left the Famous Players to return to the stage. June Elvidge is with World Film Corporation and has appeared in "Love's Crucible" and "The Almighty Dollar."

R. W.—Alice Joyce has returned to the moving picture field and will appear in Vitagraph productions. Her first release will be "The Battle Cry of War."

E. F.—William Farnum played the leading role in "The Unbroken Law." He is tall, very broad-shouldered and even more attractive off the screen than on.

MARY PICKFORD.